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TURKEY FOR CONNOISSEURS

ISSUE 40 2008

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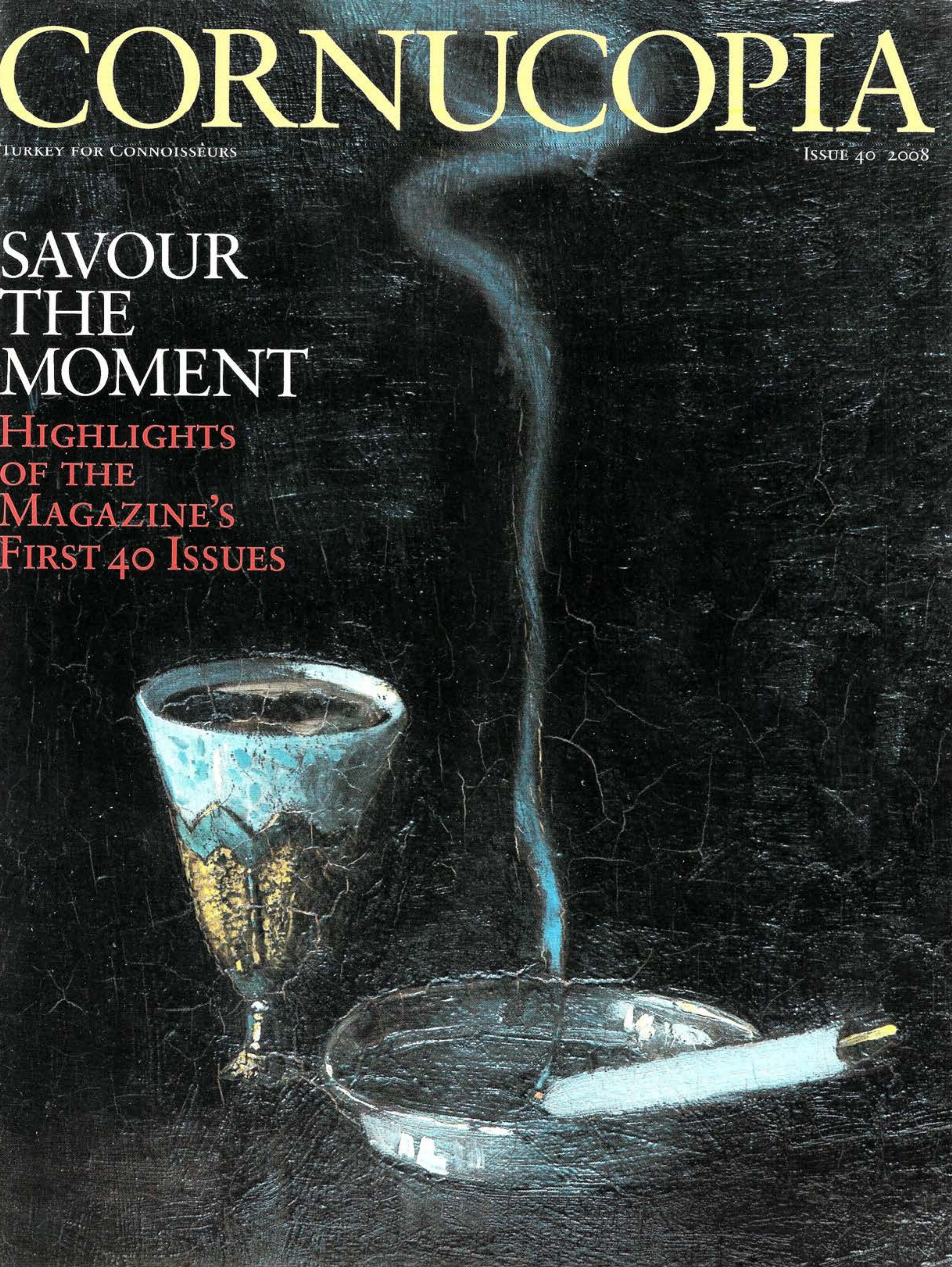

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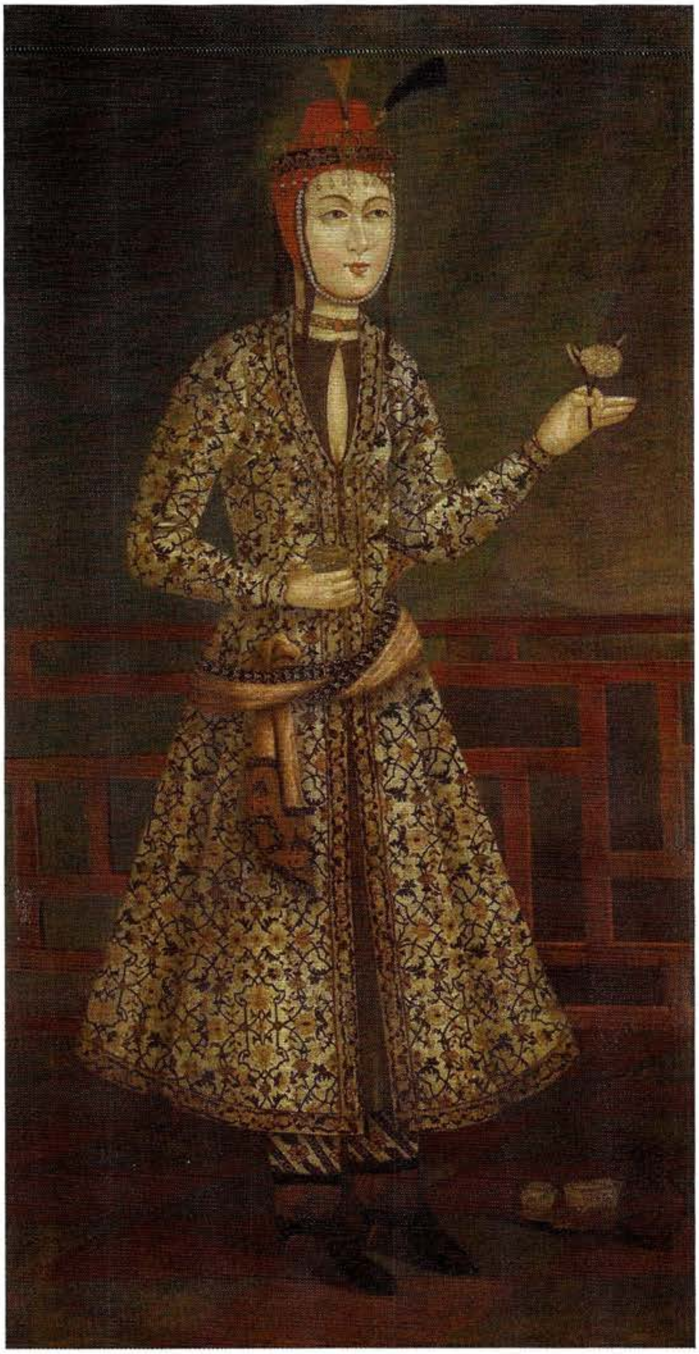

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The Latin *cornu copiæ* or 'horn of plenty', a horn overflowing with flowers, fruit and corn; symbol of prosperity and abundance in the cities of Anatolia.

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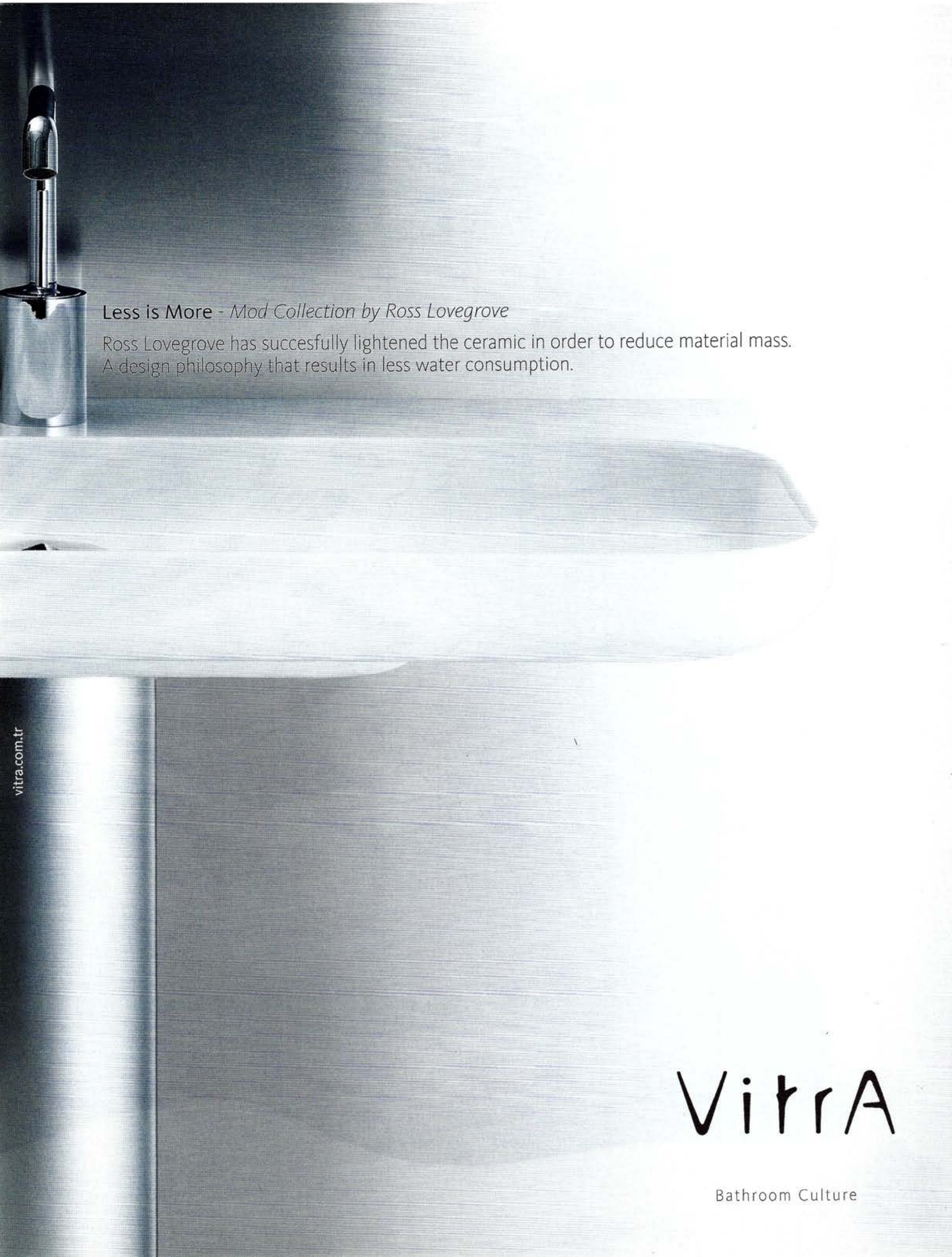

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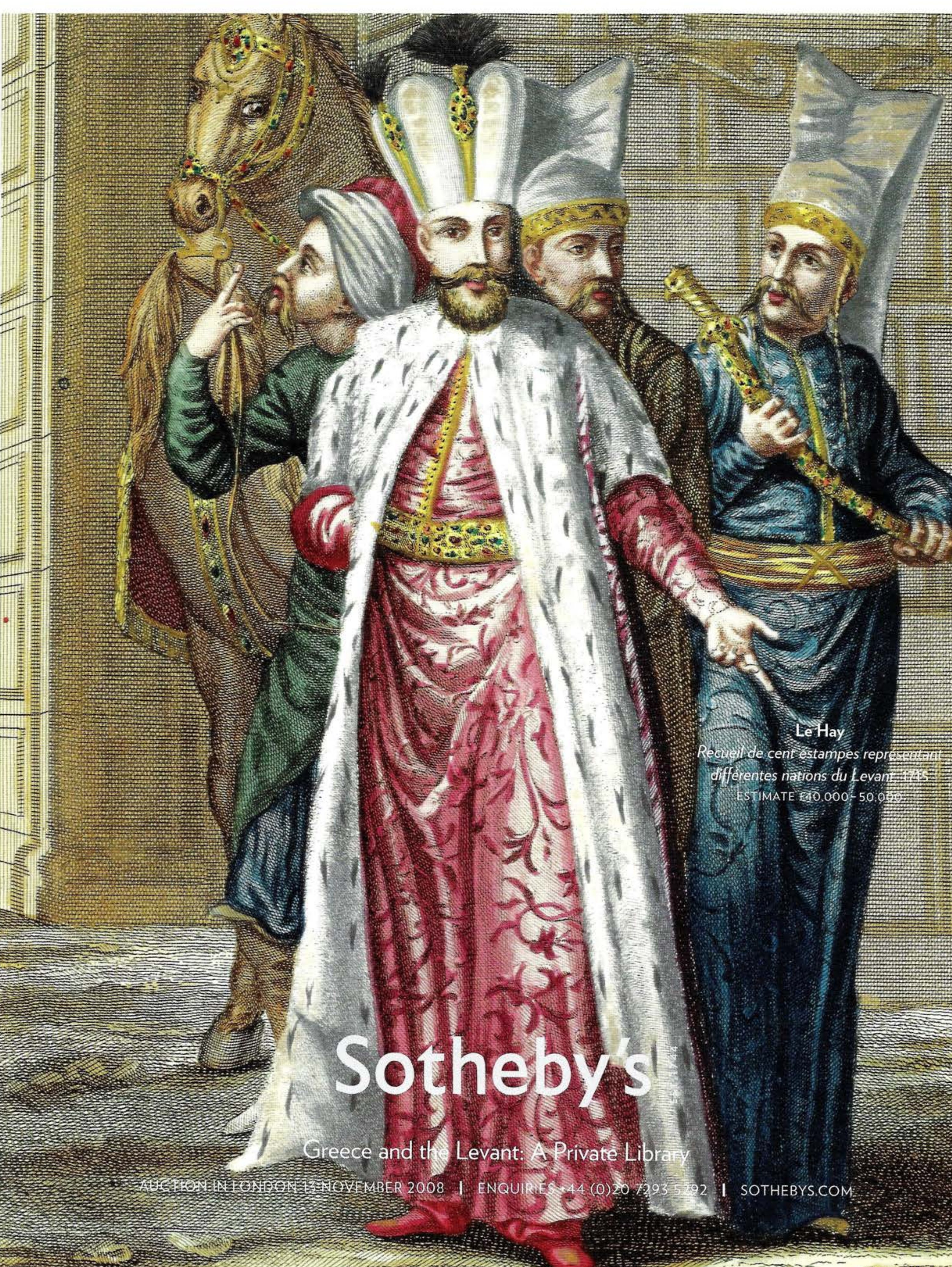

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Polychrome, underglaze-painted, stoneware Iznik plate.
Photograph by Fritz von der Schulenburg

CONNOISSEUR

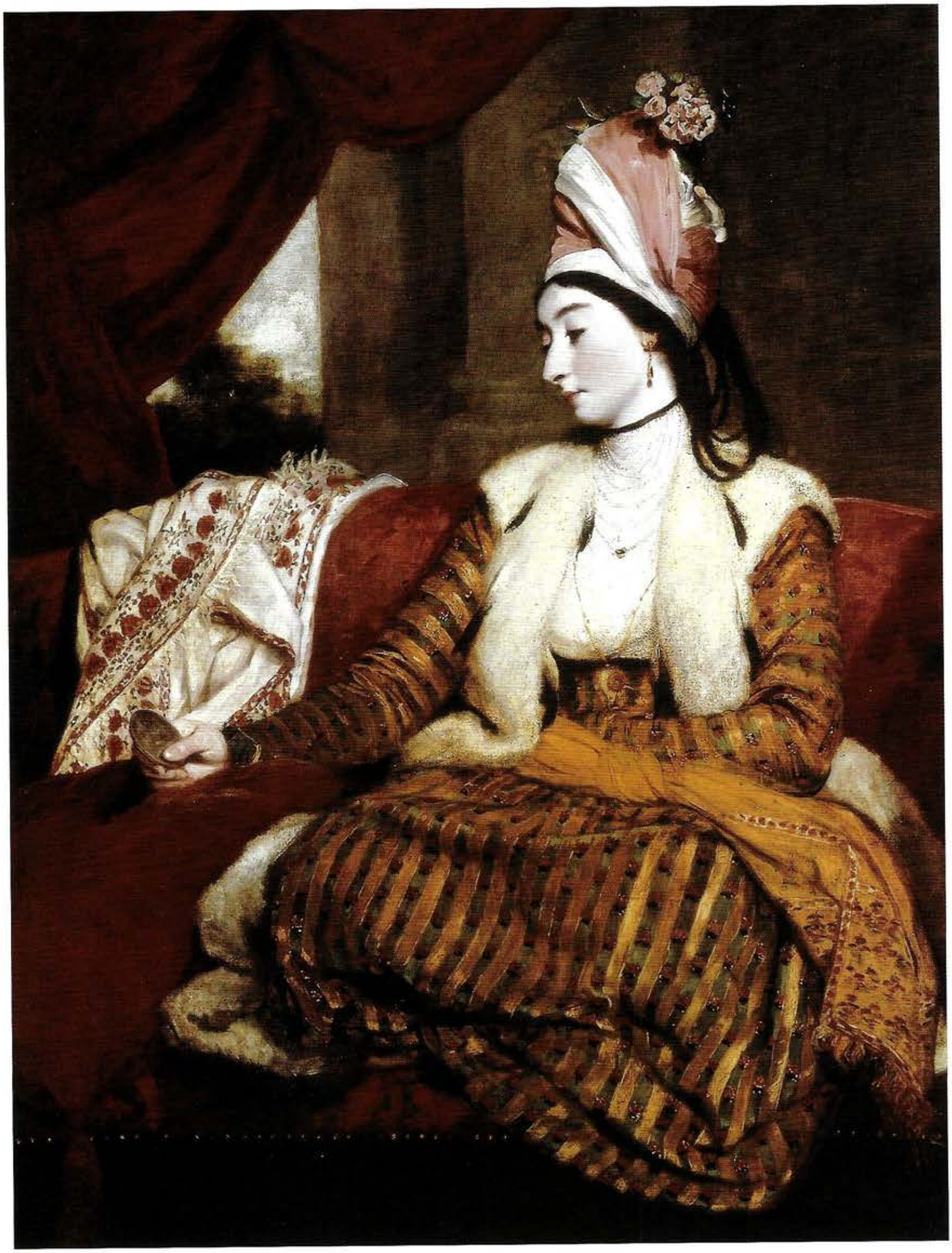
ISTANBUL EXHIBITS BRITISH ORIENTALIST PAINTINGS AND MARBLE PORTRAITS FROM APHRODISIAS. LONDON STAGES A BLOCKBUSTER ON BYZANTIUM. PLUS SALEROOM HIGHLIGHTS

Enthralled by the East

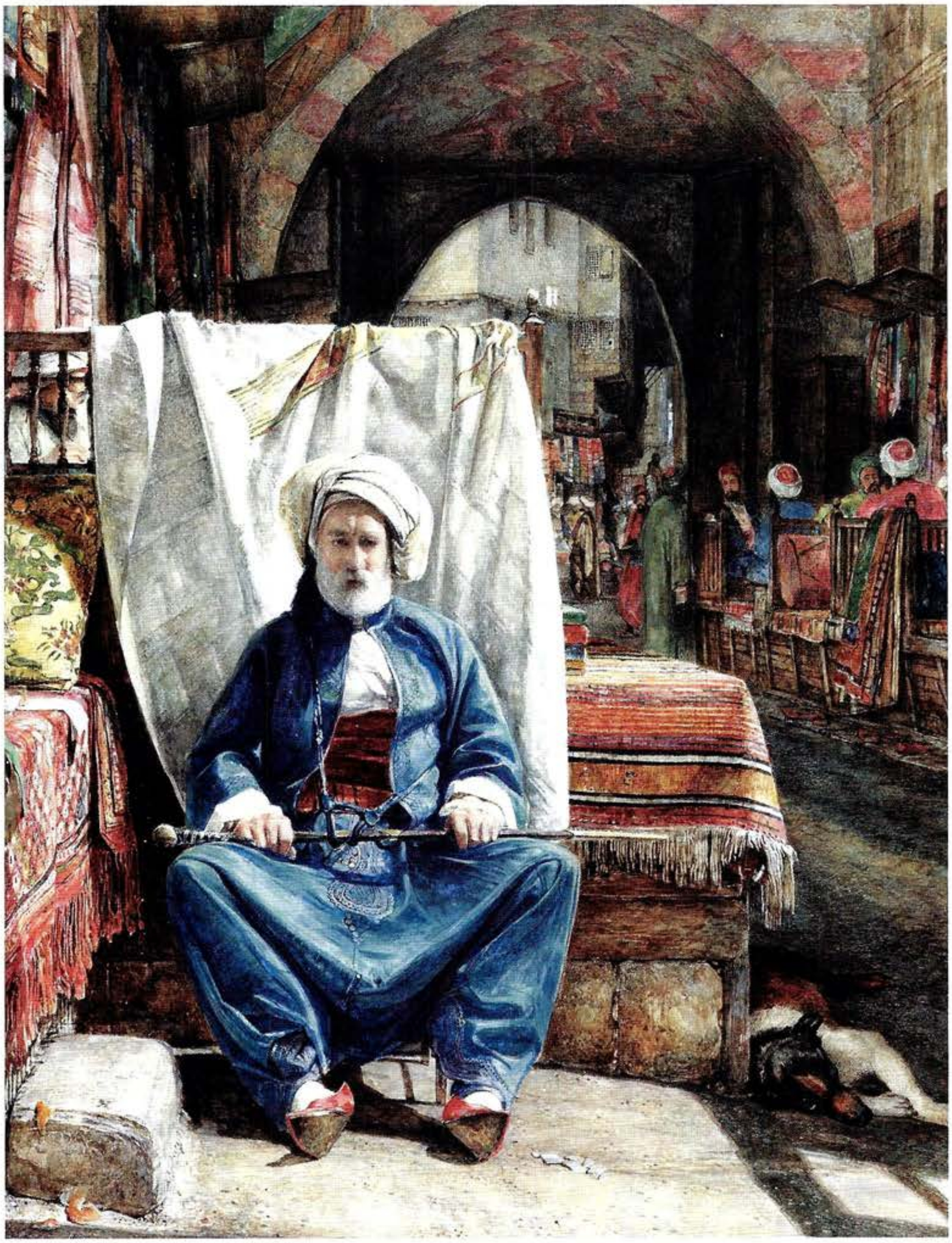
THE LURE OF THE EAST:
BRITISH ORIENTALIST PAINTING
Pera Museum, Istanbul
Until January 11, 2009

Following its run at Tate Britain, *The Lure of the East* has arrived in Istanbul: a colourful gathering of 100 or so paintings by mainly 19th-century British artists, including David Roberts, David Wilkie, William Holman Hunt and the outstanding JF Lewis. The focus of the show is on the Ottoman lands of Egypt and Palestine, with Turkey itself taking a back seat. The fact that it coincides with the 30th anniversary of the landmark book *Orientalism*, in which Edward Said denounced all Orientalism as tinged with "the gross political fact" of colonialism, adds a whiff of controversy. Inevitably, when it opened in London, much ink was spilt over harem fantasies and the avoidance of harsh realities. One critic denounced the "artifice and kitsch". Yet, for many, the show was a unique reminder of a vanished world.

In the case of the 18th-century artist Sir Joshua Reynolds, who lived before rail and steam made the East accessible, the Orient came to London in the form of the clever, glamorous, scandalous Mrs Baldwin. He painted two portraits of her, including the splendid one of her on this page in fancy dress, and refused ever to be parted from either. George Baldwin, "an opulent merchant of Alexandria", was also a correspondent of Nelson's and the author of books on animal magnetism. Wherever she went,



MRS BALDWIN, BY JOSHUA REYNOLDS, IN THE ORIENTAL DRESS SHE WORE TO A ROYAL BALL IN LONDON IN 1782. (COMPTON VERNEY ART GALLERY)



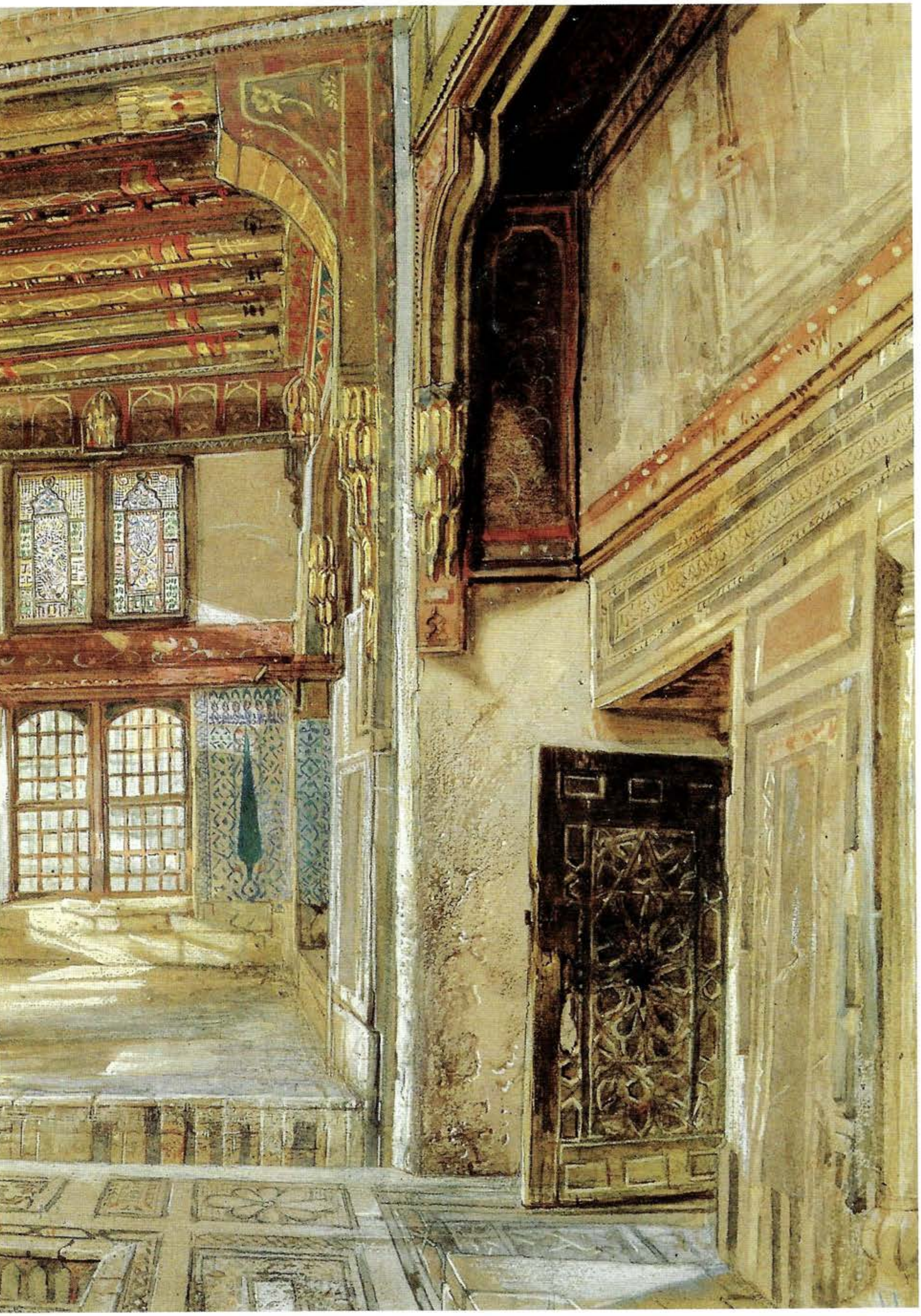
'Hhareem Life in Constantinople', JF Lewis, 1857
▷ The harem inspired a certain voyeurism in France. But Lewis avoided nudes and showed great sympathy for his subjects. His palette, unusually vivid for watercolours, may have owed something to the Pre-Raphaelites. (Laing Art Gallery, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Tyne and Wear Museums)

For further information and details of events connected with the exhibition, page 23

the Smyrna-born Jane Baldwin attracted admirers and gossip. Dr Johnson insisted on "inflicting a kiss"(with her husand's permission) before asking the well-travelled Mrs Baldwin about the colour of Abyssinians. In Vienna, Ceracchi made a bust of her for Emperor Joseph, and the future George IV was "among her flatterers".

In 1841, John Frederick Lewis, another London man – seen in the photograph on the right in Oriental costume, and above in a self-portrait as a carpet-seller – virtually vanished into the East. Had his friend the writer William Thackeray not tracked him down to a grand Ottoman house in Cairo, where he "lived like a prince" and kept a gazelle and a camel in the courtyard, we would know little of Lewis other than what we see in his 600 watercolours and drawings. After visiting Istanbul, he settled in Cairo for 10 years and married an Englishwoman. His last 20 years were spent in London creating paintings that transformed the stereotype of the harem, and today steal the show at the Pera Museum.

'In the Bezestein, El Khan Khalil, Cairo', JF Lewis, 1860
◁ The artist, who often painted himself in his pictures, depicts himself as a carpet-seller in this exquisite watercolour. (Blackburn Museum & Art Gallery)



'Interior of the House of the Mufti Sheikh al-Mahdi', Frank Dillon, c.1872. The London-born Frank Dillon (1823–1909) was a passionate advocate of Mamluk architecture who campaigned for the preservation of old Cairo. In Egypt he rented an old house in Giza and lived 'in the Oriental style'. This gouache, clearly influenced by JF Lewis, was painted on his fourth and final visit. The elements common to all Ottoman houses are painstakingly recorded: tiled walls, Bursa arches, niches galore, painted beams, stained-glass windows through which light pours into dreamy alcoves. The patient figure in blue gives a sense of scale. (Victoria & Albert Museum)

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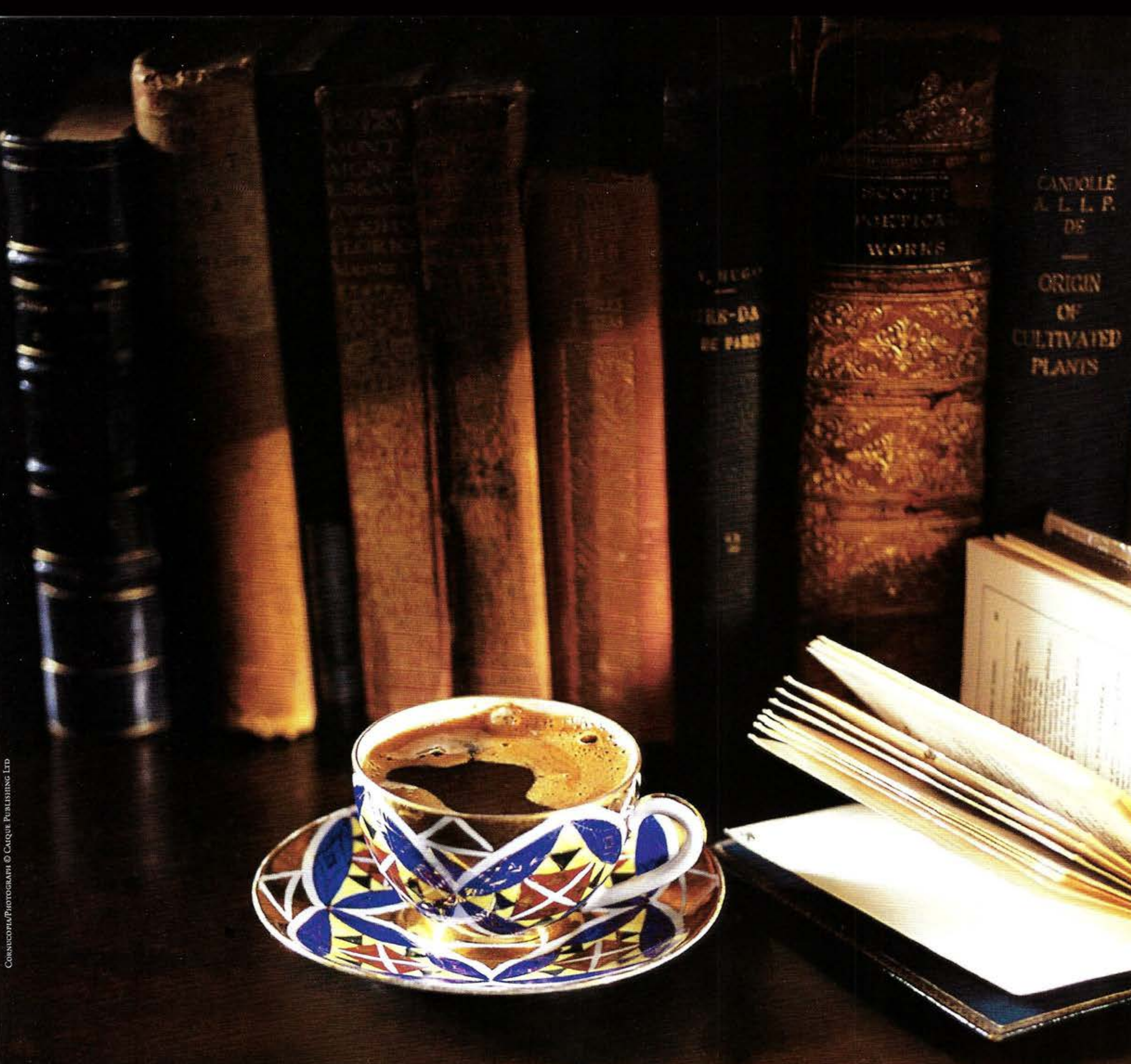
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19th-century Caucasian Kuba rug, 167x117cms

Photograph: Serhat Kolerkılıç

The power of Aphrodisias

APRHODISIAS AND ROMAN PORTRAITURE
The Yapı Kredi Vedat Nedim Tör Museum, Istanbul
Until January 25, 2009

Aphrodisias, most beautiful of ancient cities and site of one of the greatest cults of the goddess Aphrodite, was also home to a school of sculpture renowned throughout the Roman world, *writes Patricia Daunt*. Examples of work by its sculptors, with their distinctive style, have been found in Germany, Spain and across the Roman empire.

Some 50 major original sculptures of the Roman imperial period, many of them never before displayed in public, have been brought to Istanbul from Aphrodisias (modern Geyre, near Aydın) for an exhibition at the Vedat Nedim Tör Museum in the Yapı Kredi building in Beyoğlu.

The pieces on display – portraits in the form of statues, busts and embellishments on sarcophagi – show the astonishing range of styles and personal fashions to be found in Anatolia under the Roman Empire. They also show how techniques evolved for rendering hair, eyes and individual physiognomy. For these are not only idealised deities and emperors but citizens with distinctive looks and personalities.

This exhibition is unlikely to transfer from Istanbul and certainly merits a visit. So too does the vastly important site of Aphrodisias itself, where the long-awaited extension hall to the museum opened in May. Sixty-five of the original reliefs from the Sebasteion – the 1st-century temple complex built for the cult of the Emperor Augustus and uncovered by the late Professor Kenan Erim – are now on permanent display in their original sequence. The north and south buildings, three storeys high, carried marble reliefs in their upper storeys for their whole length – some 200 in all.
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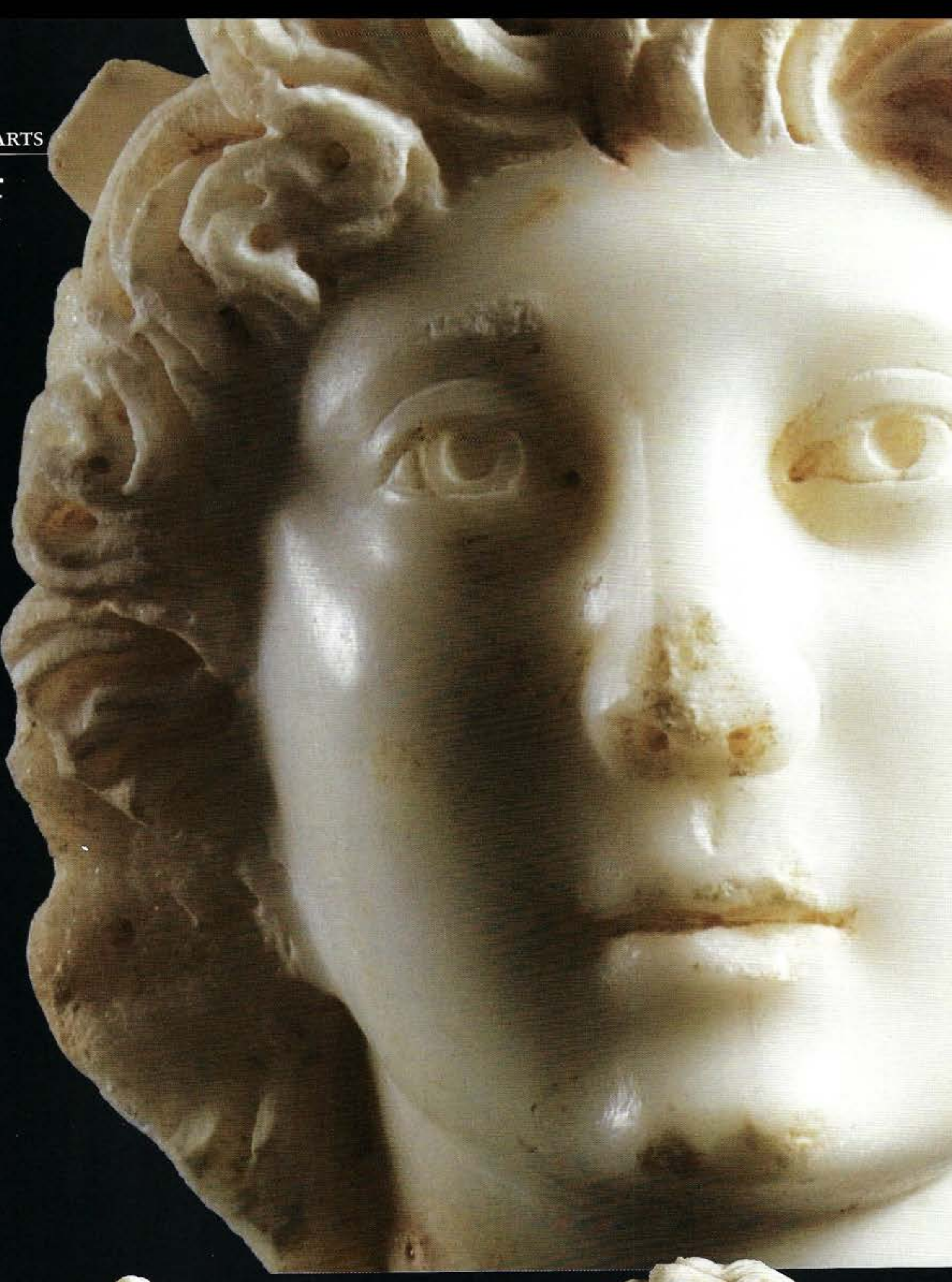
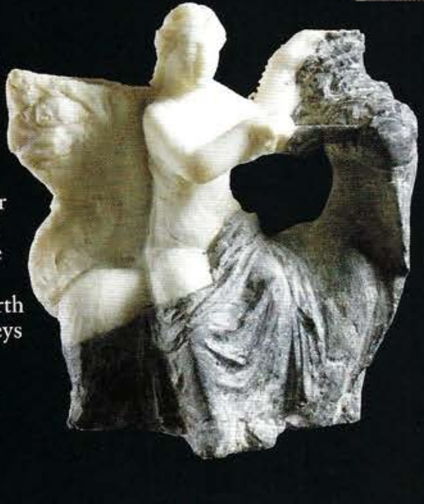
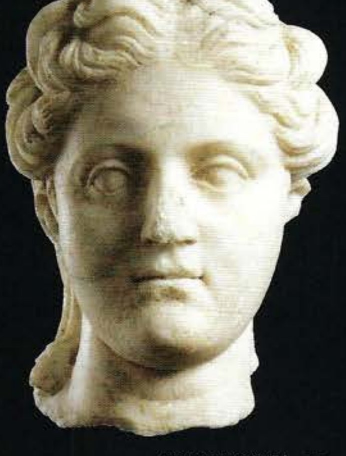
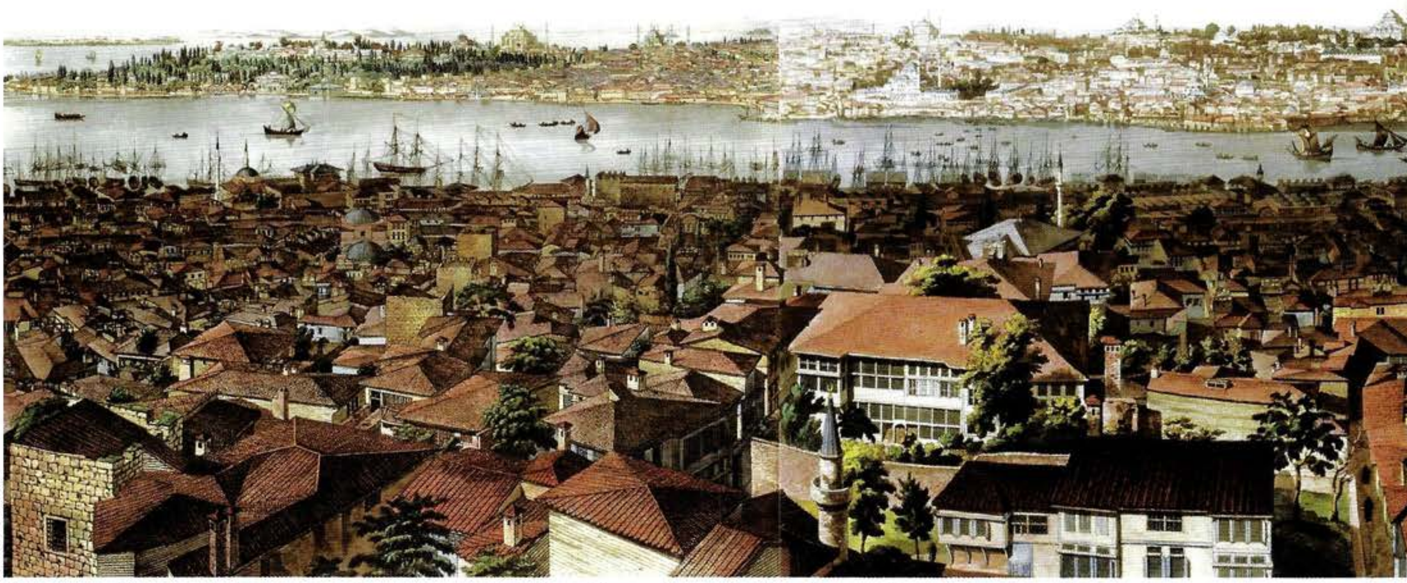






ABOVE: HELIOS, GOD OF THE SUN, WHO DROVE A GOLDEN CHARIOT, HAS YOUTHFUL FEATURES AND LONG, WAVY LOCKS.
LEFT: A PRACTICE PIECE OF A WINGED FIGURE IN BLUE AND WHITE MARBLE
RIGHT: THE BUST OF A LOCAL WOMAN WITH A FULL CHIN, POSSIBLY A TEENAGER. THE HELLENISTIC 'MELON' HAIRSTYLE SUGGESTS THE BUST WAS CARVED IN THE 1ST CENTURY



SOTHEBY'S LONDON

ON SALE AT SOTHEBY'S LONDON ON NOVEMBER 13 IS HENRY ASTON BARKER'S 'THE CITY OF CONSTANTINOPLE'. FOUR METRES WIDE IN ALL, IT IS A

A Byzantine blockbuster

BY ROBERT OUSTERHOUT

BYZANTIUM 330-1453
Royal Academy of Arts, London
October 25 – March 22, 2009

How to represent a civilisation through its art? This is one of the basic questions the organisers faced in collecting some 400 objects from across Europe, the US, Russia, Ukraine, Georgia and Egypt. The curators, Professor Robin Cormack of the Courtauld Institute of Art, Professor Maria Vassilaki of the University of Thessaly and the Benaki, and Dr Adrian Locke of the Royal Academy, have organised the exhibition in conjunction with the Benaki Museum in Athens.

The lion's share of objects comes from British and Greek collections. There are also some exquisite pieces from the Treasury of San Marco in Venice, and objects from less familiar collections, such as the icons from Ohrid or the cathedral doors from Atrani. Those unfamiliar with Byzantine art will be staggered by the opulence and beauty of the objects on display, while aficionados will find both old friends and nice surprises. Coming 50 years after David Talbot Rice's groundbreaking exhibition of Byzantine art at the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1958, *Byzantium 330–1453* offers an update on how we view an often misunderstood civilisation.

PHOTO CAMERAPHOTO ARTE, VENICE © PROCURATORIA DI SAN MARCO

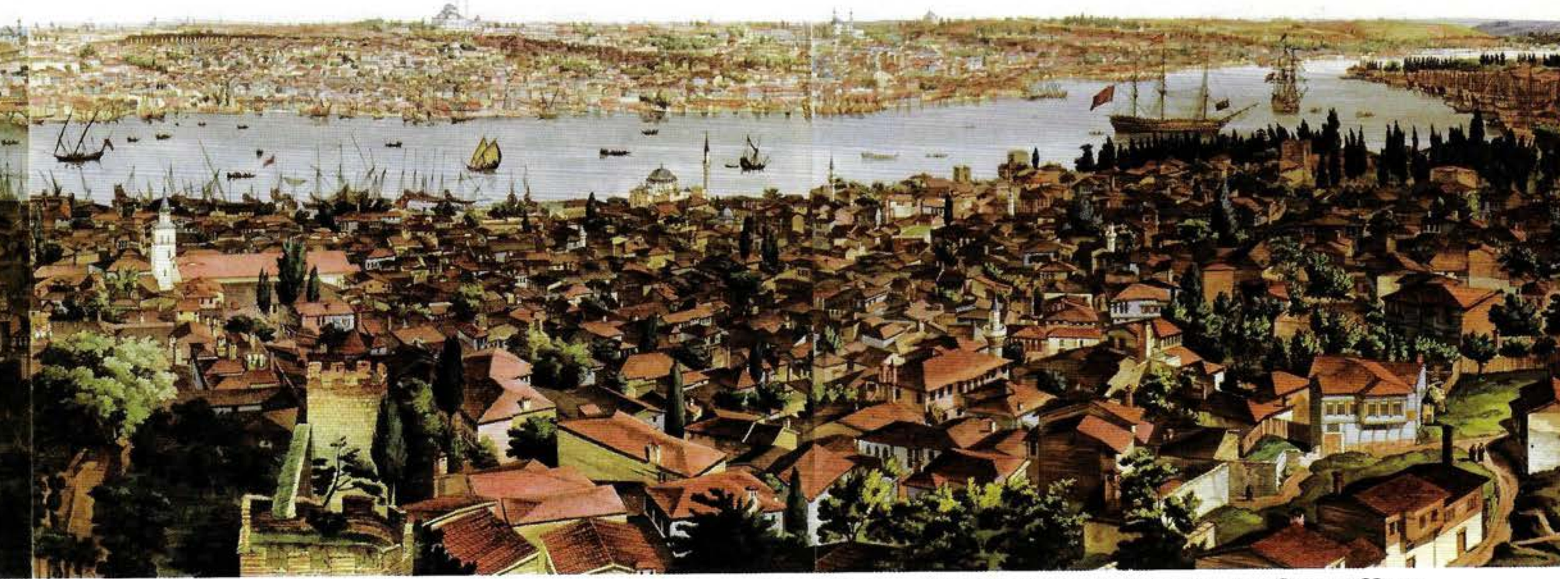
ORIGINALITY AT THE DINNER TABLE

Although the Byzantines did not have a word for originality, there is a remarkable creativity to Byzantine art, as those familiar with Hagia Sophia or the Kariye Camii would agree. The curators present Byzantium as a self-consciously modern society. This is evident in its new art forms. For example, cloisonné enamels, introduced sometime in the 9th century, exhibit a distinctive virtuosity and inventiveness. The same holds true of Byzantine wall mosaics. The Byzantines did not invent mural mosaics (as Thomas Mathews suggests in the catalogue), yet they certainly exploited them to their full potential.

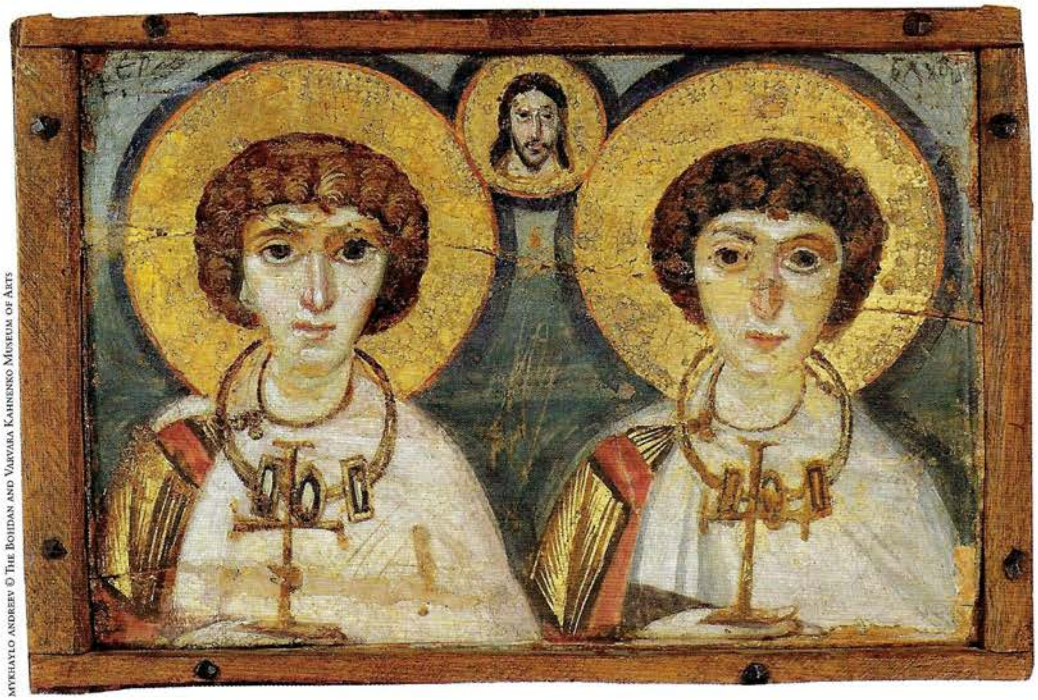
But nowhere is originality more apparent than in the ceramics, particularly the sgraffito wares of the 12th and 13th centuries, in which the looseness of expression often verges on abstraction. Curiously, this was not an art form associated with the elite, but with the domestic wares of the middle class. The recent recognition of the contribution of the non-elite (and non-religious) to the development of Byzantine art provides a depth and breadth not recognised 50 years ago.

THE VIRTUES OF IMITATION

In repeating the scope and breadth of vision of the 1958 exhibition, and even including some of the same objects, the organisers remind us that, for the Byzantines, imitation could be a very good thing. Owing a



DEGREE PANORAMA FROM THE GALATA TOWER, PUBLISHED IN EIGHT SHEETS IN 1813. SHEETS 1–4 (ABOVE) COVER THE OLD CITY AND GOLDEN HORN



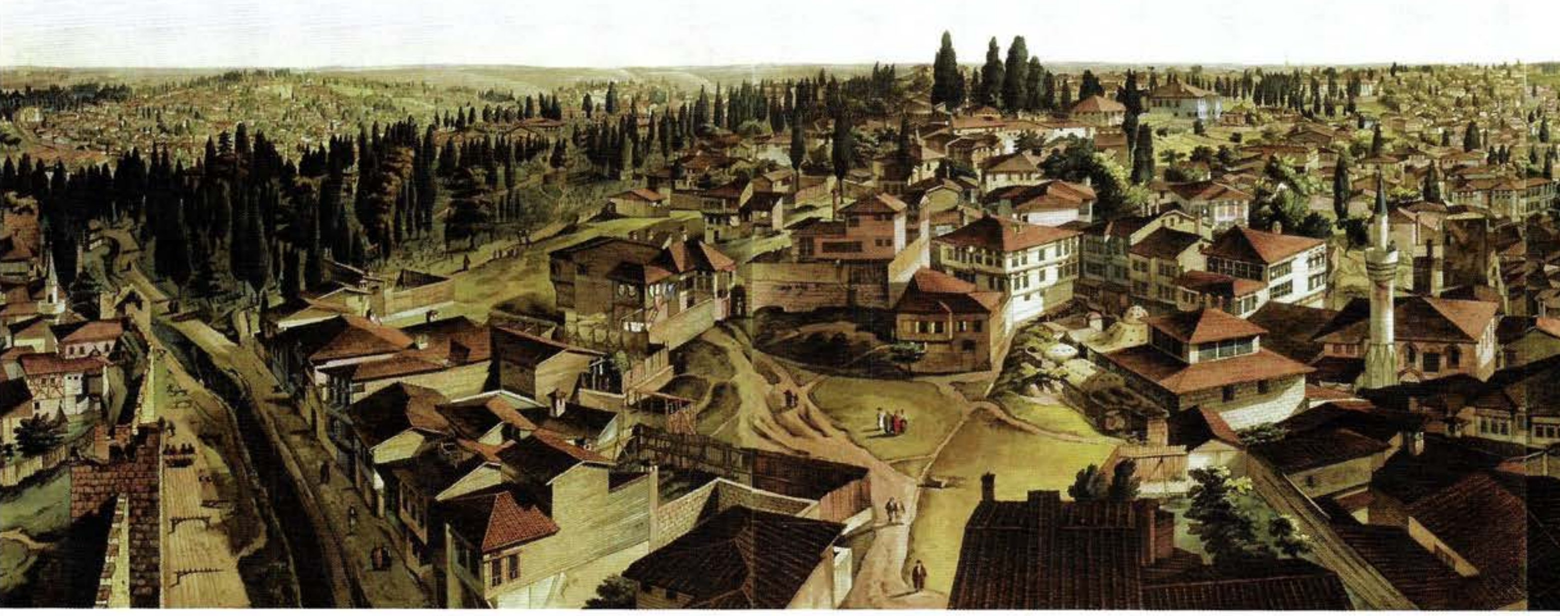
MYKHAYLO ANDREEV © THE BOHDAN AND VARVARA KHANENKO MUSEUM OF ARTS

LEFT: THIS GILDED SILVER INCENSE BURNER IN THE FORM OF A DOMED BUILDING WAS MADE IN CONSTANTINOPLE OR ITALY AT THE END OF THE 12TH CENTURY. PERFORATIONS SUGGEST ITS ORIGINAL PURPOSE, THOUGH IT WAS REUSED BY THE VENETIANS AS A RELIQUARY. ON ITS DOOR, THE FIGURE OF INTELLIGENCE POINTS TO HER FOREHEAD AS THE SOURCE OF HER MENTAL PROWESS; TO THE RIGHT, A COMICAL PUTTO DIVES INTO A BASKET, PERHAPS FRIGHTENED BY THE WILD AND MYTHICAL BEASTS AROUND HIM.

ABOVE: THIS SPECTACULAR EARLY (6TH- OR 7TH-CENTURY) ICON OF SAINTS SERGIOS AND BAKCHOS WAS PROBABLY SENT FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO MOUNT SINAI; IT WAS REMOVED TO KIEV IN THE 19TH CENTURY. FLANKING A MEDALLION OF CHRIST, THE TWO SOLDIER-MARTYRS ARE DRESSED FOR COURT RATHER THAN FOR BATTLE, WEARING TORQUES (ASSOCIATED WITH THE IMPERIAL GUARD) AND CARRYING CROSSES OF MARTYRDOM

great debt to the classical past, the Byzantines could admire and imitate elements of ancient art without actually reproducing it. The virtuosity of the Hellenism in Middle Byzantine art is evidence of how steeped the aristocracy was in the classical past. And yet searching for the exact sources may be a fruitless exercise. The mythological scenes on the famous Veroli Casket, probably a 10th-century jewellery box, resist a trawling for sources, and if anything tell of a society capable of sophisticated humour. Rape and tragedy appear side by side with adorable putti, some of them bottoms up, stuck in baskets.

Byzantine religious art is often accused of being static and repetitious. In their religious art, especially icons, painters repeated standard formulae, not for lack or originality but because for them an icon was a portrait of a holy figure – they knew what the saints looked like. The Virgin, after all, had been painted by St Luke, whose icon served as the model for all later portrayals. Christ's likeness was known from a miraculous image, the Mandylion of Edessa, kept in the Great Palace. The military saints Sergios and Bakchos, dressed as imperial guards in a remarkable icon of the 6th or 7th century (above), were recognisable to any



SHEETS 5–8 OF BARKER'S PANORAMA GO FROM THE HEAD OF THE GOLDEN HORN (FAR LEFT) TO THE BOSPHORUS ON THE RIGHT. HIS FATHER, ROB

BYZANTIUM CONTINUED

Byzantine viewer, even before the inscription was added.

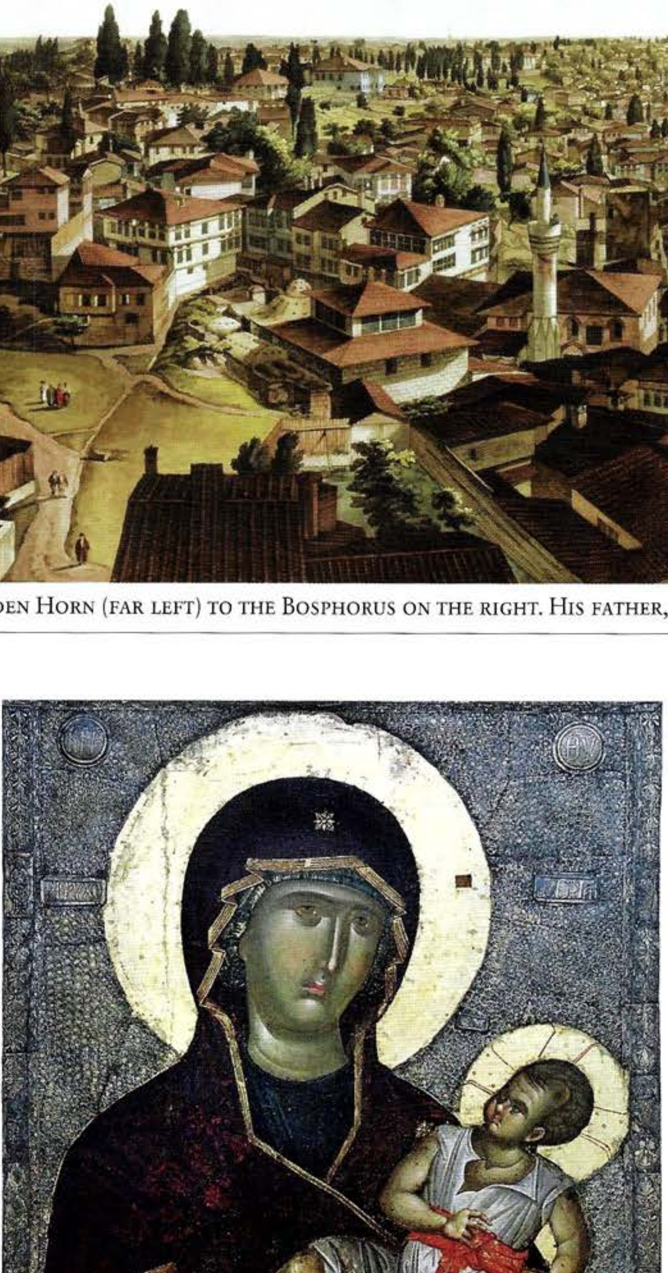
Moreover, the Byzantine icon provided a moral lesson for its viewer. St Basil explained in the 4th century: "As the painters when they paint icons from icons, looking closely at the model, are eager to transfer the character of the icon to their own masterpiece, so must he who strives to perfect himself in all branches of virtue look to the lives of saints as if to living and moving images and make their virtue his own by imitation." In the 9th-century manuscript of the *Sacra Parallela of John of Damascus* (included in the exhibition), this quote is illustrated by a vignette of an icon painter at work copying another icon.

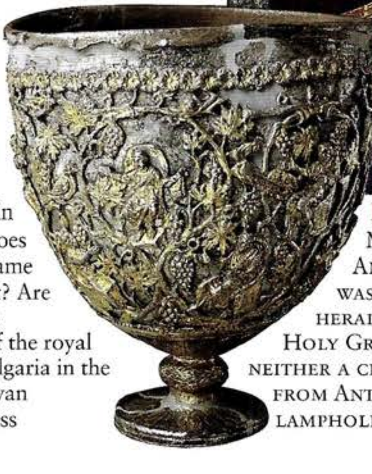
There is an element of imitation in ceremonial as well, for the Byzantines believed that the earthly court of the emperor was a reflection of the heavenly court of Christ. Thus an angel could take the place of the master of ceremonies in Byzantine art, as in the famous ivory leaf of St Michael, who stands at the top of a staircase. As Henry Maguire notes in the catalogue, the inscription reading "Receive the suppliant before you, despite his sinfulness" suggests the intermediary position of the angel, who presents the suppliant to Christ. Because the ivory was one half of a diptych, this begs the question of who was depicted on the other half, now missing – Christ or the suppliant, most probably the Emperor Justinian?

Imitation also figures in the dissemination of Byzantine art to Russia, the Balkans and the Caucasus, where Byzantine culture and religion became important elements in the regional societies.

THE DANGERS OF IMITATION

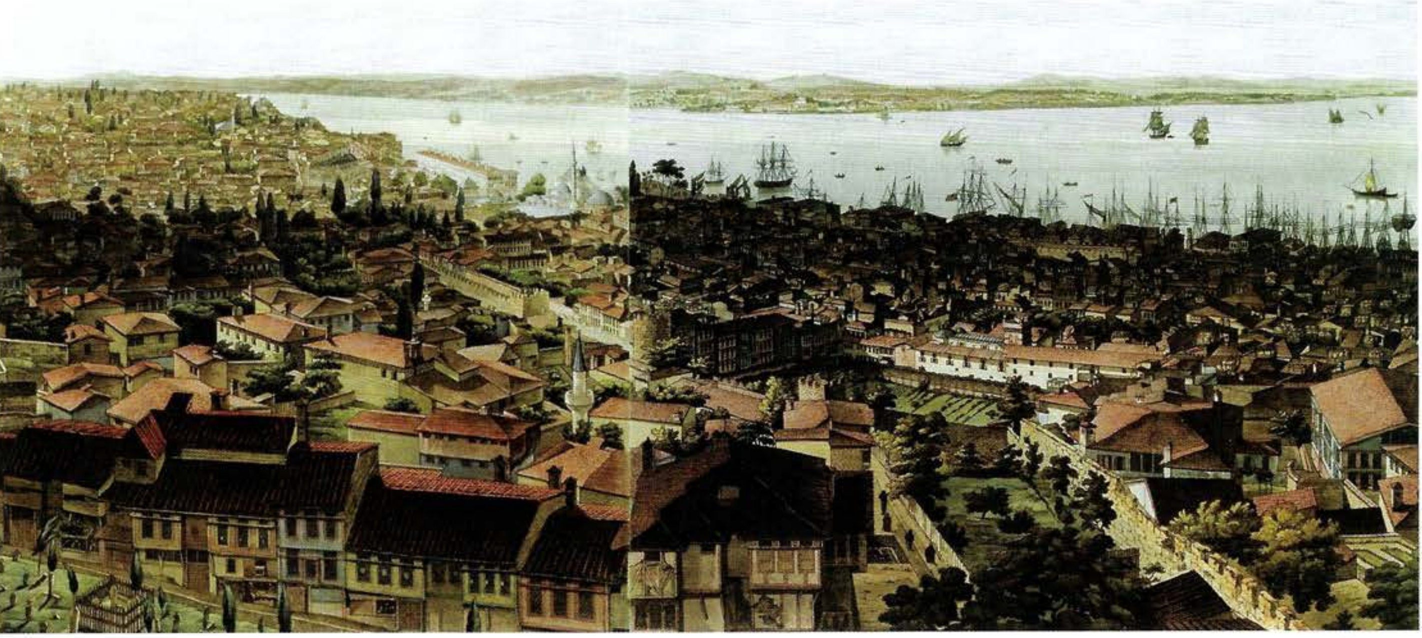
Imitation, of course, leads to questions of authenticity and worth. Were the icons found at Italian or Russian or Balkan sites created in Byzantium or produced locally? If an icon of the Mother of God was a mere copy of the lost prototype by St Luke, did it have the same spiritual merit – and in our terms, does it have the same artistic merit? Are the imitative depictions of the royal family of Bulgaria in the Gospels of Ivan Alexander less





LEFT: WHEN THE MET'S SILVER-GILT ANTIOCH CHALICE WAS FOUND, IT WAS HERALDED AS THE HOLY GRAIL. IN FACT, IT IS NEITHER A CHALICE NOR FROM ANTIOCH. ITS USE (A LAMPHOLDER?), ITS ICONOGRAPHY (CHRIST AND THE APOSTLES?), EVEN WHERE IT WAS FOUND – ALL ARE UNCERTAIN. ABOVE: A 14TH-CENTURY ICON OF THE VIRGIN PSYCHOSOSTRIA PAINTED FOR THE CHURCH OF THE VIRGIN PERIBLEPTOS IN OHRID, ON THE MACEDONIAN-ALBANIAN BORDER

© THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART / ZORAN LETRA © ICON GALLERY, OHRID



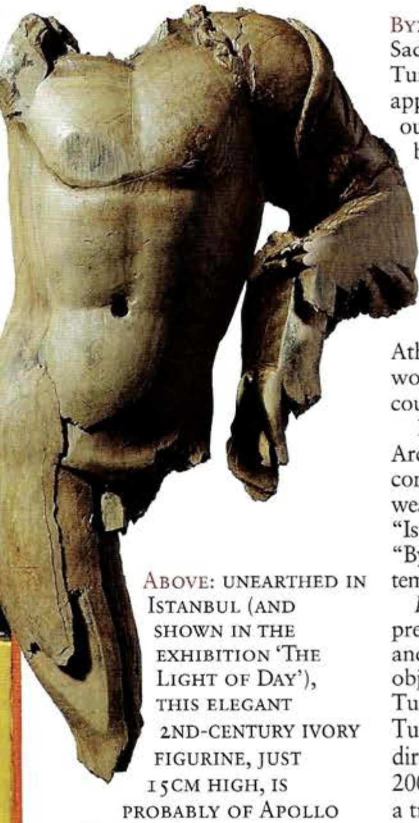
SOTHEBY'S LONDON

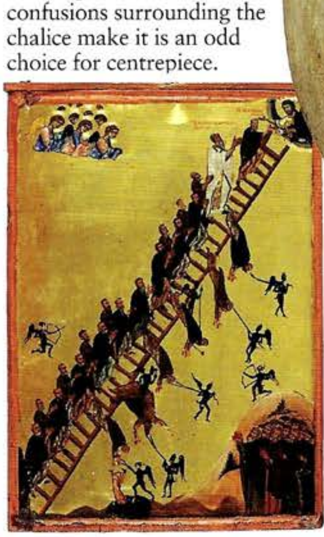
D INTRODUCED THE VOGUE FOR PANORAMAS AND THE WORD. THIS ONE WAS DISPLAYED IN LEICESTER SQUARE IN 1801. (SOTHEBY'S EST £20-£30,000)

significant than those of the Byzantine imperial family?

There is also a danger of confusion. The lovely 12th-century incense burner from San Marco on the previous pages is usually claimed to be in the shape of a multi-domed Byzantine church, because we know Byzantine churches had domes. But a closer look reveals that its façades are filled with an amorous couple (identified by inscriptions as Courage and Intelligence), mythological creatures, and more bottoms-up putti stuck in baskets. None of this seems particularly appropriate to a religious artefact. More probably it represents a domed palace building or garden pavilion (which may have imitated ecclesiastical architectural forms, or vice versa) and should be placed within the context of the courtly romance. Probably looted from Constantinople by the Venetians in the 13th century, the incense burner came to house the relic of the Holy Blood.

More insidious are questions of authenticity. One of the centrepieces of the exhibition is the so-called Chalice of Antioch (far left), which is neither a chalice nor from Antioch. When it appeared in the early 20th century, it was heralded as the Holy Grail, an association it can never quite shake – the organisers even invoke the name of Dan Brown when discussing it. Scholars have since suggested a 6th-century date, and that the openwork exterior may have originally been a setting for a glass lamp, and a possible association with the Kaper Koraon Treasure found in Syria. An alternative viewpoint (and one that appeals to me) is that the chalice is an outright forgery, perhaps created in the Parisian workshop of Alfred André, its conservator. The suspicions and confusions surrounding the chalice make it is an odd choice for centrepiece.





HOLY MONASTERY OF SAINT CATHERINE, SINAI

ABOVE: UNEARTHED IN ISTANBUL (AND SHOWN IN THE EXHIBITION 'THE LIGHT OF DAY'), THIS ELEGANT 2ND-CENTURY IVORY FIGURINE, JUST 15CM HIGH, IS PROBABLY OF APOLLO OR HERMES. LEFT: MONKS STRUGGLE TO SCALE THE LADDER OF DIVINE ASCENT AS DEVILS TRY TO DRAG THEM INTO THE PIT OF HELL IN THIS 12TH-CENTURY ICON FROM ST CATHERINE'S SINAI, ON SHOW AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

BYZANTIUM IN TURKEY?

Sadly, the 18 objects from Turkish collections meant to appear in the exhibition were left out at the last minute, allegedly because of the cost of the security demanded by the Turkish government. It is a shame, really, for Turkey not to be represented, since Turkey (not Greece) was the heartland of Byzantium, and Istanbul/Constantinople (not Athens) was its capital. One wonders if a similar exhibition could be mounted in Istanbul.

In fact, the Istanbul Archaeological Museum has come close, if we combine the wealth of two permanent galleries, "Istanbul through the Ages" and "Byzantium", with two recent temporary exhibitions.

Kalanlar, or *The Remnants,* presented an overview of 12th- and 13th-century Byzantine objects from museums across Turkey. Organised by a team of Turkish Byzantinists under the direction of Ayla Ödekan, the 2007 exhibition brought together a treasure trove of artworks, most of which were unpublished and had been consigned to the storerooms of regional museums.

The period covered by the show represented the apogee and nadir of medieval Byzantium, as the vitality of the Komnenian period ended dramatically with the Latin Occupation by the Crusaders in 1204. Contacts with West and East in the 12th century, the formation of new capitals during the Byzantine exile of the 13th century, and the re-establishment of Constantinople as the capital in 1261 contributed to the formation of the rich and diverse artistic culture highlighted in the exhibition.

A second exhibition, *Gün Işığında*, or *The Light of Day*, offers an overview of the ongoing excavations for the Marmaray tunnel at Üsküdar and Yenikapı, for the Metro at Sirkeci, and for the Four Seasons Hotel in Sultanahmet. The city has never before witnessed rescue archaeology on such a scale as this – the Yenikapı site alone is more than a kilometre in length. One can only wonder at how the staff of the Istanbul Archaeological Museum found the time to mount an exhibition and write the catalogue. On all levels *The Light of Day* was a revelation, with artefacts spanning the history of the city, as the subtitle, *8000 Years of Istanbul*, suggests.

Because the excavations at Üsküdar and Yenikapı were in harbour areas, many of the discoveries represent the trade and commerce of the city through its history, with the wooden foundations of wharfs and docks, the hulls of ships (two dozen alone at Yenikapı, many sunk by a millennial tsunami), lots and lots of amphorae and the personal possessions of the sailors. The artefacts on display range from stellar artworks (classical figurines) to objects of daily use (lamps, weights, tableware), to ceramics of all periods. One evocative piece, the inscribed wooden sole of a sandal, was displayed in a tank of water as its preservation is ongoing. Its inscription reads, "Wear it in good health, lady…"

We might wish the same to the Istanbul Archaeological Museum, for both shows speak of the current vitality of archaeology in Turkey. *The Light of Day* serves effectively as an interim report on major excavations still under way, and we applaud the initiative of the archaeologists in making this material accessible to the public, and particularly their willingness to share work in progress. If these shows represent the future of Turkish archaeology, we are in for some exciting times. ◆

Robert Ousterhout is professor of Byzantine Art and Architecture at the University of Pennsylvania

SALEROOM ROUND-UP

BOOKS, PRINTS AND MAPS

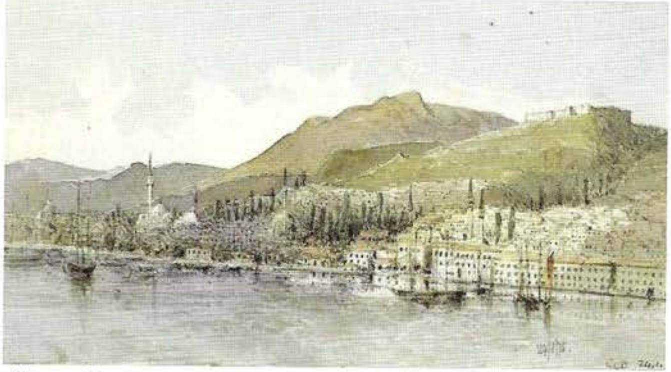
Sotheby's London, November 13

Beautiful book collections are coming up at three sales at Sotheby's in Bond Street: Greece and the Levant; Natural History, Travel, Atlases and Maps; and The Islamic World – The Library of a Gentleman.

One of the eye-catching lots of the Greece and the Levant sale is Henry Aston Barker's panorama (see previous pages).

The albumen print below is from Lot 63, a wonderful collection of photographs, many very rare, bound in black morocco, by the court photographers Abdullah Frères, entitled *Constantinople 1896*. It depicts the busy quay in front of the Yeni Cami.

Also fascinating is Lot 77 in the Natural History sale, an album of 400 watercolours, ink sketches and engravings made in Ottoman Turkey between 1873 and 1879 by Charles George Danford, all neatly captioned in his own hand (est. £20-30,000). A Scottish artist, sportsman and ornithologist, Danford stayed on in Turkey after travelling with Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria (a passionate natural historian as well as romantic hero). It includes the watercolour of Izmir (above) – an engraving of it appeared in George Maw's famous book *The Genus Croci* (featured in CORNUCOPIA 39), which was dedicated to Danford and his wife. One hopes this lot will go to one of Istanbul's budding research institutes.



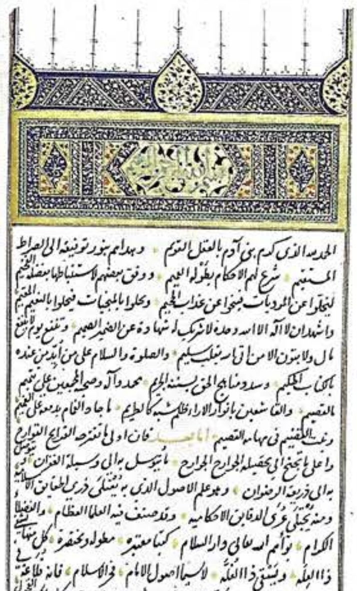
THE ISLAMIC SALES

Sotheby's, Christie's and Bonhams London, October 2008

London's Islamic Sales were not for the faint of heart. Sotheby's, Christie's and Bonhams all saw missed opportunities to snap up lots at the lowest asking price. But when the trend was bucked, it was bucked in style.

At Sotheby's, the portrait of Süleyman the Magnificent (opposite), from early in his reign, deservedly fetched half a million pounds, doubling its estimate. Painted for the Duke of Mantua in 1538 and attributed to Titian, it recalls the intimate relations between Venice and the Porte.

Three exceptionally rare manuscripts at Christie's also doubled their estimates. Two books of logic and jurisprudence – Lot 375, below and opposite bottom left, which sold for £151,250, and Lot 376, opposite bottom right, which fetched £75,650 – were prepared in 1467 and 1471 respectively for Mehmet the Conqueror and treasured by successive owners, including his son Beyazıd II, whose small,



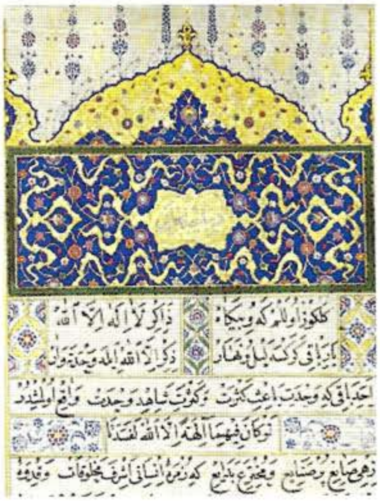
UNDERGROUND REVOLUTION, a more interactive version of *The Light of Day* show, is being held at the Istanbul Centre in Brussels in February. One exhibit is this 5th- or 6th-century woman's sandal: the wooden sole is decorated with birds and ivy; an inscription wishes the wearer good health. Also on show is the photograph (left) of amphorae on a 10th-century ship, one of more than 20 uncovered in the recent excavation at Yenikapı in Istanbul, once the Harbour of Theodosius.

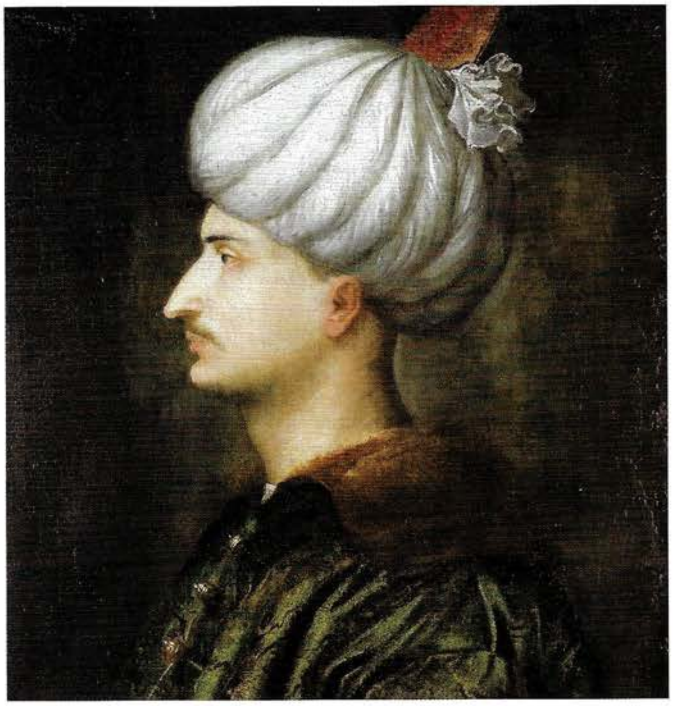
CATALOGUES

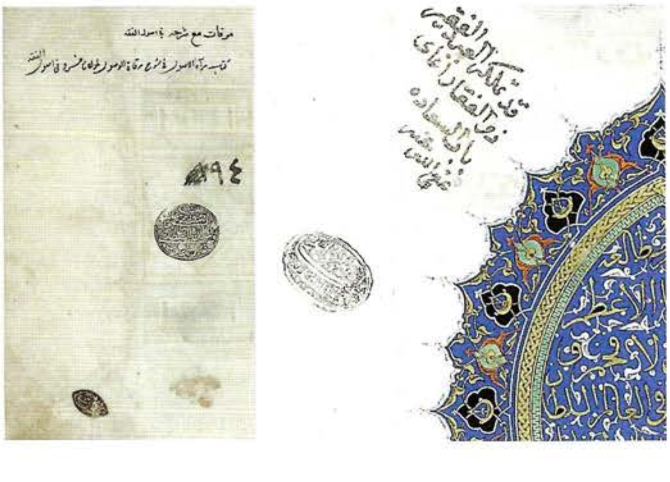
Byzantium 330–1453, eds. Robin Cormack and Maria Vassilaki. RA Publications, Royal Academy of Arts, London 2008

Kalanlar (The Remnants: 12th and 13th Century Byzantine Objects in Turkey), ed. Ayla Ödekan. Vehbi Koç Foundation, Istanbul 2007

Gün Işığında: İstanbul'un 8000 yılı (The Light of Day: 8000 Years of Istanbul), ed. Zeynep Kızıltan. Vehbi Koç Foundation, Istanbul 2007







almond-shaped seal appears below right. He probably noted down the title of the book at the top of the page in his own hand as he checked the inventory of his father's library. Above his seal is that of a 17th-century queen mother, Kösem Sultan, who donated the manuscript to the library of the Istanbul mosque she built, the Yeni Cami.

A third manuscript (above) – a *divan*, or book of poetry, from 1569 (Lot 379, £49,250) – is possibly the last work ever illuminated by the great Kara Memi, who died that year. The delicate embellishments, recalling the patterns of Iznik tiles in miniature, stop after page three. All three volumes have exquisite bindings. It is fascinating to see how an Ottoman style evolved with the arrival at court of the world's finest masters.

SOTHEBY'S LONDON / CHRISTIE'S IMAGES LTD, 2008 / FUNDACIO GALA-SALVATOR DALI 2008

WHAT'S ON IN ISTANBUL

SALVADOR DALI: A SURREALIST IN ISTANBUL
Sakıp Sabancı Museum, Emirgan, Istanbul
Until January 20, 2009
The SSM is staging the largest exhibition from the Gala–Salvador Dali Foundation collections ever to leave Spain, some 300 works in all. This photo is of Dali on the set of Alfred Hitchcock's *Spellbound*.

ORIENTALIST SYMPOSIUM
As part of the programme for *The Lure of the East*, the Pera Museum will host the symposium *Ottoman Istanbul and British Orientalism* (November 27–28). It will be chaired by Professor Zeynep Inankur, whose own excellent book *Constantinople and the Orientalists* is being reissued by İşbank this autumn.
For art books and exhibitions, see www.cornucopia.net

Here is an example of one of our itineraries, The Art History of Venice: Day 1: fly from London Heathrow to Venice; cross the lagoon by motoscafo to the hotel; late afternoon introductory walk. Day 2: the morning includes S. Zaccaria and S. Giovanni in Bragora, with altarpieces by Vivarini, Bellini and Cima; in the afternoon, the incomparable Doge's Palace; a special after-hours private visit to the 11th-century Basilica of S. Marco. Day 3: cross the Grand Canal to the great Franciscan church of S. Maria Gloriosa dei Frari with Titian's Assumption; in the afternoon visit the Scuola Grande dei Carmini with ceiling paintings by Tiepolo; finish with a visit to a private palace. Day 4: spend the morning in the Accademia; an afternoon visit to the Ca' Rezzonico, a magnificent palace on the Grand Canal. Day 5: by vaporetto to the island of Murano; see S. Pietro Martire with its Bellini altarpiece; continue to Torcello to see the magnificent Veneto-Byzantine cathedral; back in Venice, see Titian's St Lawrence in the Gesuiti. Day 6: view the vast gothic church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo; in the afternoon visit two masterpieces by Palladio, S. Giorgio Maggiore and Il Redentore. Day 7: free morning; fly back, arriving at London Heathrow around 4.30 p.m.

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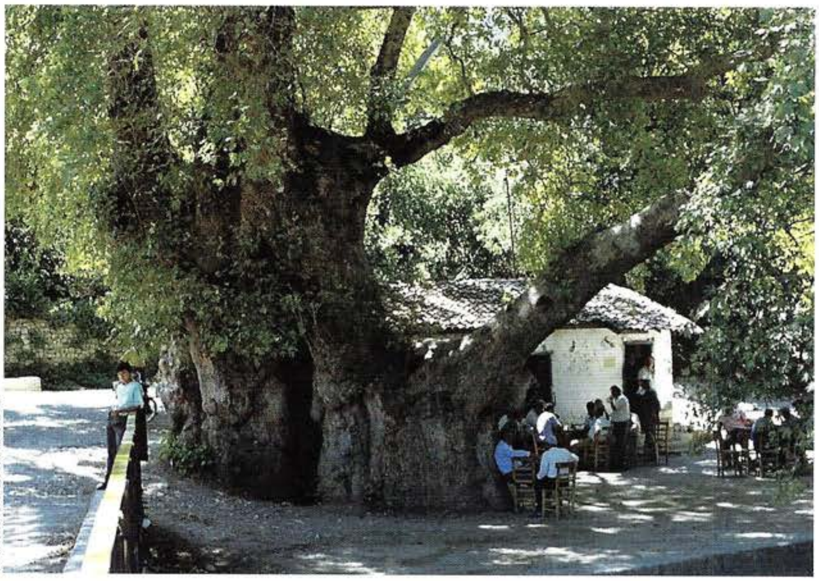
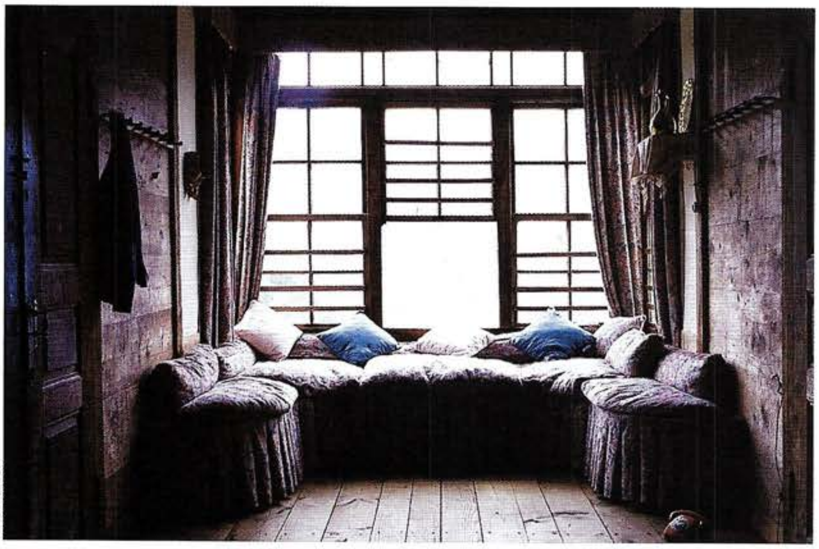
CORNUCOPIA – A CELEBRATION

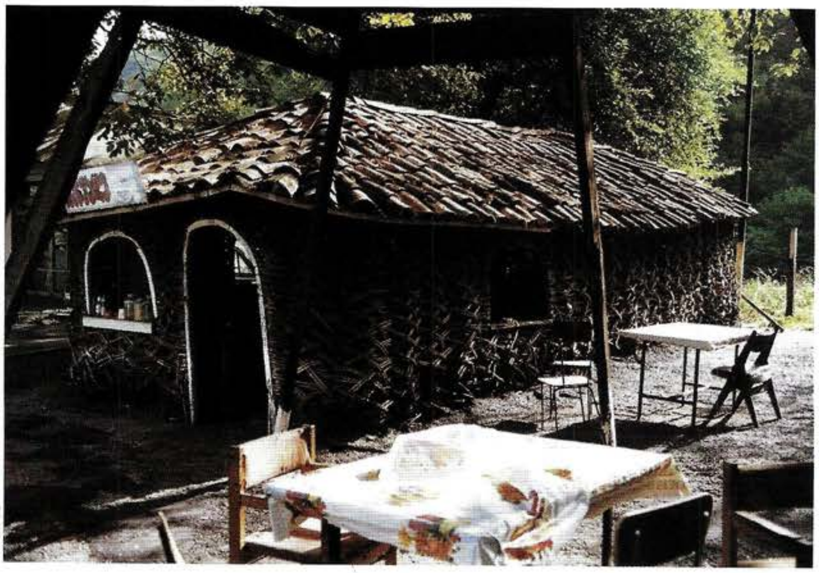
When CORNUCOPIA started up in 1992, its aim was to venture beyond the picture postcard to capture Turkey in its infinite variety. Interiors, travel, food, wine, people and places – all these and more would find expression in fine writing and beautiful photography. This 40th issue, which recaps all the past issues, is a tribute to the talented contributors who have made this magazine what it is: a highly regarded publication with an influence that extends way beyond its small but growing band of subscribers



KARACA ARBORETUM ARCHIVE



SIMON UPTON



MIN HOGG

THE ENCHANTED EYE

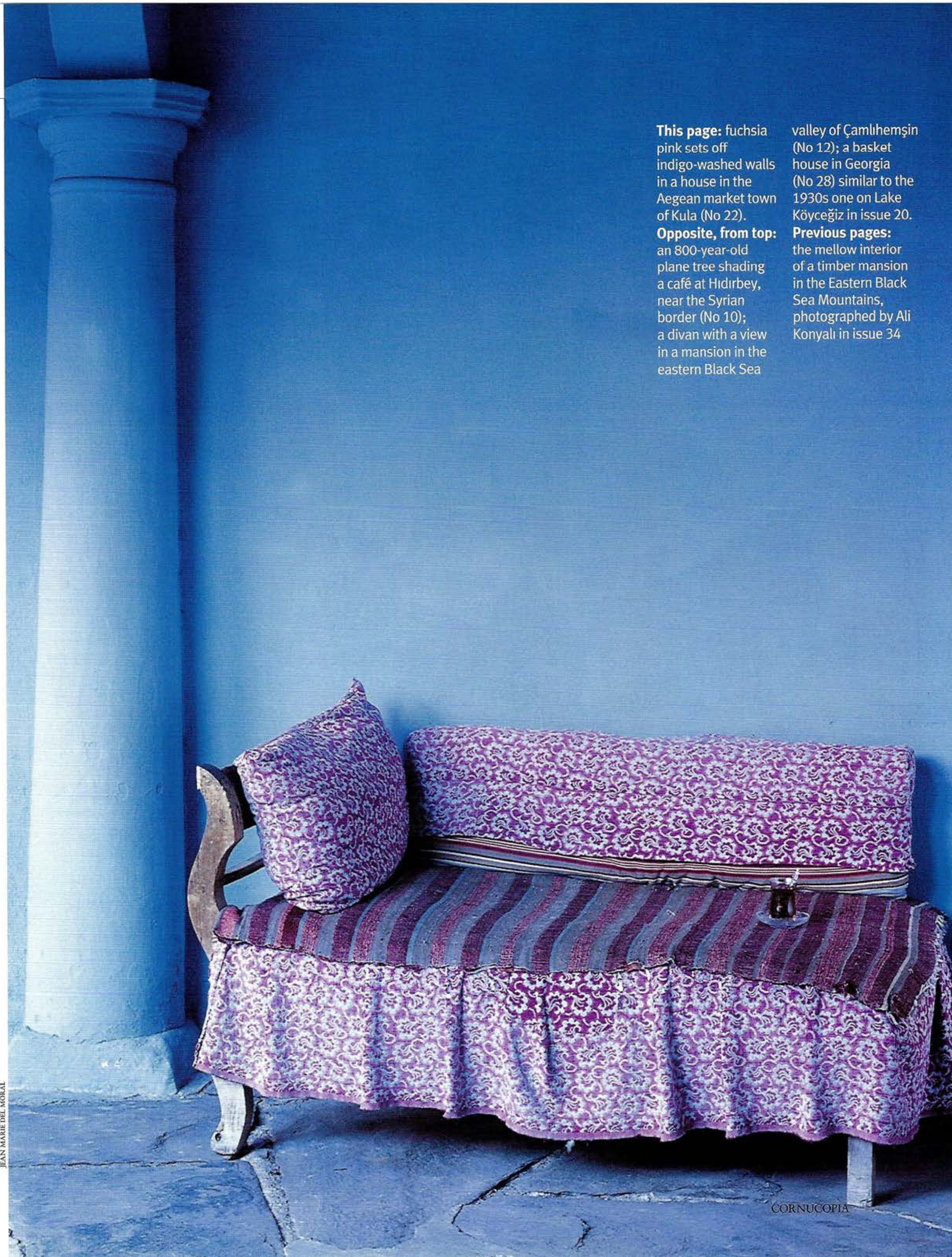
Over the past 39 issues, Cornucopia has delighted a widening circle of readers with a kaleidoscope of stunning images. Min Hogg, founding editor of The World of Interiors, chooses her favourites

Having fallen in love with Turkey in the Sixties, it is hardly surprising that at the launch of Cornucopia in 1992, I should become an instant fan – and, eventually, an occasional contributor. Many of the tangible and pleasing reminders acquired on those first excursions to the country whose infinite variety continues to lure me back are with me still. There is the simplest of lanterns, commissioned during a pause at a lorry stop on the road to Aphrodisias, and made as I waited from recycled food tins; the beautiful old crinkly cream silk shawl fringed in silver sequins; and the many metres of blue and white striped awning material that ended up as my London sofa cover – just a few of the serendipitous finds made during holidays otherwise dedicated to glorying in classical sites, beaches and landscapes.

As a prelude to the 80-page retrospective of the magazine that follows – the choice of the editors – I was invited to trawl through the past 39 issues to make my own selection. In this way I arrived at a random, idiosyncratic collection of images: these are some of the delights Cornucopia has placed before my eyes, and they evoke aspects of Turkey that particularly excite me as a passionate traveller.

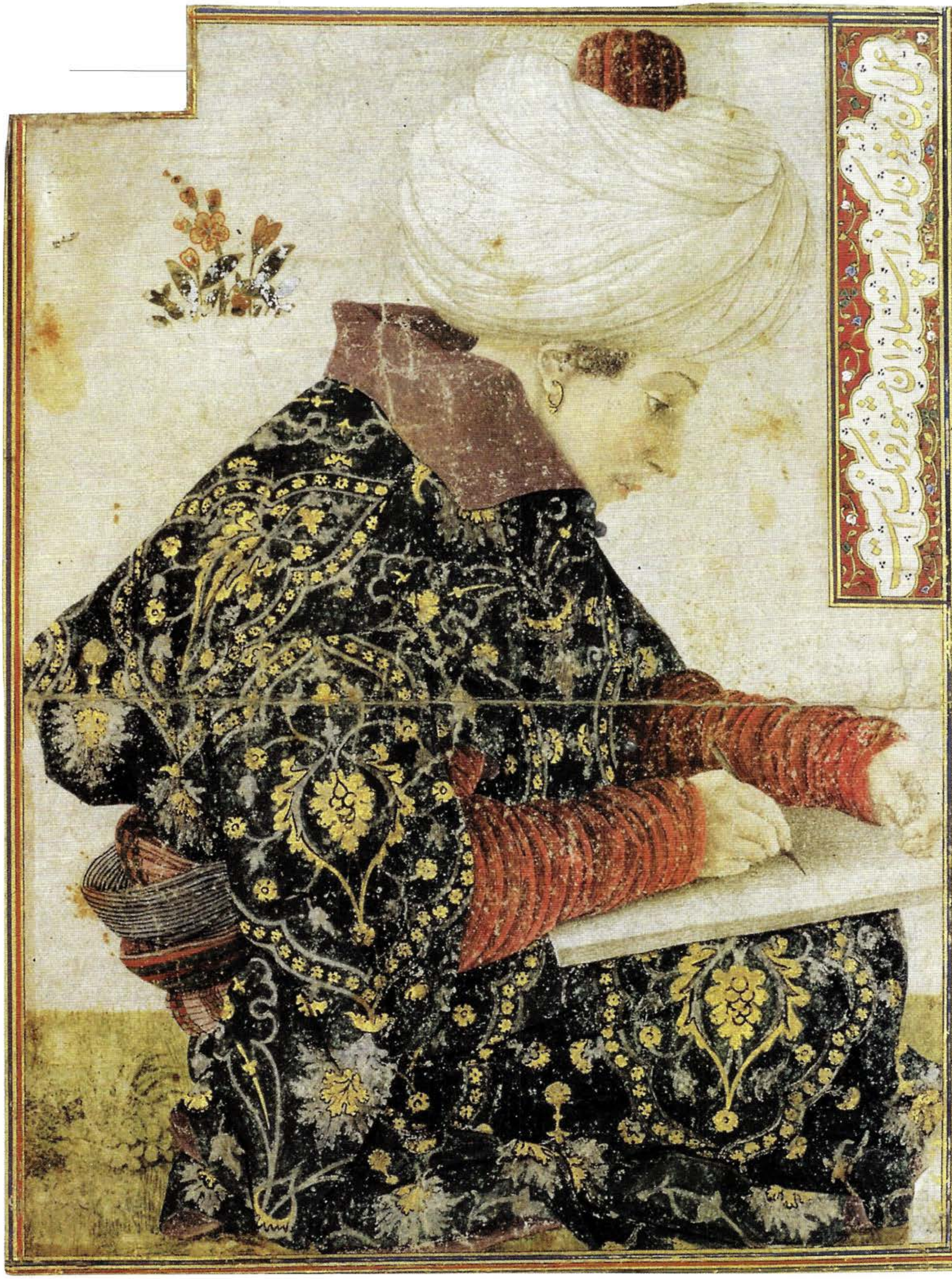
Take, for instance, the divan opposite, whose wonkily stitched fuchsia-pink cover and cushions are set against an indigo-washed wall, with hints of rustic nobility in the arch and column beside it. To me this is the essence of innate sensitivity. The same applies to the hectic combination of Iznik tiling in Sinan's mosque at Edirne, where bands of leaves and flowers and a crazed design are anchored and calmed by a bold ceramic rope. And who would not smile during their ablutions in the flower-strewn washbasin in the hamam at Yıldız Palace?

Places that provide respite from a blazing sun are another of Turkey's great gifts. It might be a café beneath a plane tree of legendary age and girth (top left), an airy basketwork shack for picnickers in the woods (left), or cushions to sink into on any one of a trillion divans from which to admire a fine view (centre left).



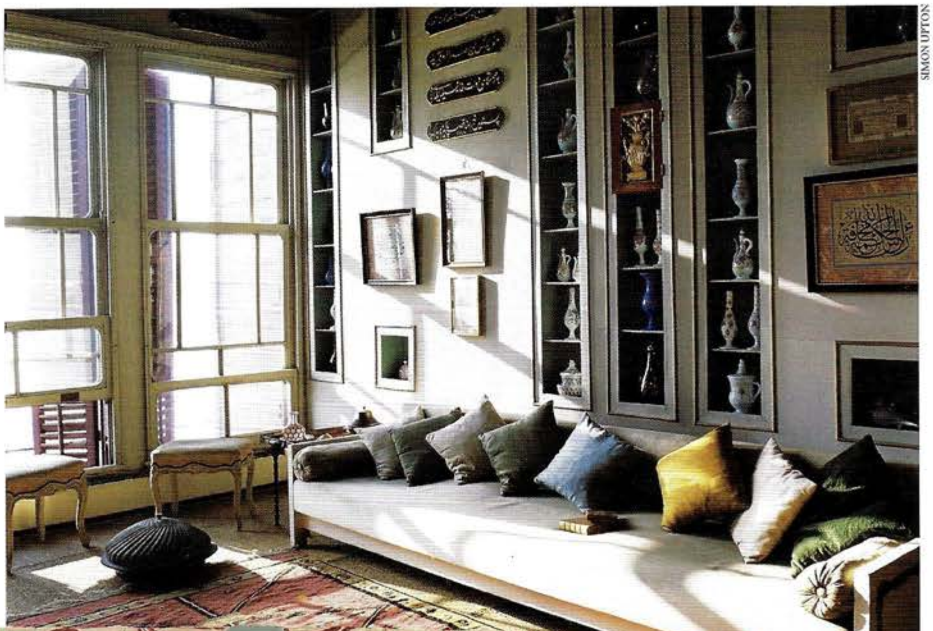
This page: fuchsia pink sets off indigo-washed walls in a house in the Aegean market town of Kula (No 22). **Opposite, from top:** an 800-year-old plane tree shading a café at Hıdırbey, near the Syrian border (No 10); a divan with a view in a mansion in the eastern Black Sea valley of Çamlıhemşin (No 12); a basket house in Georgia (No 28) similar to the 1930s one on Lake Köyceğiz in issue 20. **Previous pages:** the mellow interior of a timber mansion in the Eastern Black Sea Mountains, photographed by Ali Konyalı in issue 34

JEAN MARIE DEL MORAL

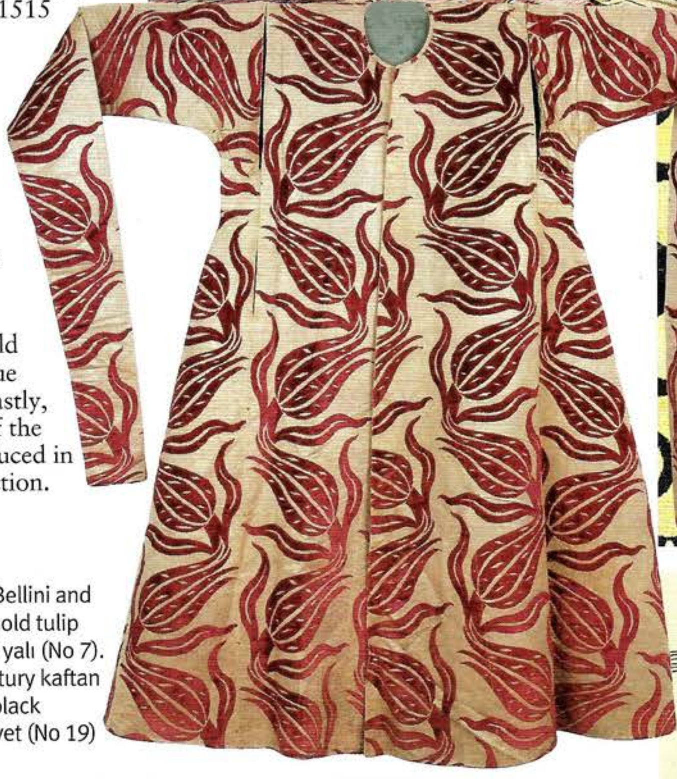


When I saw Bellini's tiny little painting *The Seated Scribe* at an exhibition in 2006, I was bewitched by the way the artist had captured the scribe's concentration, the folds of the turban and voluptuousness of the embroidered coat. I marvelled as long as I dared in a crowded gallery, and still thrill to its reproduction here. Other wonders of Turkish heritage are the flower paintings. Take the tulip in the blue vase on this page: its pursed-lipped petals are echoed in the waving blooms of a 16th-century Ottoman kaftan; and the vase finds echoes in those displayed in niches in the yalı on the right.

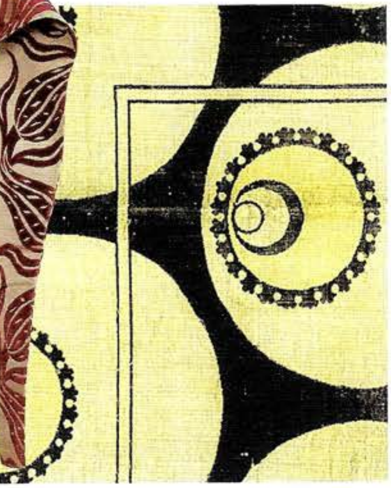
Patterns beloved of the Ottomans recur again and again and seldom fail to delight. At the bottom of this page is a row of splendid details: a 1515 black kaftan belonging to Selim I is woven with gold latticework enclosing the three dots of *cintamani*, a motif derived from the leopard's spots. A wine-red cushion in *çatma* velvet, whose imperial sunburst motif is enclosed by stylised flowers. A design of rams' horns and ears of corn is embroidered in flattened gold and silver thread, a technique known as *tel kakma*. And lastly, right, an amazing version of the peacock's-eye pattern is reduced in this instance to near abstraction.



SIMON UPTON

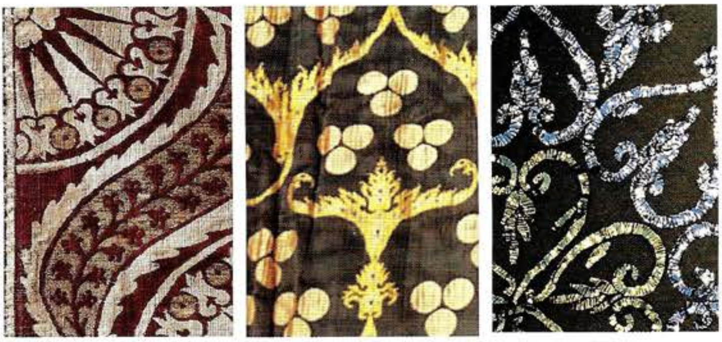


TOPKAPI PALACE MUSEUM



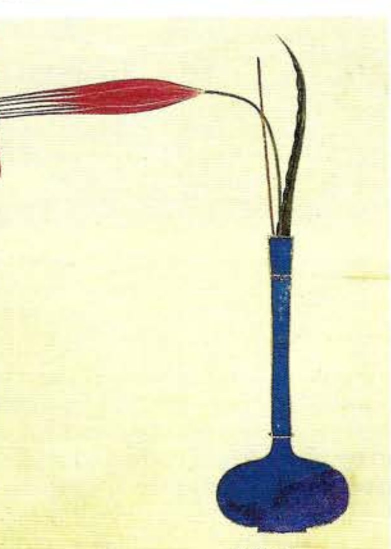
Magnificent motifs

Left: *The Seated Scribe*, from 'Bellini and the East' (No 35). **Top:** niches hold tulip vases in Nuri Birgi's Bosphorus yalı (No 7). **Right:** an exceptional 16th-century kaftan (No 34). **Far right:** cream and black peacock's-eye design in cut velvet (No 19)



SADBERK HANIM MUSEUM / TOPKAPI PALACE

Bottom row, from far left: sunbursts and saz leaves on voided velvet (No 37); *cintamani* dots on a black silk kaftan; ribbons of silver and gold on silk (No 24). **Right:** a page from a 1720s Ottoman tulip album (No 13)



MIN HOGG

JEAN MARIE DEL MORAL

ASHLEY GILBERTSON

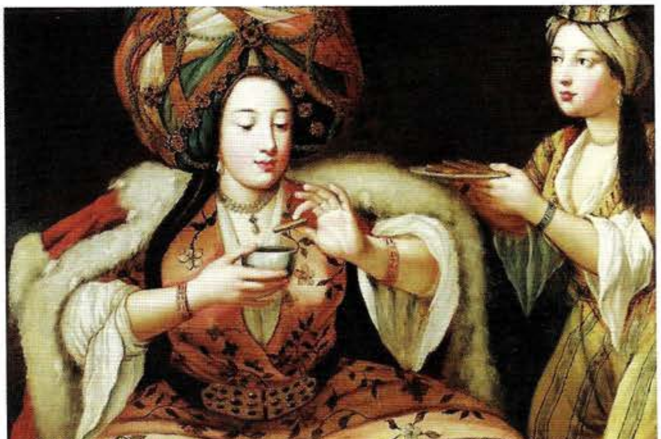
MIN HOGG

No meal in the greater Turkish world – from the Balkans to western China – is complete without bread, and my claim is that in this part of the world it is second to none. Being a lifelong bread addict, drawn by a delicious aroma, I seldom pass up the opportunity of sampling a local loaf, often tearing into it before leaving the bakery, relishing a crackle of golden crust before the moist sponginess of crumb reaches my taste buds – heaven. I freely admit to a habit of polishing off the entire contents of a restaurant breadbasket before the food arrives, then demanding a refill.

In no other part of the world are the bread shapes so beguiling, from the little sesame-sprinkled *simit* rings peddled in the streets, to discs the size of dinner plates stamped with patterns that denote the herb or spice within, from the gondolas I encountered in Georgia which form as they bake, clinging to the inside wall of a barrel-shaped clay oven, to the more regular torpedoes stacked on wooden shelves identical in colour to their crust.

I wish I could be as fastidious as the elegant lady dunking in her coffee (right), but I fear wolfing is closer to the mark.

ASHLEY GILBERTSON



Beautiful breads

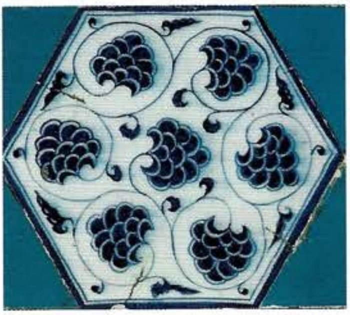
Opposite from top: gondolas in Georgia (No 28); golden torpedoes in Sapanca, near Istanbul (No 12); circular 'pide' loaves in an Uighur market in old Kashgar, western China – the same loaves are sold in Turkey during Ramazan (No 31). **Above:** large patterned discs of bread, called 'non', in Tashkent's bazaar (No 33)

Left: the Pera Museum's painting of an 18th-century lady drinking coffee (the cover of No 33), a version of which hung in Madame de Pompadour's dining room at Versailles. The source? A widely published engraving by Jean Baptiste Vanmour, one of the few Western artists to witness the Ottoman court at first hand

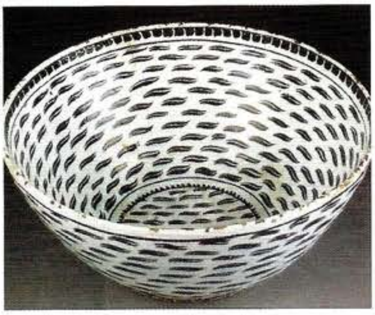
TOPKAPI PALACE MUSEUM

Before the kilns of Iznik became famous in the 16th century, blue and white porcelain had been finding its way to Turkey from China for a couple of centuries, expanding trade routes ensuring a steady trickle. One such piece is the gigantic 14th-century Yuan dish (left), with its traditional Chinese designs in blue on white and white on blue – they refined the knack of using cobalt glazes. Turkish potters were inspired: they took the colours, decorative symbols and motifs of the Mongols and adapted them to form their own Islamic repertoire. The tiled corridor at the Mosque of Rüstem Pasha in Istanbul, with its vaulted ceiling (top right) and the pulpit steps at a mosque in Khiva in Uzbekistan (bottom right) are perfect examples. Others are the hexagonal tile from Edirne's Murad II Mosque, above right (the bunches of grapes borrowed directly from a Chinese dish), and the rare black tiger stripes of a 15th-century Iznik bowl (above). The obvious growing self-confidence of Iznik is apparent in the two items overleaf: the scalloped tile bearing the name of the Prophet, which introduces a striking sealing-wax-red glaze, and the tall-necked water vessel, where the usual cobalt is on a ground of new vibrant turquoise.

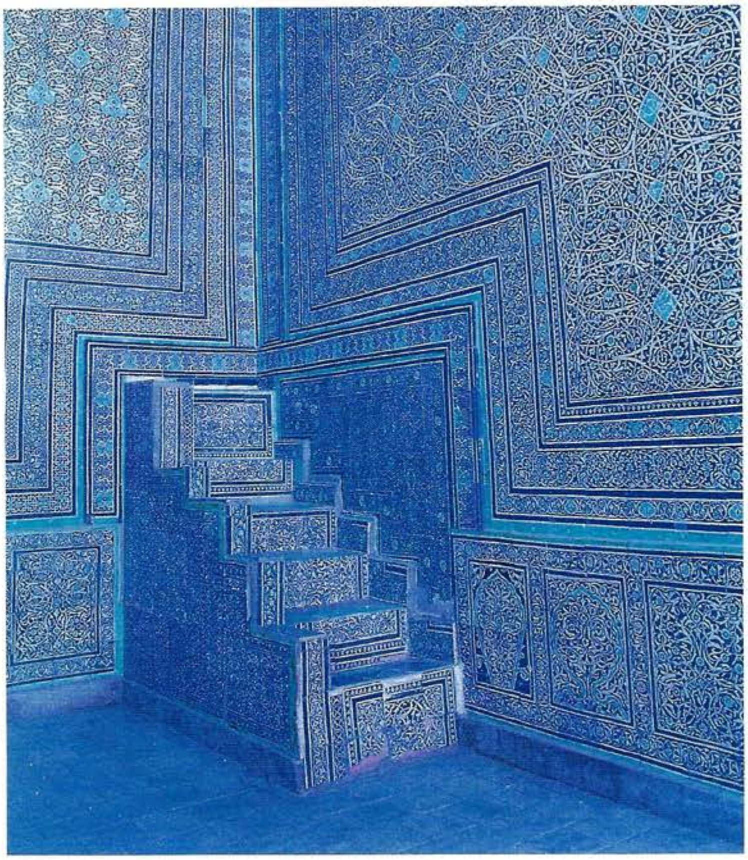
SIMON UPTON



BAHADIR TAŞKIN



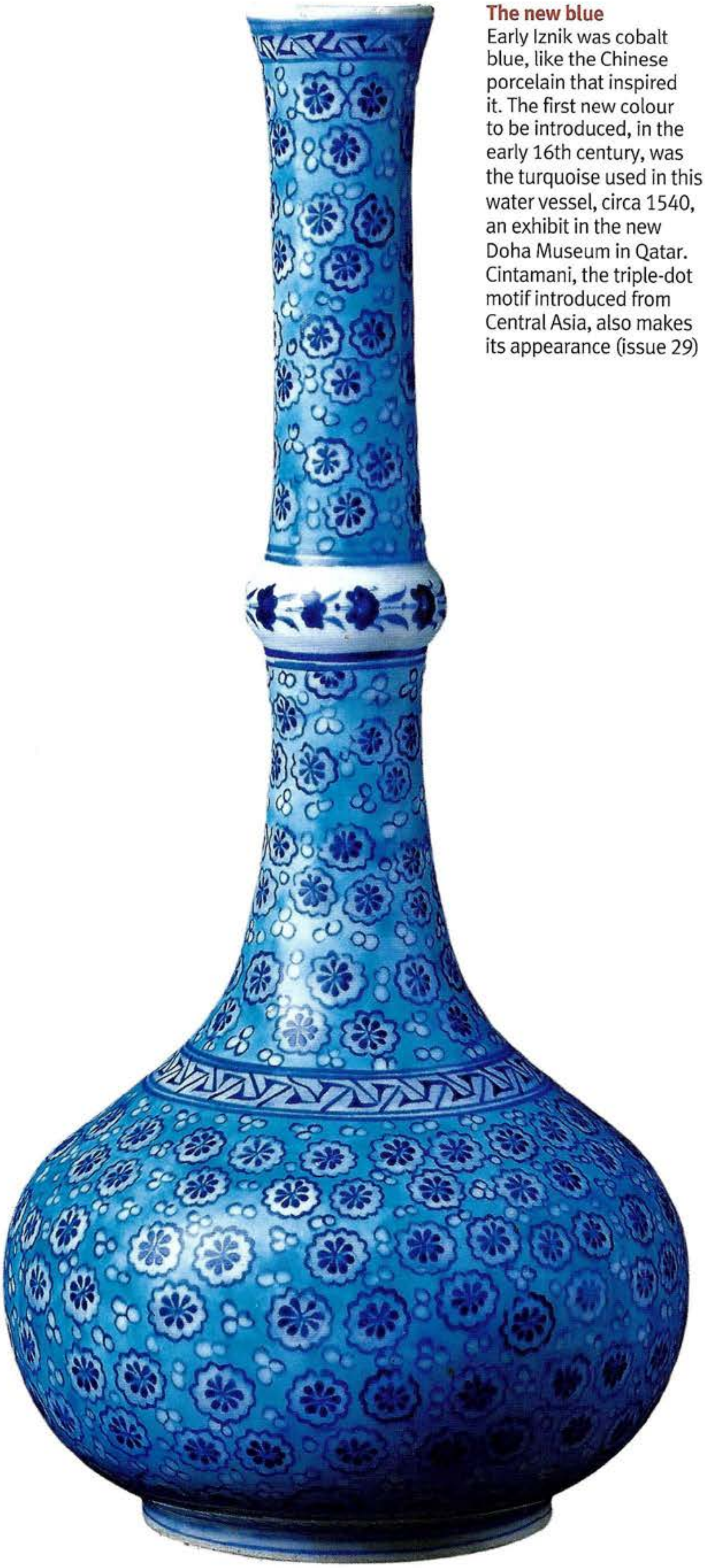
SOTHEBY'S, LONDON



MIN HOGG

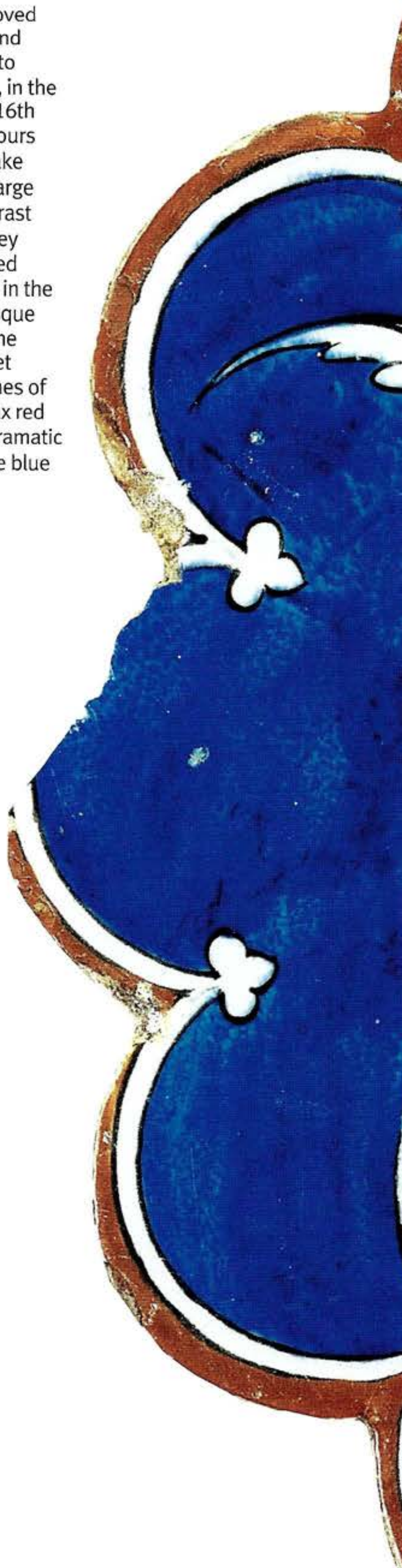
Blue and white and beyond

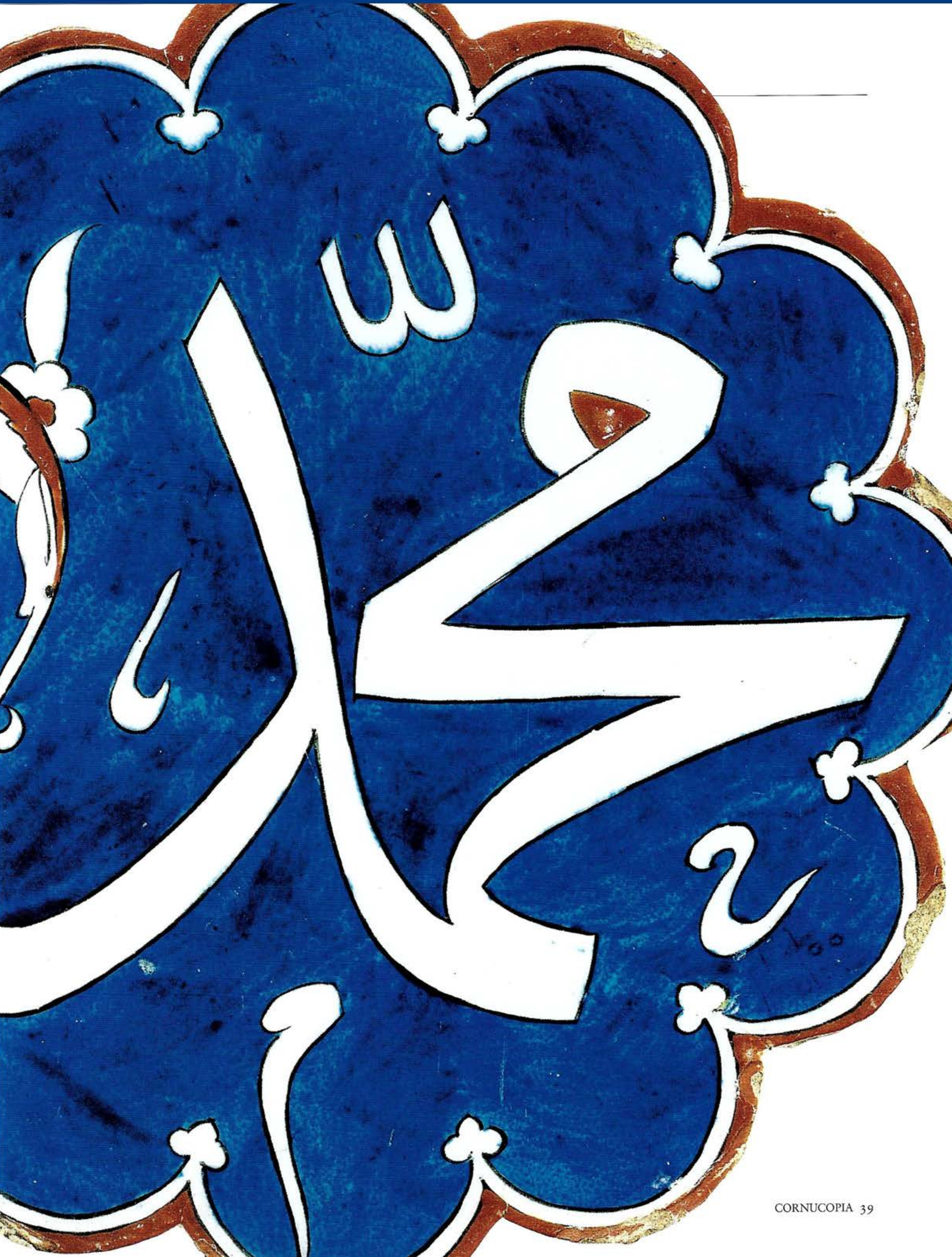
Opposite: a huge Yuan dish (No 25). **Top right:** Istanbul's Rüstem Pasha Mosque (No 13). **Centre row:** a tile in Edirne's 14th-century Murad II Mosque (No 19); a tiger-stripe Iznik bowl (No 8). **Right:** mosque steps in Khiva, Uzbekistan (No 33)

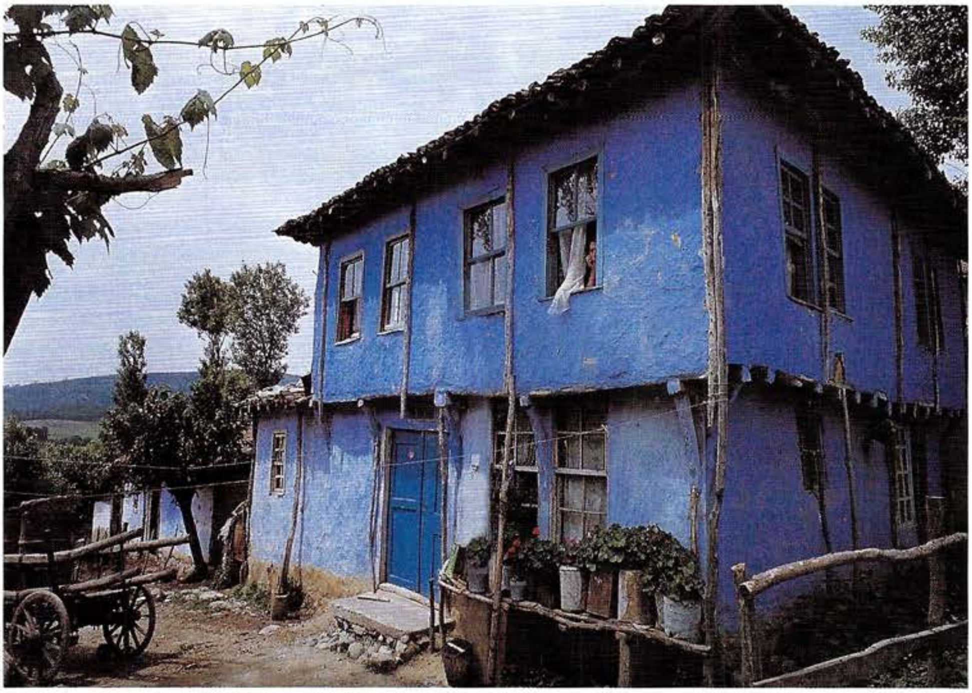


The new blue
Early Iznik was cobalt blue, like the Chinese porcelain that inspired it. The first new colour to be introduced, in the early 16th century, was the turquoise used in this water vessel, circa 1540, an exhibit in the new Doha Museum in Qatar. Cintamani, the triple-dot motif introduced from Central Asia, also makes its appearance (issue 29)

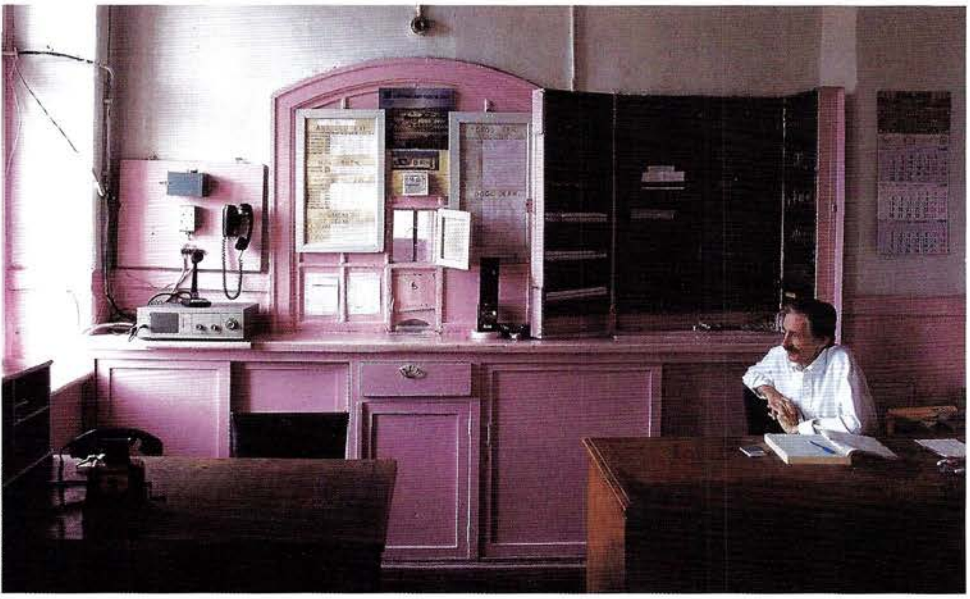
Holy writ
When Iznik tiles moved beyond the court and started to be used to decorate mosques, in the second half of the 16th century, strong colours were needed to make a visual impact in large spaces and to contrast with the austere grey stone. This scalloped tile, similar to ones in the Rüstem Pasha Mosque in Istanbul, bears the name of the Prophet Muhammed. Touches of the new sealing-wax red contrast with the dramatic expanses of intense blue







ARA GÜLER



JEAN MARIE DEL MORAL

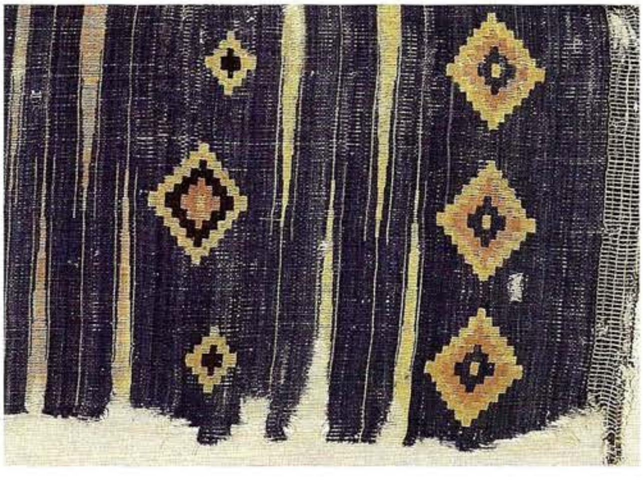
Whirling, armchair-fashion, through the pages of CORNUCOPIA to unknown places, I find that some of the images I am most attached to are of artistic work villagers have done for their own pleasure, with no expectation of reward, artefacts woven, painted or carved with no heed for fashion, or the individualistic efforts of a state employee running riot on the infrastructure. A niggling worry is that these simple joys may dwindle only too soon. I do not want natural artists to be corrupted by satellite TV and cellphones into changing their ways, with an inevitable dampening down of personal fantasy.

Already it is impossible to view the extraordinary charm of Kamil Gök's house near Bodrum, featured in issue 9, where he painted and sculpted the entire exterior in low relief, and designed this extraordinary web-like pattern on the wall (right). His work so irritated his wife, son and neighbours that it was destroyed after his death.

It is inconceivable anywhere but Turkey that a mainline stationmaster should flout officialdom by painting his station both inside and out in colours as outrageous as blackberry fool with touches of raspberry, as at Sapanca (left).

The kilim below left may have been woven in the Balkans, but its simple lozenge shapes dyed in pink and yellow with pomegranate and camomile juices on an indigo ground are essentially Turkish, and they show a wonderful disregard for rigid conformity.

The charm of a house washed in indigo blue, with its construction of poplar trunks clearly visible (top left), was cited in the magazine as a possible source of inspiration for contemporary architects. Would that this were true – I fear the prediction of a decade ago has failed to materialise. ◆



Natural charm
This page, from top: a blue-washed country house (No 27); the stationmaster at Sapanca in the ticket office he has painted in shades of blackberry and raspberry (No 12); a Balkan kilim on a dark indigo ground (No 37). **Opposite:** Kamil Gök's house near Yalıkavak on the Bodrum peninsula – the wonderful wall design was destroyed after his death (No 9)

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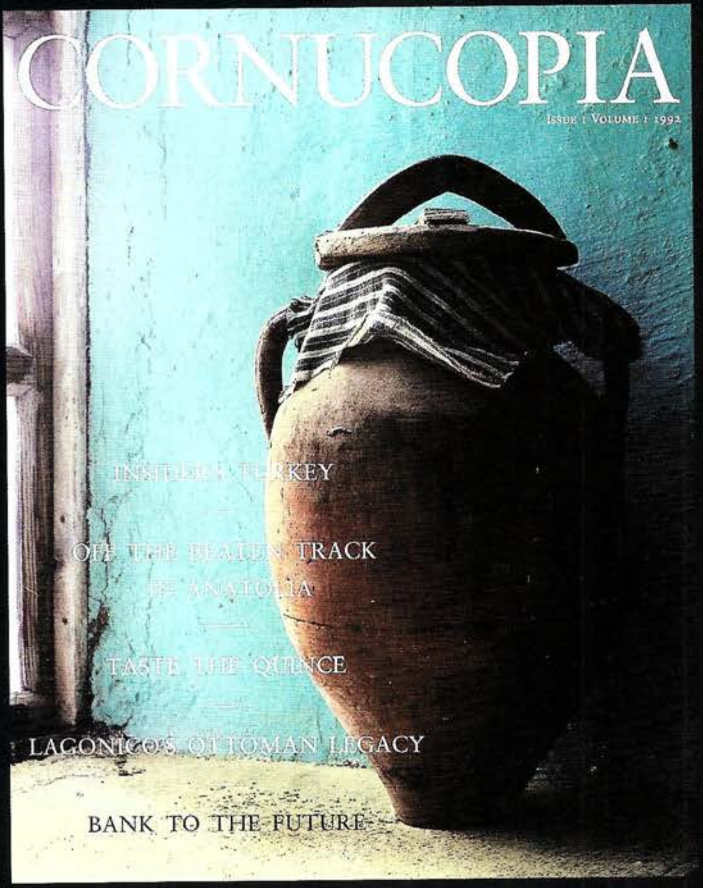

CORNUCOPIA
ISSUE 1 VOLUME 1 1992
INSIDER'S TURKEY
OFF THE BEATEN TRACK
IN ANATOLIA
TASTE THE QUINCE
LAGONICO'S OTTOMAN LEGACY
BANK TO THE FUTURE

THE FIRST FORTY ISSUES

A CELEBRATION OF THE TURKISH WORLD: CORNUCOPIA'S PAST IN WORDS AND PICTURES

ISSUE 1: Insider's Turkey

The quintessential quince... The miracle of Santa Sophia... Off the beaten track in Turkey's lake district... The Scot who painted the Sultan for Queen Victoria... Plus: Izmir's last secret garden... The Lagonico Iznik... Vintage wines

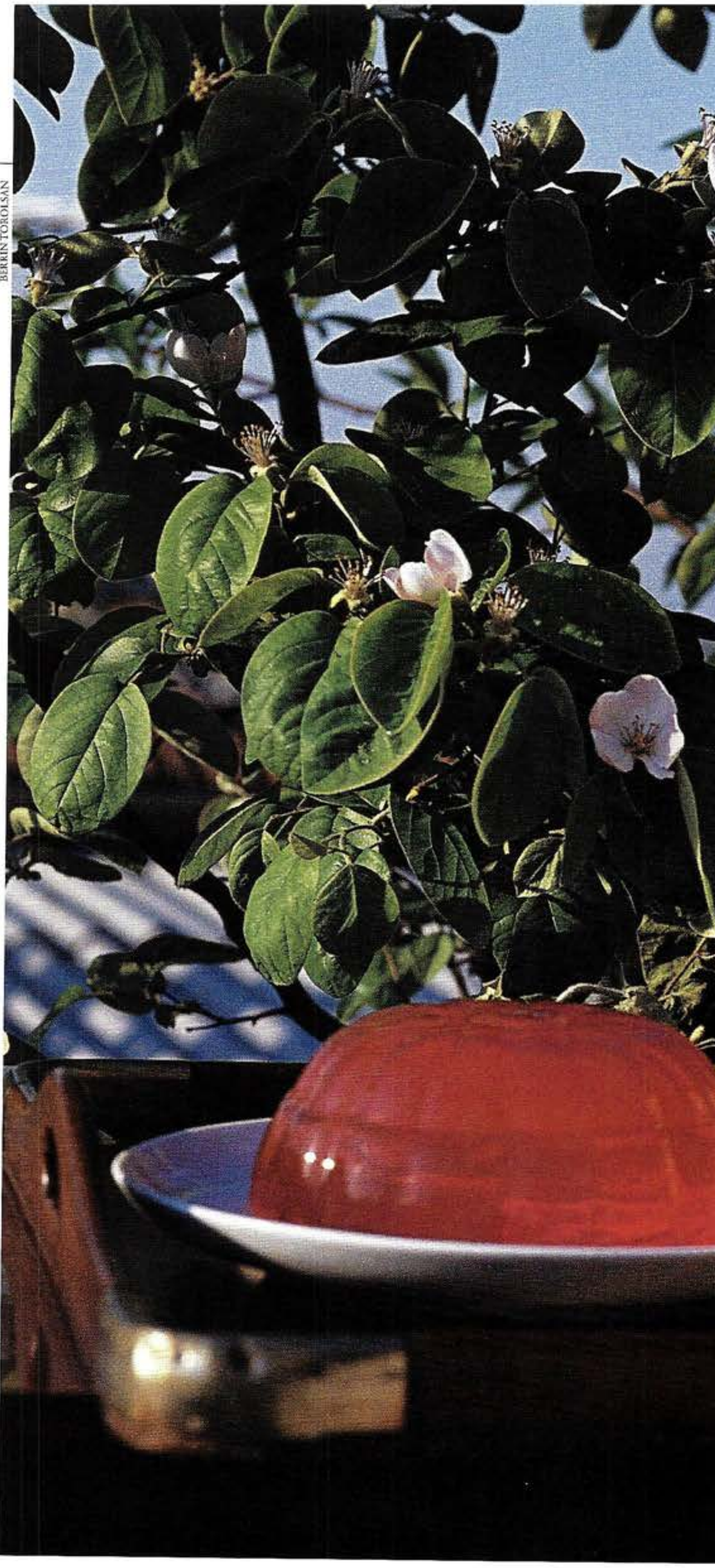
Right: quinces and quince jelly gleaming like jewels.
Below: vineyards and volcanic ash in Cappadocia.
Below, right: the lily pond in a Levantine garden in Bornova.
Opposite: boat-building on Lake Eğirdir, in southwest Anatolia

FRUIT OF ZEUS

▷ When Hera married Zeus, she was given a golden "apple" from a heavenly garden watched over by three sisters, the Hesperides. It was almost certainly a quince. Daffodil yellow, with a musky aroma, the quince can scent an entire room. It can be eaten fresh, but is best poached or made into deliciously fragrant jellies and preserves.

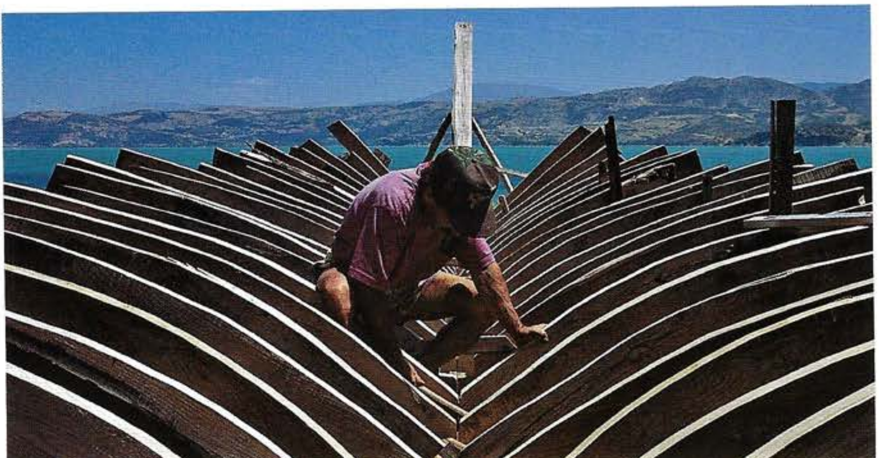
△ **Vintage harvest** The wines that came out best in our oenological review were white: Doluca's well-balanced Nevşah (Emir grapes from Cappadocia) and Kavaklıdere's "triumphant" semi-sweet Efsane, 1990 vintage.

▷ **A garden in the Levant** The European merchants of 19th-century Izmir built their gardens in Bornova, below the hills where they loved to shoot and fish. Rosemary Baldwin revisited the home of the Girauds and discovered a haunting reminder of a genteel era.



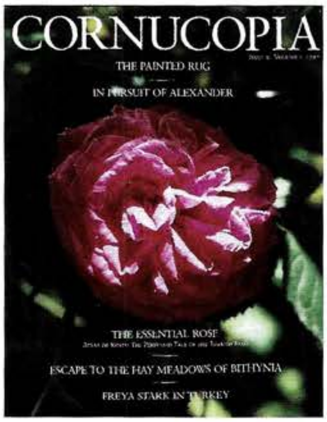
BERRIN TOROLSAN

BÜNYAD DINÇ



MANUEL ÇITAK

◁ **Sweet waters** Life by the cool waters of Lake Eğirdir revolves round the age-old arts of boat-building and fishing. Jeremy James discovered a town lapped by the passage of history in the mountains above Antalya.



ISSUE 2: The Essential Rose
Attar of roses, scent of scents...
Freya Stark in Turkey...
Hay meadows of Bithynia...
In pursuit of Alexander...
Plus: The painted rug...
Rose-petal recipes

▽ Hill towns and hay meadows Paul Harcourt Davies found countryside of stunning beauty beyond Istanbul's crowded skyline. He wandered down the country lanes of ancient Bithynia, and walked through meadows of cornflowers, love-in-a-mist and delphiniums.

DAVID GEORGE

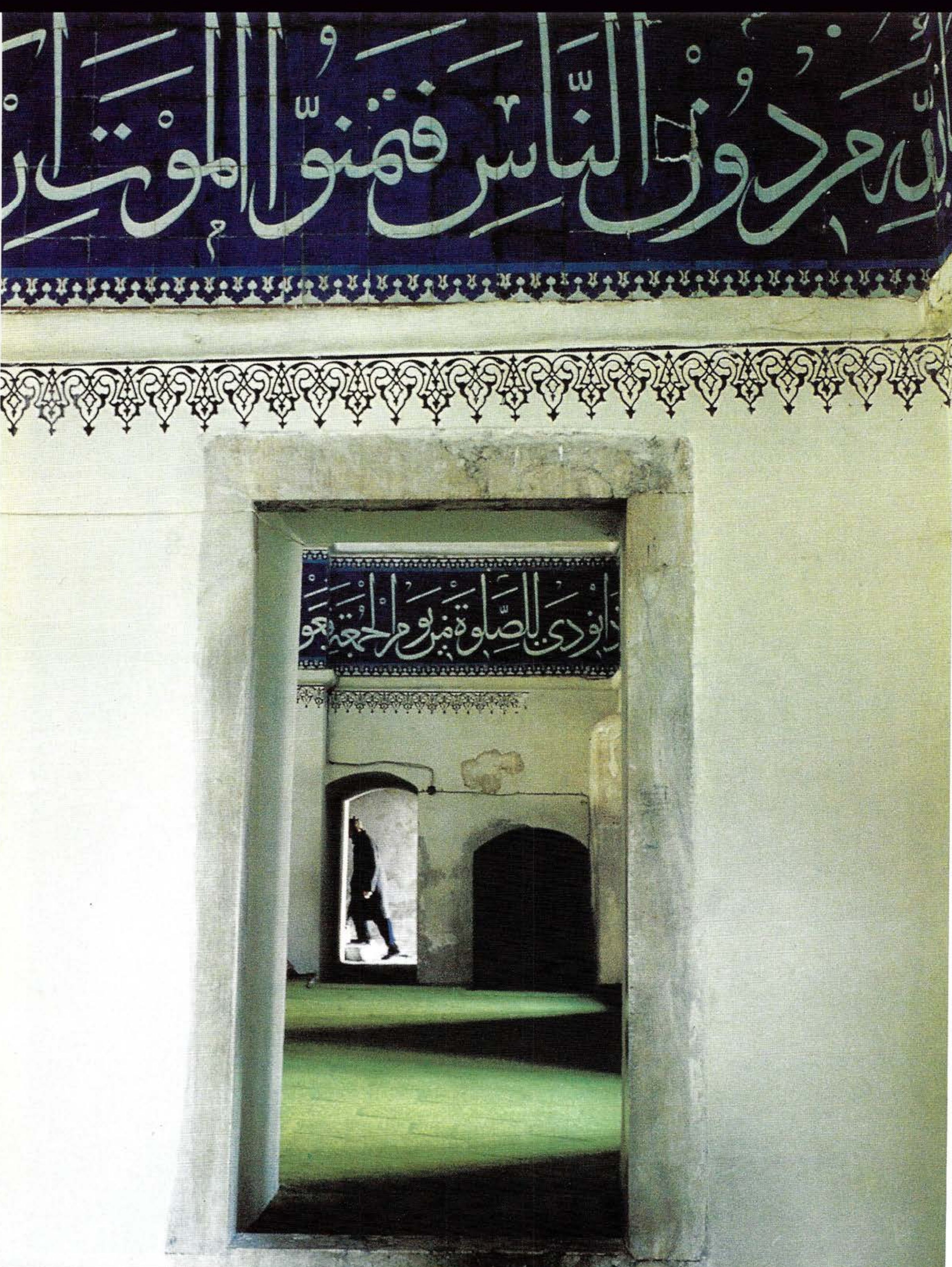
△ The road to godhead In 333BC, with his victory against the Persians at Issus on a plain in southern Turkey, Alexander the Great changed the course of history and started his transformation into demigod. But his troops endured a hellish march to get there. Brian Sewell retraced the Macedonian conqueror's arduous route to the battlefield. From Antalya it led up to vast landscapes commanded by hilltop cities such as Sagalassos.

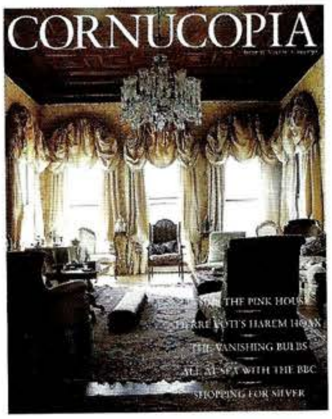
A MARVELLOUS BRIGHT EYE

▷ "One can only really travel if one lets oneself go and takes what every place brings without trying to turn it into a healthy private pattern of one's own, and I suppose that is the difference between travel and tourism," observed Freya Stark. Photographed here at home in Asolo in Italy, Freya (1893–1993) made her name with her vivid writing about Persia and the Arab world in the Thirties. After the Second World War, at the age of 59, she started tracing Alexander the Great's route through southern Turkey. The country was a new experience for her. In this issue, Molly Izzard, her biographer, recounted the discomforts and discoveries of her five punishing Turkish journeys, which resulted in no fewer than four books, still widely read. *Alexander's Path* continues to inspire other writers, including Brian Sewell (see left).

Above: the ruins of Sagalassos.
Below: wild delphiniums in Bithynia.
Opposite: the writer Freya Stark

PAUL HARCOURT DAVIES


لله من دون الناس فتمنوا الموت
ذا نودي للصلوة من يوم الجمعة

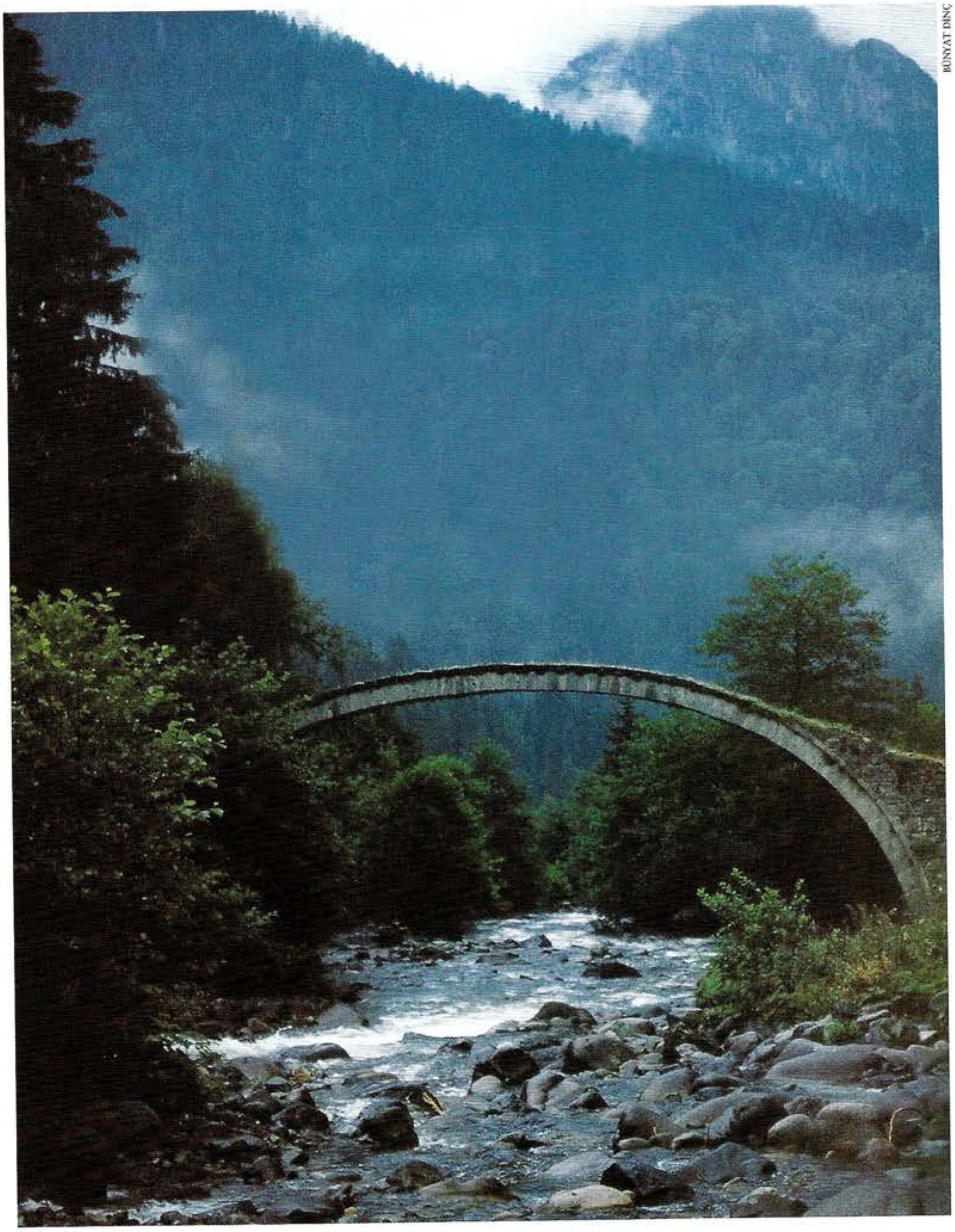


ISSUE 3: The Pink House
Airs and graces: the house where Liszt played...
Sinan's peerless mosques...
Vanishing bulbs of the highlands...
Plus: Pierre Loti's harem hoax...
Cracking nut recipes

THE SUBLIME SINAN

◁"If ever an artist lent magnificence to an emperor, it was Sinan," wrote Brian Sewell. Architect to Süleyman the Magnificent, Sinan transformed the face of Istanbul with his soaring, light-filled mosques and cascading domes. Reviewing a new photographic book of Sinan's work by Ara Güler, Sewell was in no doubt: "With Sinan, as with Michelangelo, we are confronted by the mysteries of genius: the spirit of the Renaissance was as active in the Sublime Porte as in the purlieus of Rome and Venice."

Opposite: Sinan's 1573 Piyale Pasha Mosque in Istanbul.
Right: an Ottoman bridge in the rain-forests of the Black Sea Mountains.
Below: *Crocus abantensis* in its native habitat, by Lake Abant



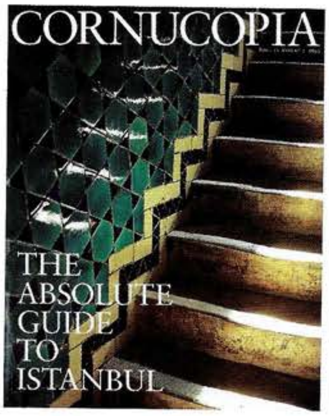
BÜNYAT DINÇ

ANDREW BYFIELD

◁ **Where have all the flowers gone?** Turkey has the richest variety of bulbs on earth. One in three is found nowhere else in the world. But at the height of the trade in the 1980s, 71 million bulbs were collected in the wild for export in just one year. The figure was so alarming, wrote Andrew Byfield, that even lukewarm conservationists were stirred into action. *Crocus abantensis* (left) is unique to the Abant national park in the mountains between Ankara and Istanbul.

OF MOUNTAINS AND MONASTERIES

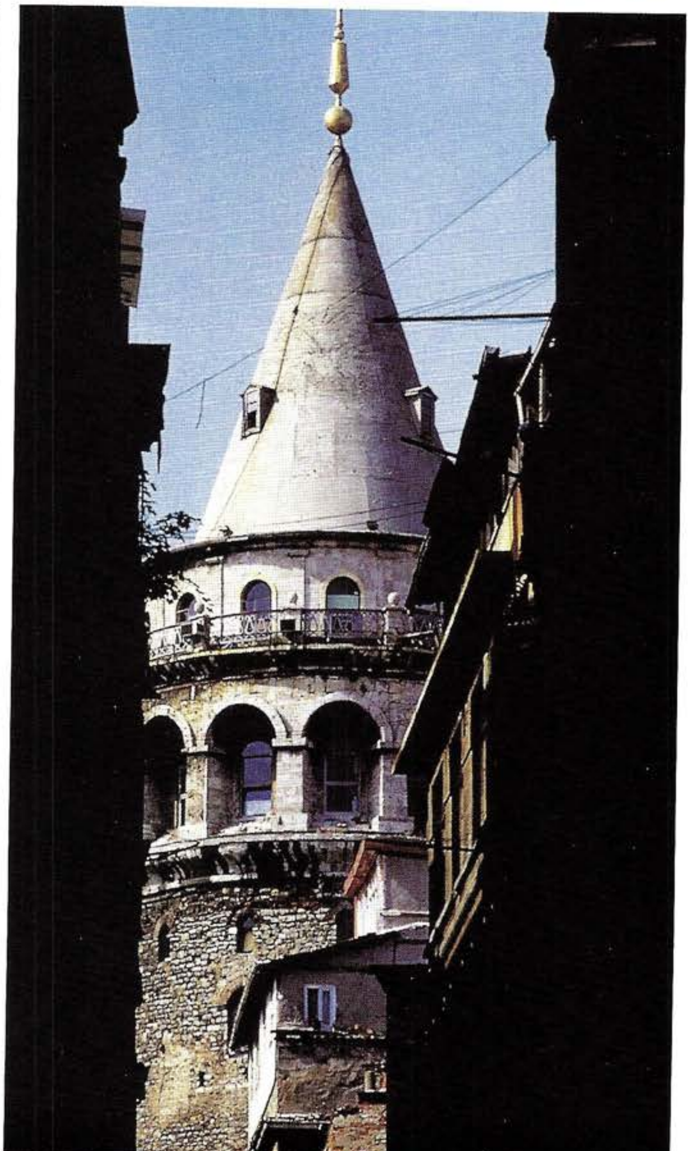
△ The Golden Fleece, Trebizond, Sumela... Jeremy James's itinerary in Turkey's dramatic Black Sea Mountains promised a string of ancient wonders. The past left him chilled and saddened. But high above the sea, where the mountains rise out of the water like monsters' backs, he found a land both grand and remote.



ISSUE 4: The Absolute Guide
Exploring Istanbul, the best-kept secret – from Beyoğlu to the Bosphorus, from the Golden Horn to the Princes Islands...
Plus: Byzantine duet: David and Tamara Talbot Rice...
The marrow and its flower – taste of an Eastern summer

THE ABSOLUTE GUIDE TO ISTANBUL

"Istanbul is a city drowning in urban sprawl, but it is also a place where magic holds sway, where people continue to scribble three wishes on to scraps of paper and bury them under a flowering rose bush or throw them into the sea," wrote the late James Wilde, veteran Time correspondent, introducing CORNUCOPIA's first portrait of its home city, and Wilde's own newly adopted home. The photographs in the Absolute Guide were by John Brunton, visiting the city for the first time in late August 1993. Brunton worked day and night for two weeks, moving from hotel to hotel every two or three days. The Guide began in the European quarter of Beyoğlu. Next came the bazaars and grand mosques of the Old City, followed by the shrines and sanctuaries of the Golden Horn. The lower Bosphorus manages to be both downtown and out of town, Brunton discovered. To escape the clamour of the city, he headed for the quieter reaches of the upper Bosphorus, before ending up in smart Nişantaşı.

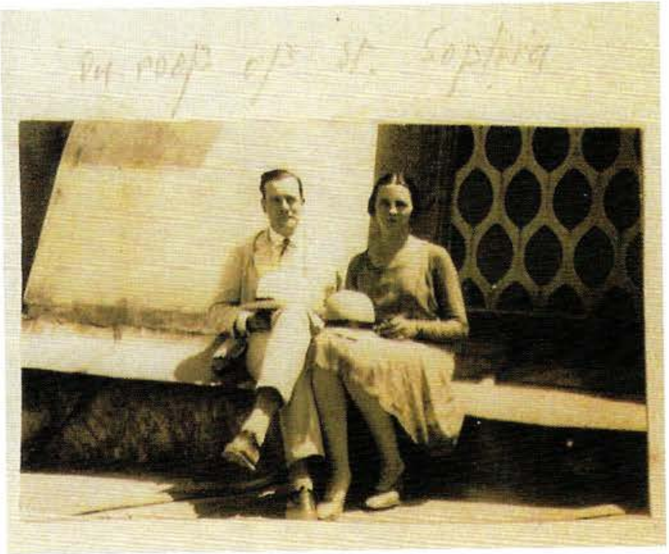


△ ▷ **Beyoğlu: the European quarter** For centuries it has been home to diplomats, whores and clerics. But by 1993, Beyoğlu was reinventing itself as Istanbul's answer to Soho – arty, tarty and smart by turns, and the place for a wild night out.

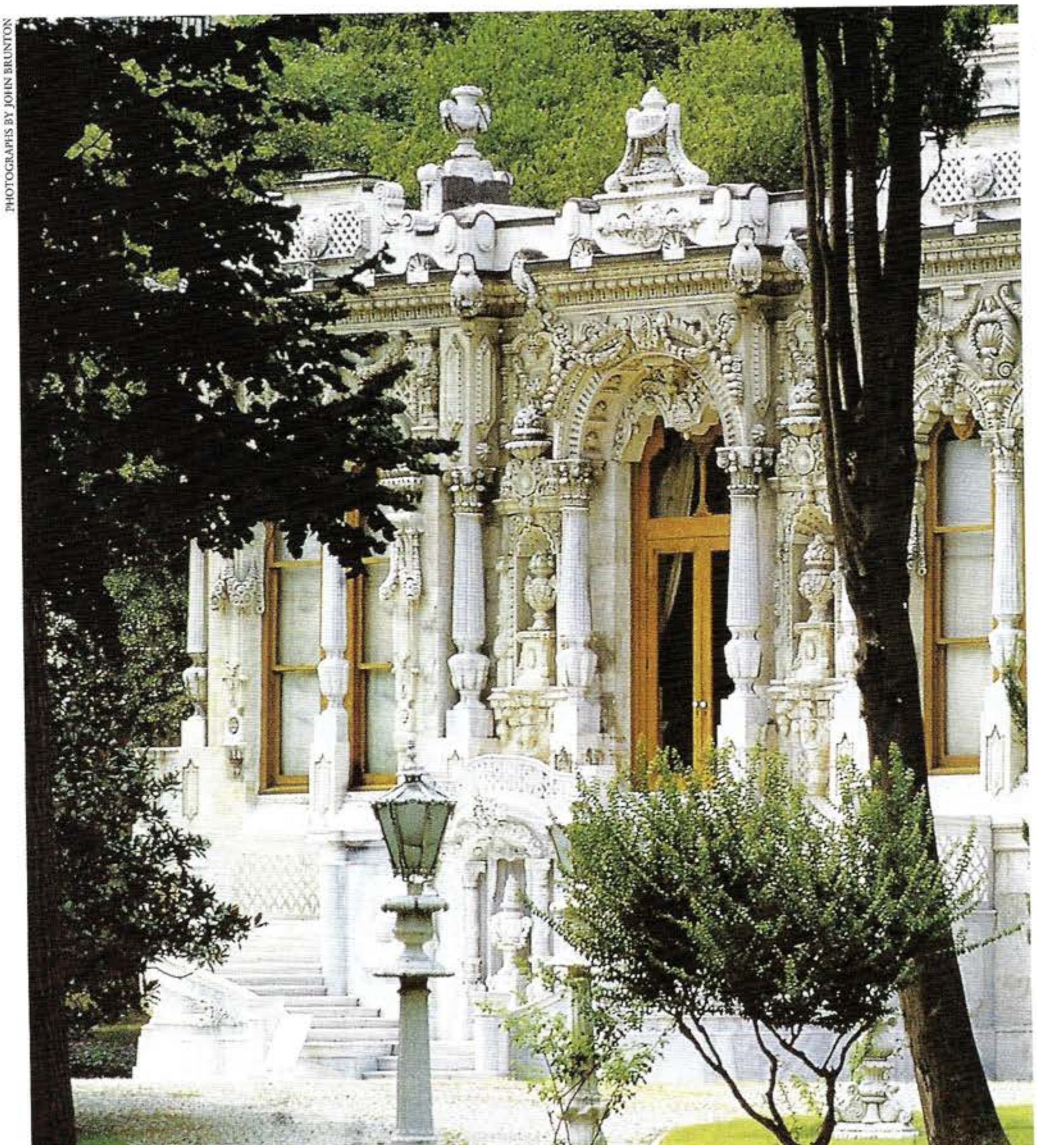
Top: the tram in Beyoğlu. Above: apartments crane for a postage-stamp view of the Topkapı Palace across the Golden Horn. Right: the Galata Tower

A BYZANTINE DUET

▷ In 1928 David Talbot Rice, gentleman and scholar – whom Robert Byron described as "cenotaph of competence, monolith of equanimity" – set off from Oxford with his new Russian bride, Tamara, to excavate the Great Palace of Byzantium. Tamara, an author of books on Seljuks and Scythians, talked to Anthony Bryer for this profile of the couple and their life together. Their joint work on the excavations in Istanbul revealed the Great Palace's floor mosaics, both bucolic and formal, now exhibited in the city's Mosaic Museum, beneath the Arasta Bazaar.


On roof of St. Sophia

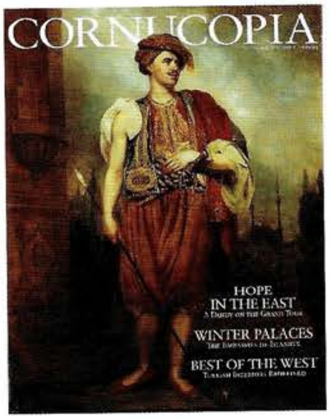
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN BRUNTON



◁ **Nişantaşı, the smarter side of town** Nişantaşı's chic boutiques and eateries service the dedicated shopper, but a stone's throw (or at least an Ottoman arrow shot) away, hidden in a valley, is the little-visited, intricately sculpted miniature palace of Ihlamur Kasrı. In 1993, high garden walls meant it was an even better-kept secret: they have been replaced by new, albeit handsome, iron railings, revealing the palace and its pretty garden to the passing traffic, and vice versa. It was built between 1849 and 1855 for Sultan Abdülmecid and was a popular daytime retreat for the later sultans, an easy ride from Dolmabahçe and Yıldız Palaces, where they lived. The architect, Nikoğos Balyan, was also responsible for Dolmabahçe Palace. The name Ihlamur Kasrı refers to the linden trees *(ıhlamur)* recorded by Lamartine as shading an earlier pavilion here in 1847.

Above: the Talbot Rices on the roof of Ayasofya.
Left: the ornate miniature 19th-century palace of Ihlamur Kasrı, near Nişantaşı

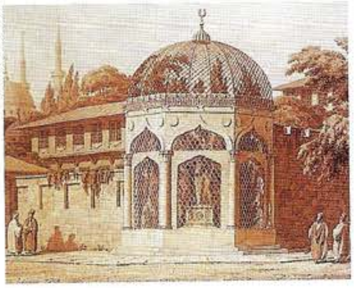
CORNUCOPIA ISSUE 5



ISSUE 5: Palaces of Diplomacy I
Istanbul's winter embassies...
Thomas Hope: the lost drawings of a Regency dandy...
Abkhazia's homelands...
Plus: Succulent pomegranates

THE WINTER EMBASSIES

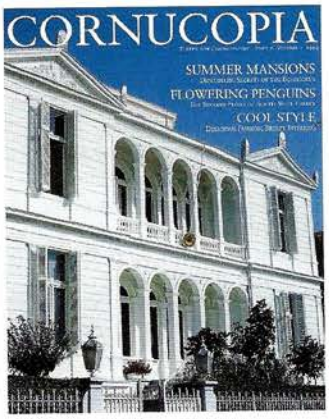
◁ Like country houses in national costume, the old embassies of Istanbul – such as Britain's Pera House, with its polished parquet – still evoke the rituals of 19th-century diplomacy. The story of Pera's spectacular winter palaces was told by Patricia Daunt.


BENAKI MUSEUM

△ A case of Regency exoticism
In 1983 five volumes of late 18th-century drawings of the Ottoman Empire by Thomas Hope were found in the Benaki Museum in Athens. They were so fine that they had been miscatalogued as engravings. Hope fell in love with Ottoman customs, costumes and artefacts on his Grand Tour – influences that he took back to London, where he became an arbiter of Regency style. The cover (top), a portrait by Thomas Beechy, shows Hope in Ottoman dress.

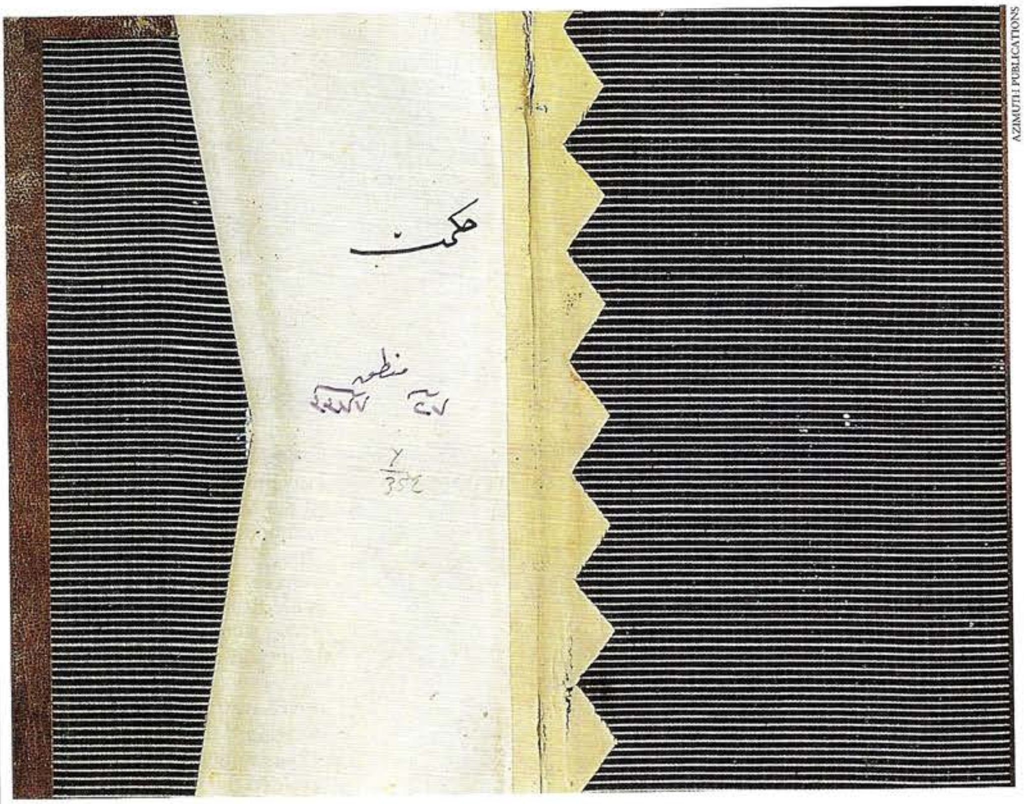
Left: Britain's old winter embassy. Above: a queen mother's tomb in Üsküdar, by Thomas Hope

CORNUCOPIA ISSUE 6



ISSUE 6: Palaces of Diplomacy II
Istanbul's airy summer embassies...
Dressing up with Rıfat Özbek...
The inspiration of Ottoman bookbinding...
And the art of marbling paper...
Plus: Arums and aristolochias...
Tongue-tingling cherries

▽ Bound in perfect glory
Italian Renaissance patrons wanting to reject the medieval past could not look to classical models for bookbinding, for there were none. Instead they turned to the Islamic world for inspiration. A new study on the art of bookbinding in 15th-century Turkey focused on the Renaissance libraries of three powerful Ottoman sultans. The silk binding below was commissioned by Mehmet the Conqueror to cover a book of philosophical writings.

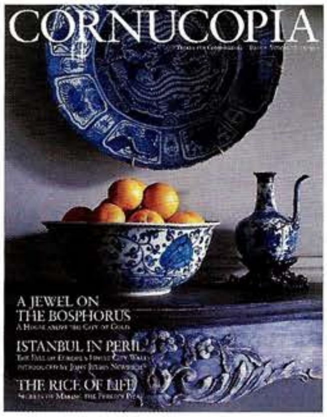

AZIMUTH PUBLICATIONS

THE SUMMER EMBASSIES

▷ When the summer heat made cool-headed diplomacy impossible, the European ambassadors to the Sublime Porte retired to remarkable residences lining the Bosphorus. Today these noble monuments languish, weathered and overgrown. In her second article on Istanbul's embassies, Patricia Daunt explored their rich diplomatic history.

Right: the Hapsburgs' summer embassy on the Bosphorus. Above: a 1461 silk binding for a volume of essays

FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG



ISSUE 7: The Great Walls
John Julius Norwich and Andrew Finkel on the threat to Istanbul's city walls....
The art of falconry...
A journey to Konya...
A jewel box on the Bosphorus...
Plus: Perfect pilavs...
William Allen's 'Slave Market'

A BIRD IN THE HAND

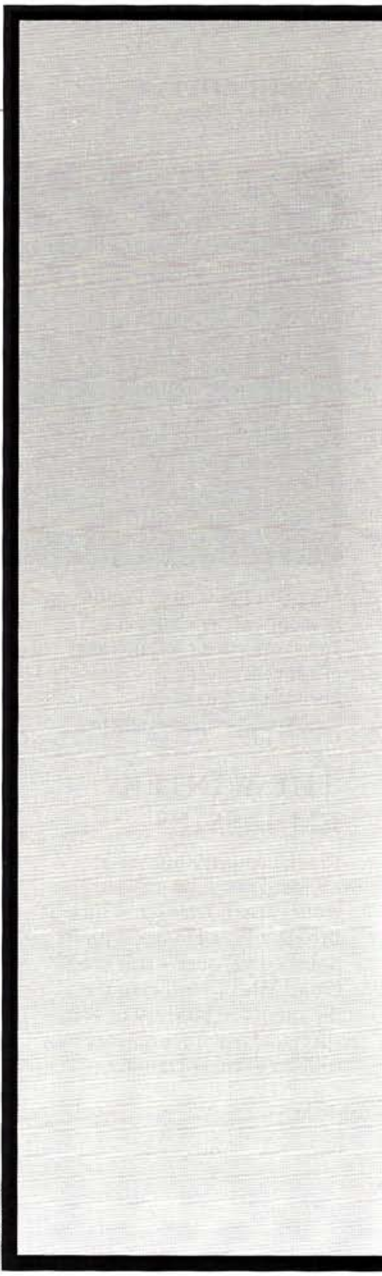
▷ "Sparrowhawks have been used for generations in far-flung areas for hunting game. These wild short-winged hawks are still trained to capture their quarry between August and November," wrote Roger Upton. "Trainers usually choose females – they are larger than males – and birds that have big feet and prominent eyebrows. A young bird with the right temperament can be trained in just two weeks."

▽ **The jewel box** Muharrem Nuri Birgi belonged to a generation of distinguished diplomats educated as Ottomans. Ambassador to London after the Second World War, then to Nato, his *art de vivre*, impeccable taste, acerbic wit and erudition were bywords in Europe and America. From 1970, his talent and energy were largely devoted to the restoration of his clifftop yalı. On the cover (above) are pieces of his exquisite porcelain. The walls (below) are hung with his own watercolours.

FARUK AKBAŞ

△ **East with the night**
Travelling east from Istanbul on the Meram Express, with its commodious sleeping cars, is "enough to summon the spirit of Freya Stark in any traveller", wrote Rory Knight Bruce. "I was summoned to dinner in the dining car by the sweetest tinkle of a bell from the car attendant. Another tinkle announced the dawn arrival of our train in Konya, and heralded the treeless cornfields of the Anatolian plains, stretching out like a primitive Wyoming." In this land of whirling dervishes, ancient caves and colourful kilims, he found shepherds in sleeveless felt *kepenek* guaranteed to ward off the bitter cold of winter – and, regrettably, "Konya pizza".

SIMON UPTON


SIMON UPTON

THE GREAT WALLS OF ISTANBUL

▷ In this issue a team of top writers joined forces to highlight the plight of Istanbul's city walls – a vast, beautiful network which since Byzantine times has acted as a protective ring around the city, but is now under serious attack, not least from misguided renovation. John Julius Norwich lamented the desecration of the Theodosian Wall, while Lars Karlsson explained how this fifth-century fortification, with its many gates and countless towers, functioned. Andrew Finkel clambered on to the remains of the Anastasian Wall. For Gibbon this wall was the last frontier of the

civilised world; today it is one of Istanbul's best-kept secrets. And Andrew Byfield marvelled at the extraordinary flora and fauna that surround it – a rarely visited wilderness in Istanbul's back garden.

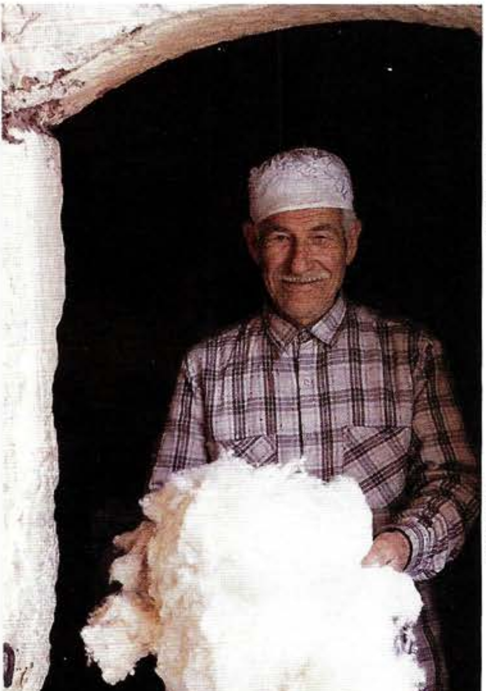
Clockwise from above: a trainer with a sparrowhawk; the 12th-century palace of Tekfur Sarayı, built into the Theodosian Wall; a bedroom in Nuri Birgi's clifftop yalı; a felt-clad shepherd with his flock near Konya

FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG

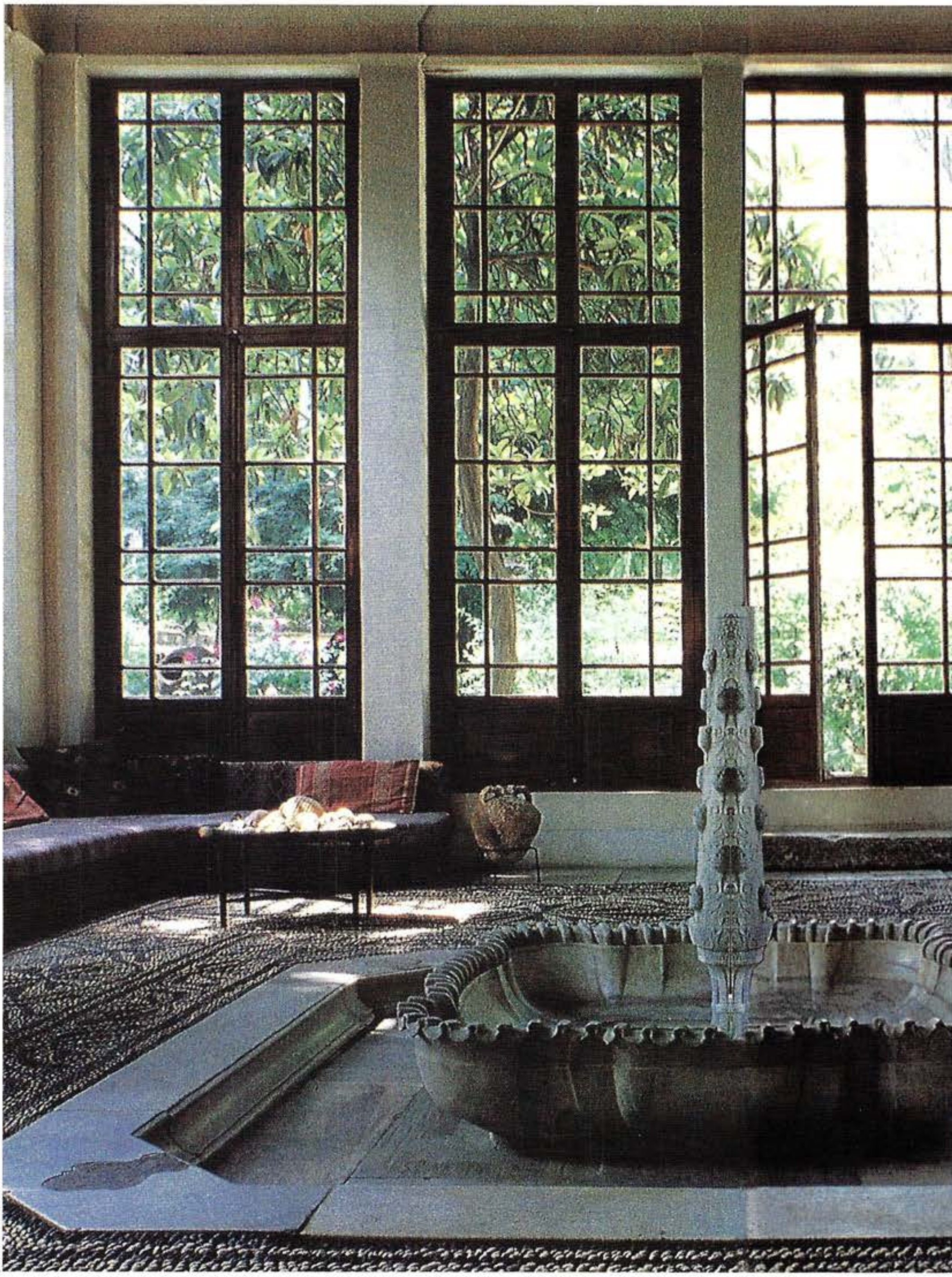
CORNUCOPIA
A TURKISH SUMMER
A Wisp of Elegance
The Undiscovered Bazaar
Aegean Journeys
An Orangery on the Bosphorus
A Fresh Taste of Yoghurt

ISSUE 9: A Turkish Summer
Wisps of elegance...
An orangery on the Bosphorus...
The undiscovered Bazaar...
Plus: Aegean journeys...
The fresh taste of yoghurt

▽ Inside the Grand Bazaar
First impressions of Istanbul's legendary Bazaar are bound to be baffling, but don't be deterred. There are three distinct sections. At the core is the Covered Bazaar, all glitter and bright lights, selling jewellery, leather, textiles and much, much more. Surrounding it is a sea of shops where artisans like the *yorgancı* (quilt-maker) below create and sell their wares. And at the foot of the hill is an extensive area devoted simply to food of every kind and colour. Amicia de Moubray led the way.



SIMON UPTON



JEROME DARBLAY

THE VIZIER'S RETREAT

△One of the largest wooden summerhouses left on the Bosphorus in Istanbul, the Kıbrıslı Yalı (literally the Cypriot's Mansion) was started in 1770 and added to over a period of a hundred years. The man who gave his name to the yalı had an illustrious but tumultuous career. Born in Cyprus in 1810, Kıbrıslı Mehmet Emin Pasha entered the palace school in Istanbul at the age of seven. By 25, fluent in English, French, Arabic, Persian and Greek, he was an attaché in the Paris embassy, betrothed to a wild but beautiful and well-connected 22-year-old Roman Catholic who had separated from her English husband. He became three times grand vizier, twice first lord of the admiralty, and ambassador to London and St Petersburg. He was nevertheless frequently plagued by debt.

"At his death in 1871," wrote Patricia Daunt, telling the story of the house and family, "he left a daughter

by each of two marriages, an admiring public, few friends and just 81 Turkish Liras." Somehow, however, the vizier's descendants have managed to hold on to the house.

The *limonluk*, or orangery (above), is a late-19th-century addition with a central fountain and a floor of pebble mosaics. Dense gardens crowd in on the row of tall windows, and on the other side of the house lies the open Bosphorus. Once the orangery itself would have been lined with sweetly scented lemon trees.

Opposite: **in the Bazaar.**
Above: **the orangery of the Kıbrıslı Yalı.**
Above right: **the saffron crocus.**
Right: **a Bronze Age figurine**

CORNUCOPIA ISSUE 9

ISSUE 9: Ideal Worlds

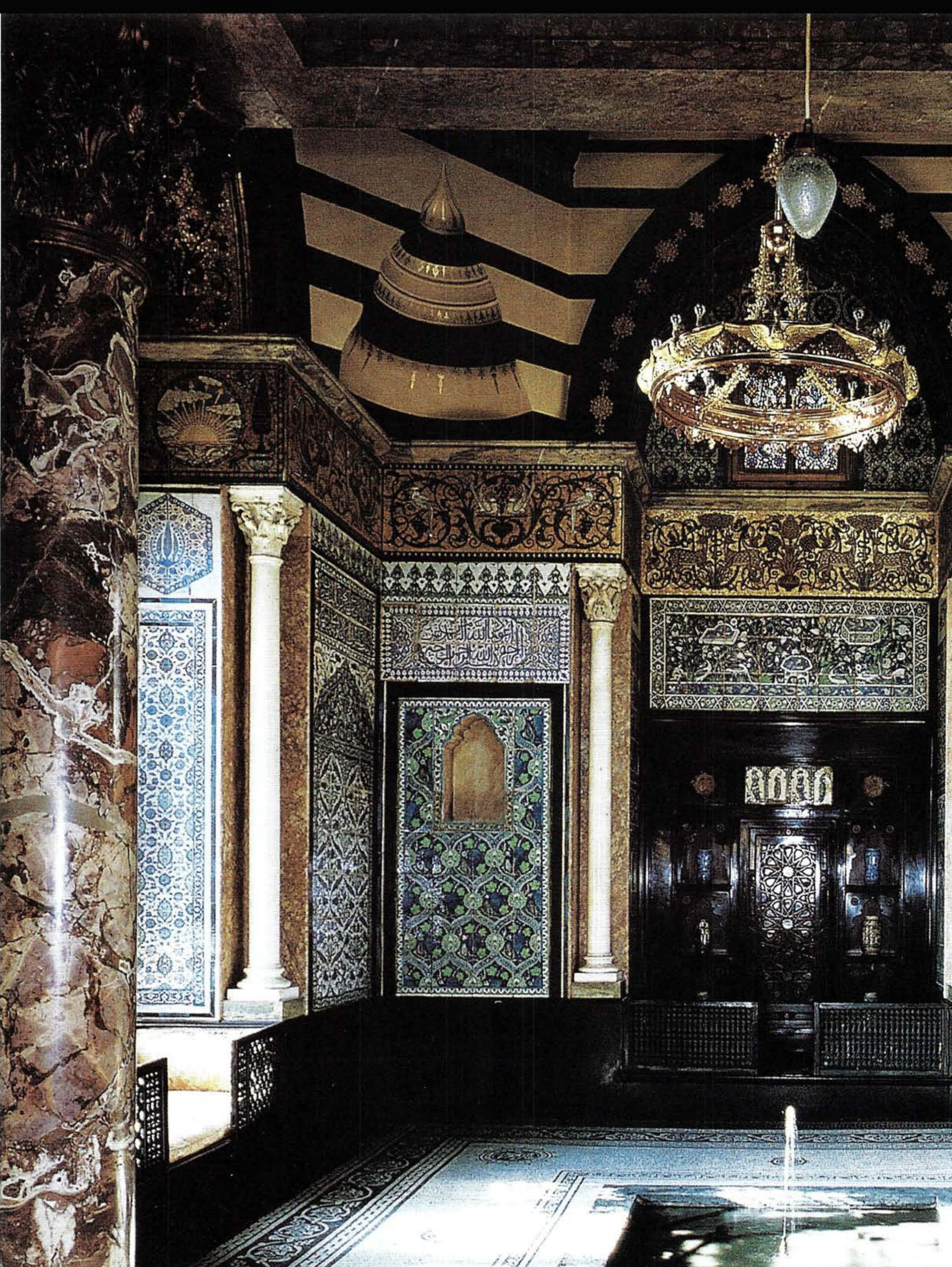
Bare luxury in Bodrum...
A clifftop library on the Bosphorus...
The celestial domes of Üsküdar...
Birds in paradise...
Plus: Jewels of the fall – recipes for pickles and relishes

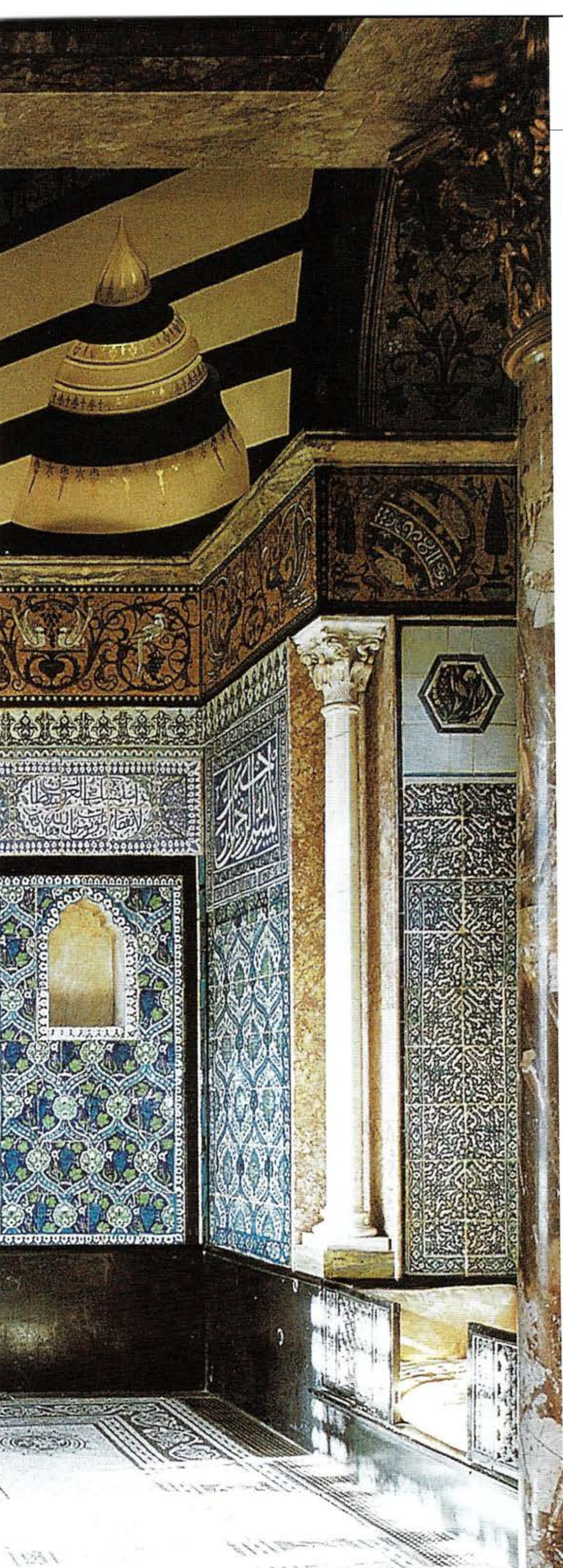
▽ Autumn of the saffron gatherers
Saffron, the spice of kings, is worth its weight in gold. Near the town of Safronbolu are the last fields of this precious crocus in Turkey. Could the final harvest be on the horizon, Andrew Byfield wondered.

ANDREW BYFIELD

THE CHANGING AMAZON

▷ Scholars are exploding the stereotype of the submissive sex. Part of their ammunition is this strikingly modern-looking figurine of cast silver with gilded breasts and boots. Found in a Bronze Age tomb at Alacahöyük, on the Konya plain, it is one of the depictions of women through the ages in the memorable exhibition "9,000 Years of the Anatolian Woman". Jennifer Scarce sized up the artefacts, first shown at the Topkapı.





CORNUCOPIA
DREAMS OF SUMMER

ORDER OF THE BATH

▷ When the intrepid Lady Mary Wortley Montagu travelled with her ambassador husband to Turkey in 1716, she recorded the minutiae of life on the road and in her "new world". Witty, insatiably curious and remarkably open minded, her innocent observations inspired Ingres to paint some of the greatest erotic masterpieces of the Romantic movement.

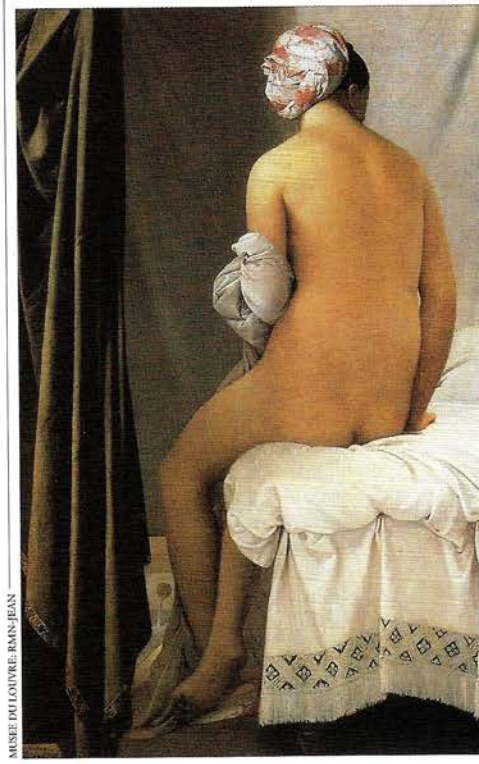
◁ **Leighton's Orient** Orientalism was an obsession with many rich Victorians. But the painter Frederic Leighton went to extraordinary lengths to create his lavish Arab Hall in London – in black, blue, pink and gold.

▽ **Travels with my yurt** Central Asian nomads live in tents so brilliantly conceived, says Tim Beddow, that they have not needed a redesign in millennia.

ISSUE 10:
Ingres and Lady Mary

How an ambassador's wife inspired the odalisques of Ingres...
Lord Leighton's homage to Ottoman style...
Travels with my yurt...
The enchanted Lycian coast...
Treasures of the Süleymaniye Library...
Plus: irresistible aubergines

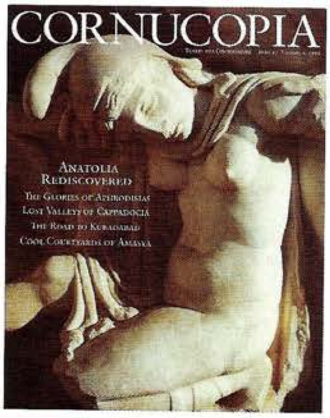
Opposite: Leighton House in London. Below: Ingres' Baigneuse de Valpinçon, 1808. Bottom: Tim Beddow's delightful yurt in France



MUSÉE DU LOUVRE: RMN-JEAN

TIM BEDDOW

FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG

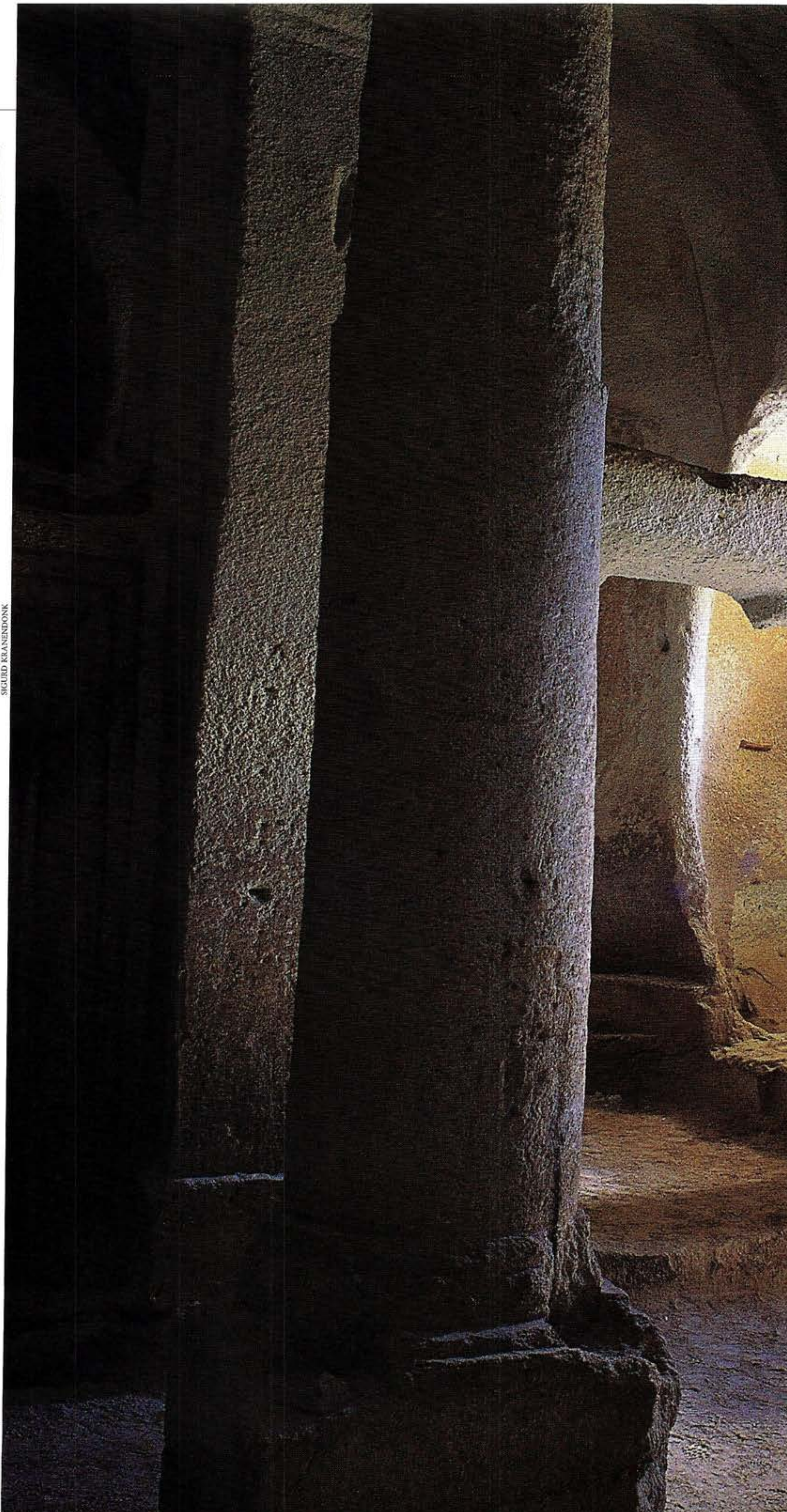

CORNUCOPIA
ANATOLIA REDISCOVERED
THE GLORIES OF APHRODISIAS
LOST VALLEYS OF CAPPADOCIA
THE ROAD TO KUBADABAD
COOL COURTYARDS OF AMASYA

ISSUE 11:
Anatolia Rediscovered

Lost valleys of Cappadocia...
The glories of Aphrodisias...
The road to Kubadabad...
Cool courtyards of Amasya...
Plus: Stranger in Paradise – Louise Page Morris in Izmir...
Zestful orange recipes

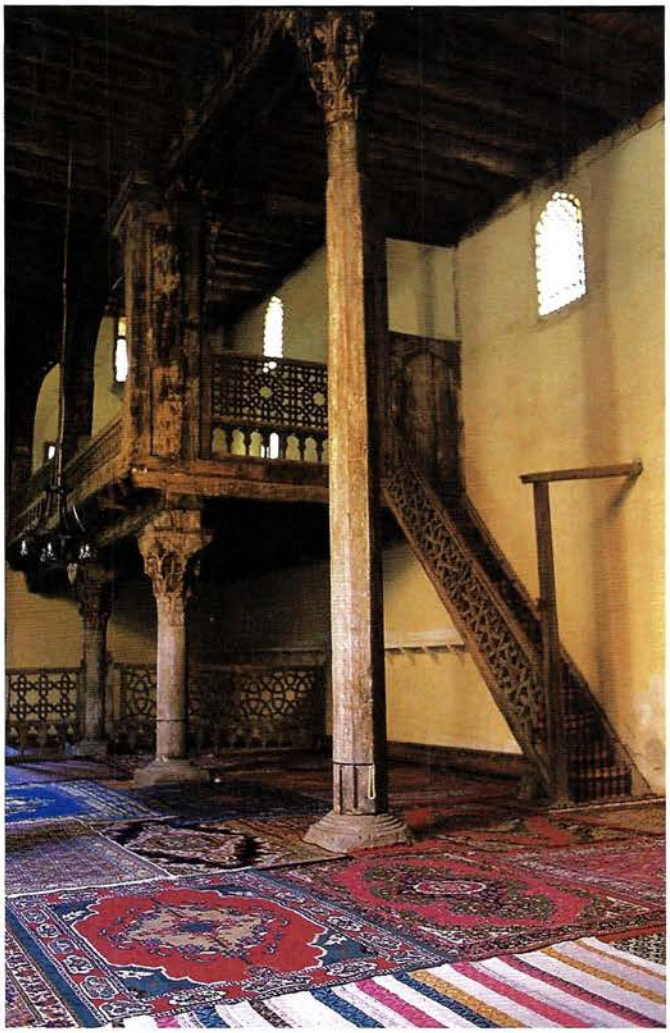
CHURCHES OF THE ROCK

High on the central Anatolian plateau, Cappadocia's volcanic landscape conceals a silent world: countless Byzantine sanctuaries and cathedrals lovingly hollowed from the rock. David Barchard found two valleys undisturbed since the Dark Ages. Kızılçukur and Güllüdere are just two or three kilometres across the fields from the coaches and underground shopping centres of Göreme Valley. Yet virtually nothing has happened there in the last millennium. As you walk south from the village of Çavuşin, "cones of tufa rock and cliffs of rippling and curving soft stone rise on either side, chasms open and close unexpectedly, and the path takes you under several natural bridges and through tunnels of stone. Beyaz Kilise, the 'White Church', an architectural masterpiece hollowed out of rock in Kızılçukur, was only discovered in 1989. It probably dates to the 11th century", Barchard wrote.



Beyaz Kilise (the White Church), hollowed out of the rock in Cappadocia's Kızılçukur Valley

SIGURD KRANENDONK



SIGURD KRANENDONK

△ **The road to Kubadabad** Built in 1298, the Eşrefoğlu Mosque in Beyşehir is one of the most beautiful in Anatolia. Wooden columns with carved capitals support a splendid roof recalling an earlier Central Asian tradition.

▽ **Aphrodite's domain** The finest school of sculpture in antiquity was in Aphrodisias, yet this favourite city of the Emperor Augustus was unknown until the Princeton scholar Kenan Erim got wind of it in 1958.

ARA GÜLER

CORNUCOPIA ISSUE 12

CORNUCOPIA
BLACK SEA ISSUE
Patricia Daunt's rainforest mansions
David Barchard's slow train to Sapanca
Tales of old Trabzon and Hemşinli farmhouse style
Plus
Norman Stone's Ankara

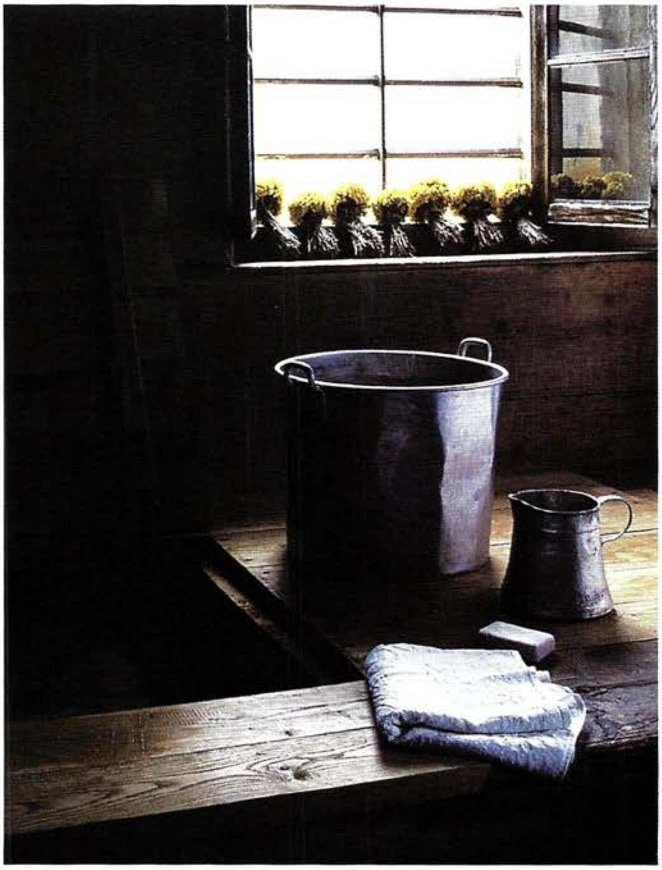
ISSUE 12: The Black Sea

The haunting mansions of Çamlıhemşin...
Hidden magnificence: the 11th-century Georgian church at Işhan...
Plus: Guidalotto's wicked panorama of Istanbul...
Our man in wartime Trabzon...
Eggs on a plate

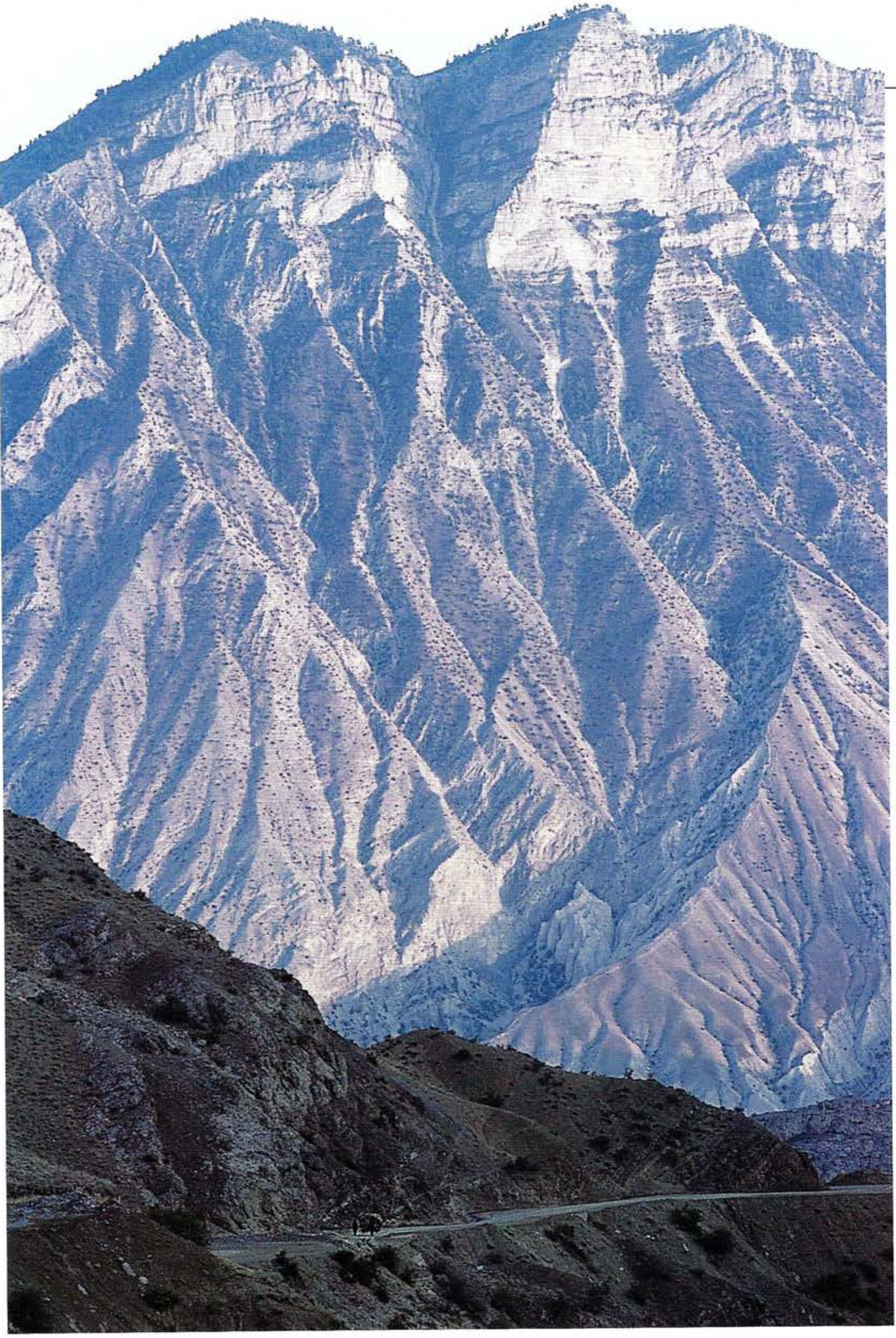
COUNTRY HOUSES THAT RIDE THE STORM

▽▷ In the rainforests of the Black Sea Mountains, where jackals howl and the Fırtına (Storm) River crashes towards the sea, live the Hemşinli people. The Hemşinli were here when Jason came to the area in search of the Golden Fleece. In more recent years they prospered as bakers and restaurateurs in Tsarist Russia, returning in winter to their haunting country houses hidden in the hills east of Trabzon. Patricia Daunt visited one enormous extended family and shared their memories of a Chekhovian rural life.

Opposite page, clockwise from top: the bleak Çoruh Valley; the church at Işhan; the Storm River; the hearth in a mansion in Çamlıhemşin. Below: a lift-up bath in one of the mansion's many all-purpose rooms

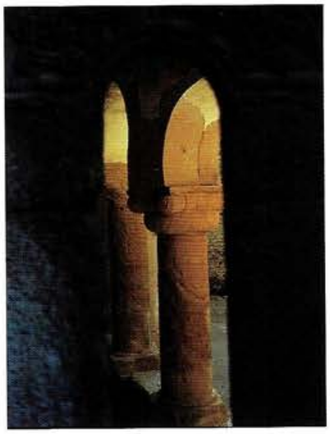


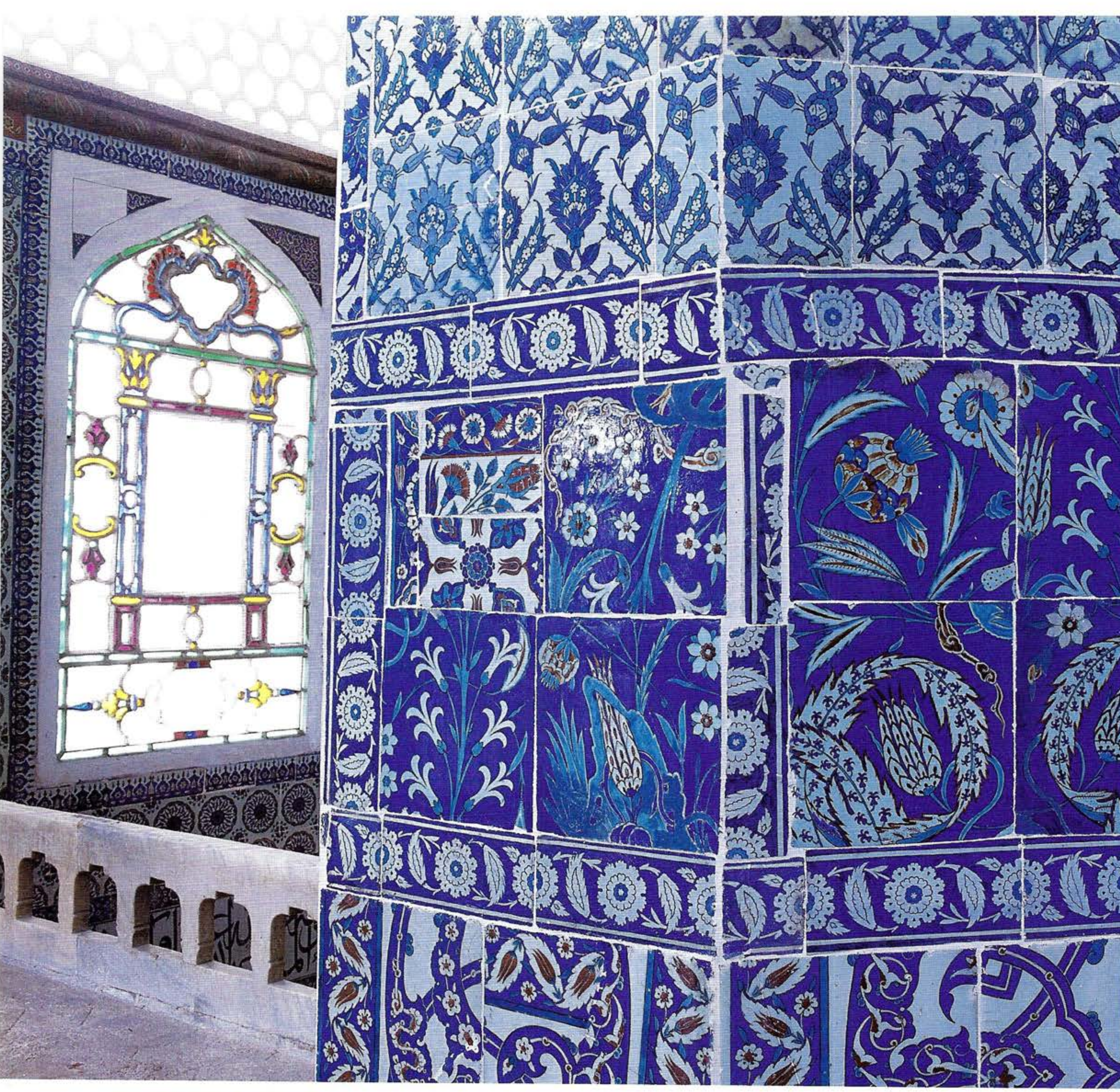
ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIMON UPTON

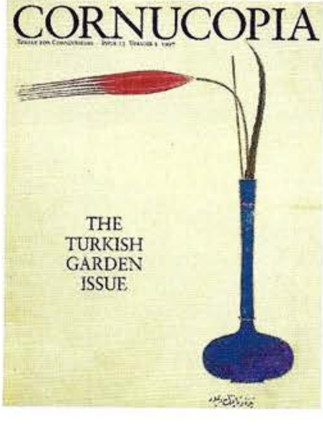


HALFWAY TO HEAVEN

▽ Beyond the towering Black Sea Mountains lies a hidden landscape rich with forgotten medieval churches. "The mountain uplands," wrote Brian Sewell, "are host to ancient churches of crisp-cut masonry, with soaring arches, domes and squinches, their towers capped with cones of tiles glossy as opals." Before new roads reached the Çoruh Valley, he had to enlist the help of shepherds on his quest to find these forerunners of Romanesque and Gothic architecture. For centuries these churches have been ignored, their ancient glories allowed to crumble to dust.







CORNUCOPIA

THE
TURKISH
GARDEN
ISSUE

ISSUE 13: The Turkish Garden

Flowers in profusion: from Alanya's medieval gardens to the window boxes of Istanbul, from the Book of Tulips to Rüstem Pasha's exuberant tiles...
Plus: Azaleas that make men mad... Great Dixter's Turkish connection... Cooking with herbs

Clockwise from above: **the Rüstem Pasha Mosque, Istanbul, 1571; a leaf from the Book of Tulips, 1725; a rhododendron in the Black Sea Mountains; cypress avenue in Alanya**

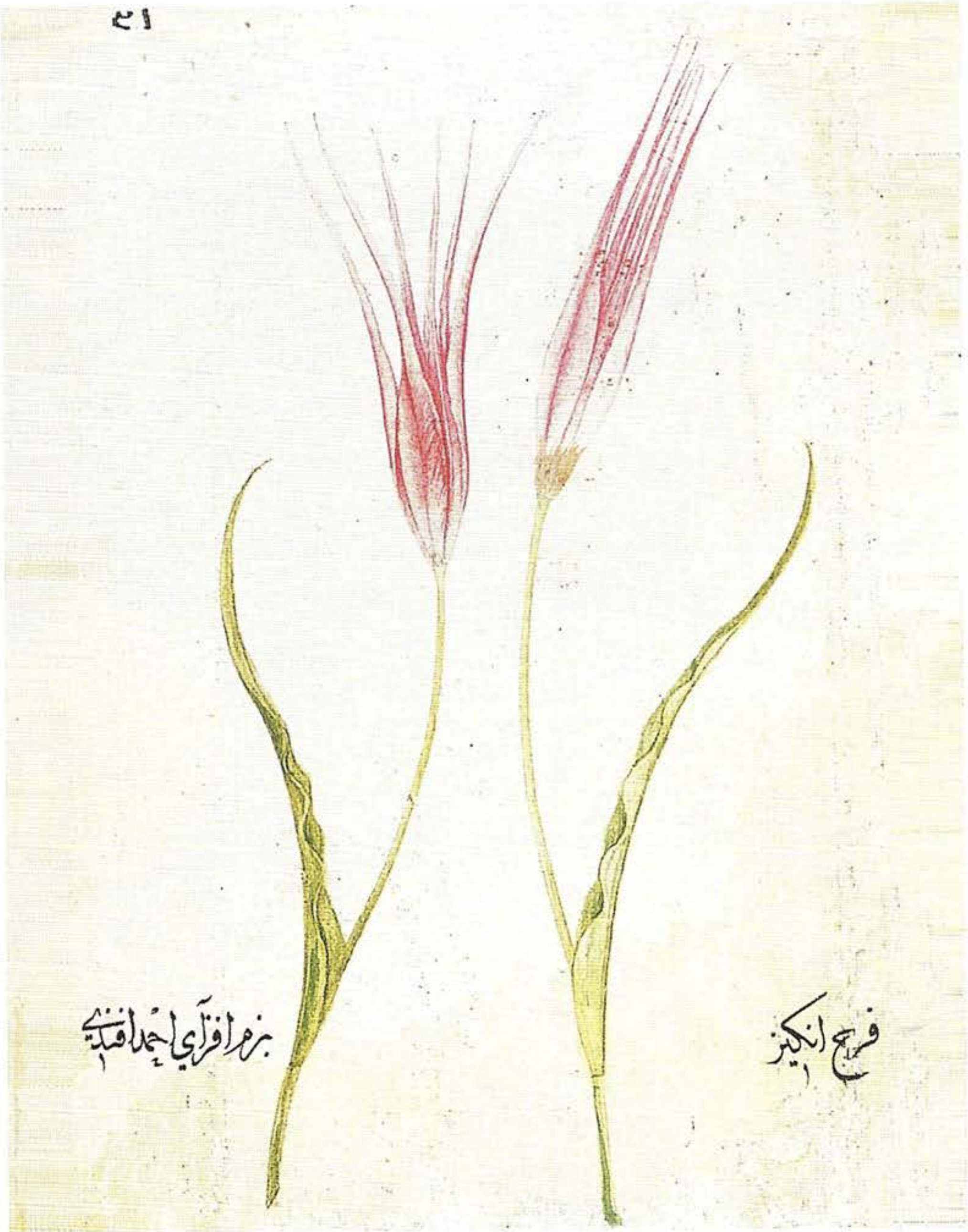
TILED IN SPLENDOUR

△ Festooned with flowers, the brilliantly painted tiles of Rüstem Pasha Mosque form a glazed garden of infinite variety. John Carswell discovered in them the hand of genius that gave birth to classical Iznik design.

▷ The Tamed Hills of Alanya
The Seljuk sultans who fell in love with Alanya and tamed its wild hillsides in the

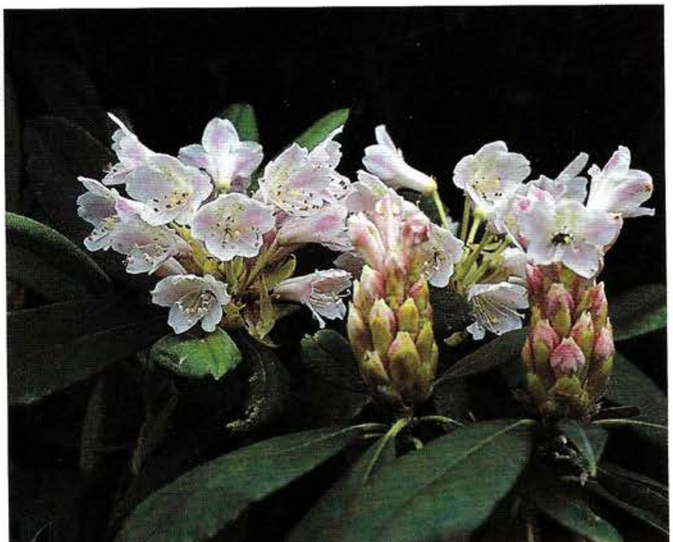
SIGURD KRANENDONK

SIMON UPTON



13th century left a legacy of walled gardens and verdant terraces that is only now being rediscovered, as Scott Redford reported.

▷ **Flowers that make men mad** Rising to 3,377 metres close to Artvin, Şaval Tepe is a botanist's paradise drenched in mist. Clamber up through sycamores and thickets of rhododendron and you could be in a hidden Himalayan valley. Rhododendrons such as *R. ungernii*, with its apple-blossom-pink flowers (left) luxuriate in the humid atmosphere. So does the yellow *R. luteum*. A few bushes can scent an entire valley. It is also the basis of sought-after *deli bal*, a honey that is hallucinogenic. Be warned.



ANDREW BYFIELD

△ **The Book of Tulips** Istanbul tulips changed hands for small fortunes. Sadly, they are now extinct – but Turhan Baytop found their delicate beauty captured in a priceless 18th-century album.

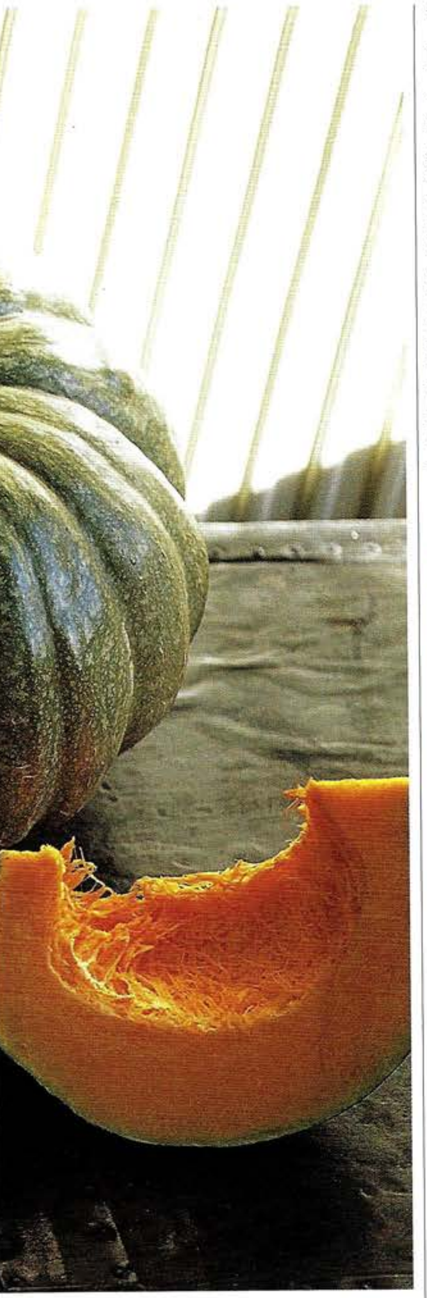
BERRIN TOROLSAN

CORNUCOPIA
OBJECTS OF DESIRE
TRAVELLERS' TOMES: EXQUISITE SCENES FROM A COLLECTOR'S LIBRARY
STONE-AGE CHIC: CAPPADOCIAN HOUSES, LOVINGLY REVIVED
THEATRICAL ANTIQUES: FANTASTIC FINDS FOR DRAMATIC INTERIORS

ISSUE 14: Objects of Desire

Pictures from a collector's library...
Theatrical antiques...
Stone houses of Cappadocia...
How to be a pumpkin-eater...
Peatlands in peril...
Plus: The raffish outposts of Aleppo and Iskenderun...
From Peking to Paris:
Lord Montagu's motoring odyssey

ANDREW BYFIELD

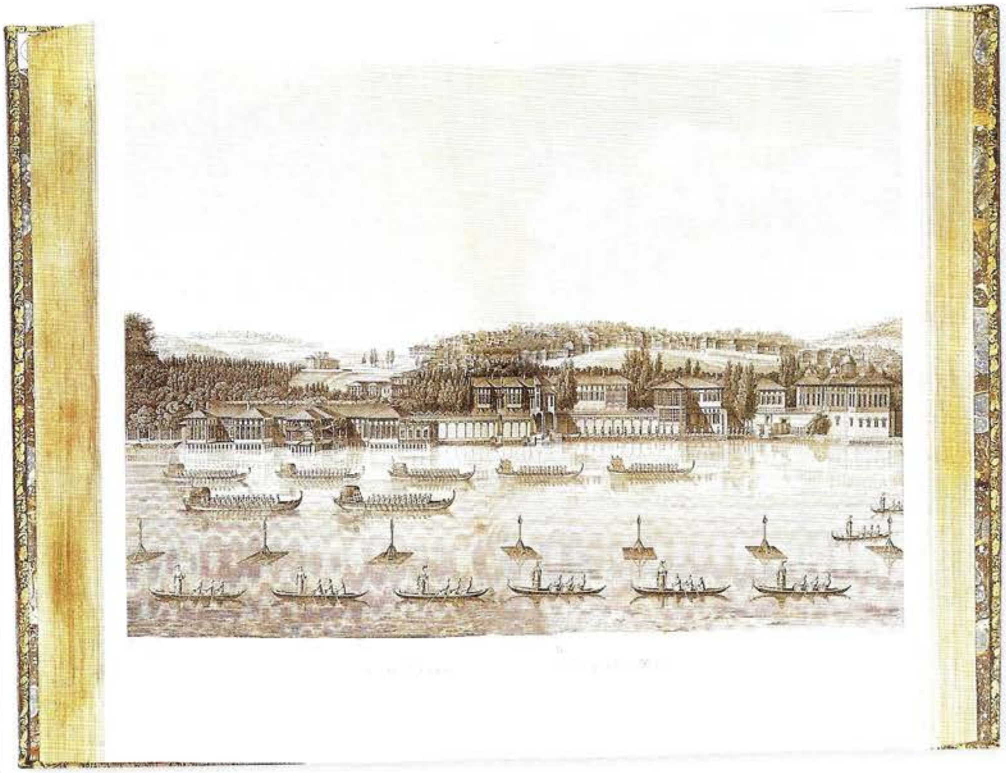


THE ART OF PUMPKIN EATING

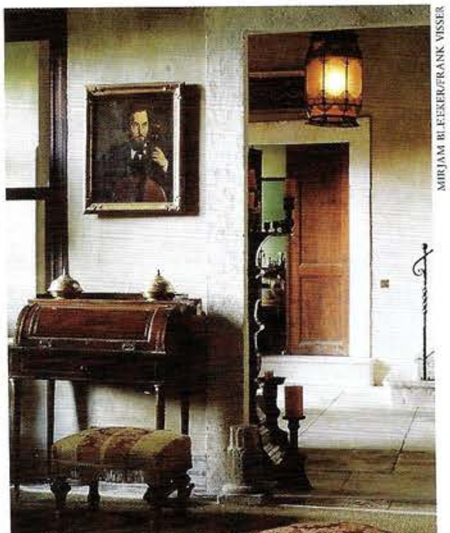
◁ There is more than a touch of fairy tale about the humble pumpkin. Berrin Torolsan conjured up a feast of gleaming dishes to bring a golden glow to winter: from pumpkin soup with saffron – for added depth of colour – to *kapçı* (Abkhazian pumpkin fritters), from that essential winter staple, *kabak tatlısı* (pumpkin slices in syrup, left), to the now rare preserved pumpkin, "crystallised slices that once graced tables like platefuls of glistening gems".

▽ **Mr Atabey's books** Wherever he went in search of books on Turkey for his collection, Ömer Koç was dismayed to find that the mysterious Mr Atabey had been there before him. Then, in a Knightsbridge flat whose whereabouts had long remained a secret, all was revealed: the world's most magnificent collection of volumes on the Ottoman Empire and the Levant.

Clockwise from left: Istanbul pumpkins; 'Beşiktaş Palace', from one of Şefik Atabey's precious books, d'Ohsson's 'Tableau Général de l'Empire'; the interior designer Zeynep Fadıllıoğlu's Bosphorus home; Anatolian peat-gatherers



◁ **Battle of the bogs** Anatolia's new peat-gatherers follow a rugged, self-sufficient way of life: "Ağaçbaşı, one of Turkey's last remaining peatlands, is an unexpected sight. When the sun pierces the clouds, it comes to life as villagers beaver about wielding heavy spades, stacking piles of black peat." But, as Andrew Byfield discovered, they are taking a toll on the rare flora of the Turkish moors.



MIRJAM BLEEKER/FRANK VISSER

◁ **Theatrical antiques** Since childhood, when she and her cousin Rıfat Özbek were taken by their mothers to scour the antique markets of Galata, Zeynep Fadıllıoğlu has had an eye for the theatrical. First her flamboyant architectural finds appeared in her husband Meto's smart Club 29. Now they add drama to her clients' interiors. Her own house in Istanbul (left) is a brilliant showcase for her eclectic flair, as the art historian John Welchman discovered.

CORNUCOPIA
MOUNTAIN SECRETS
LIFTING THE VEIL ON OTTOMAN ATHOS
PURSUING SNOWCOCKS AND PURPLE PRIMROSES
PLUS: THE GLORIOUS GLOBE ARTICHOKE

ISSUE 15: Mountain Secrets

Lifting the veil on Ottoman Athos...
The vibrant wild primulas of Anatolia...
On the trail of the elusive Caspian snowcock...
Yurt heaven: how an eco-warrior saw the light...
Plus: Catherine the Great's Turkish bath...
Glorious globe artichokes

ANDREW BYFIELD

PRIMROSE PATH

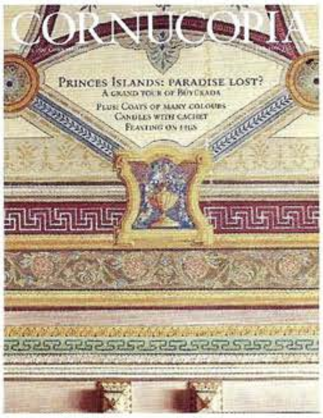
△ In early summer the hayfields of the Soğanlı Mountains above Trabzon are the place to hunt for the tiny lilac-coloured *Primula articulata*. It is just one of Turkey's dozens of native primulas. "In the wild, their colours make the heart sing," wrote Andrew Byfield.

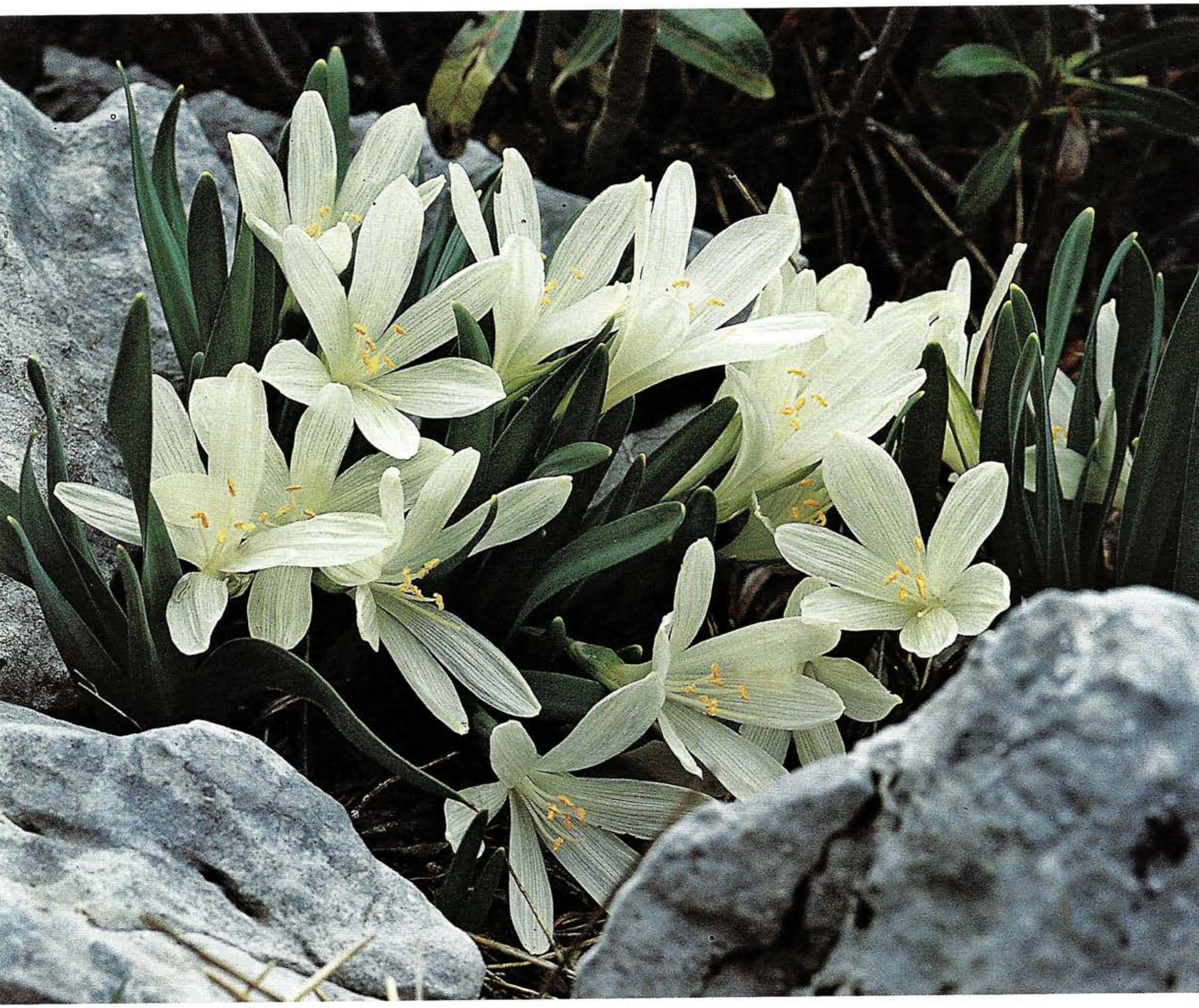
From top: **a wild *Primula articulata*; a hayfield above the Black Sea; a yurt in a Mediterranean forest**

SIGURD KRANENDONK

◁ **Home is where the yurt is** Richard Tredennick-Titchen was an eco-warrior battling against multinational corporations when he found an encampment of yurts in a hidden valley high above Turkey's Mediterranean coast. The encounter changed his life for ever: "As I lay down in my yurt for the first time, and looked up at the brilliant stars through the 'eye of heaven', all I could hear was the call of owls and the soothing sound of cicadas."

ANDREW BYFIELD


CORNUCOPIA
PRINCES ISLANDS: PARADISE LOST?
A GRAND TOUR OF BÜYÜKADA
PLUS: COATS OF MANY COLOURS
CANDLES WITH CACHET
FEASTING ON FIGS



ISSUE 16: Beguiling Büyükada
An old-fashioned idyll: Büyükada, largest of the Princes Islands...
Skulduggery among the cedars: precious bulbs smuggled down from the mountains...
Plus: A feast of figs...
The lighthouse-keepers of Cape Chelidonia...

Above: **a white Sternbergia, or jackal daffodil.**
Right: **the artist Tiraje Dikmen's Büyükada retreat, built and furnished by her parents in the 1930s**

STUDIES FOR A STILL LIFE

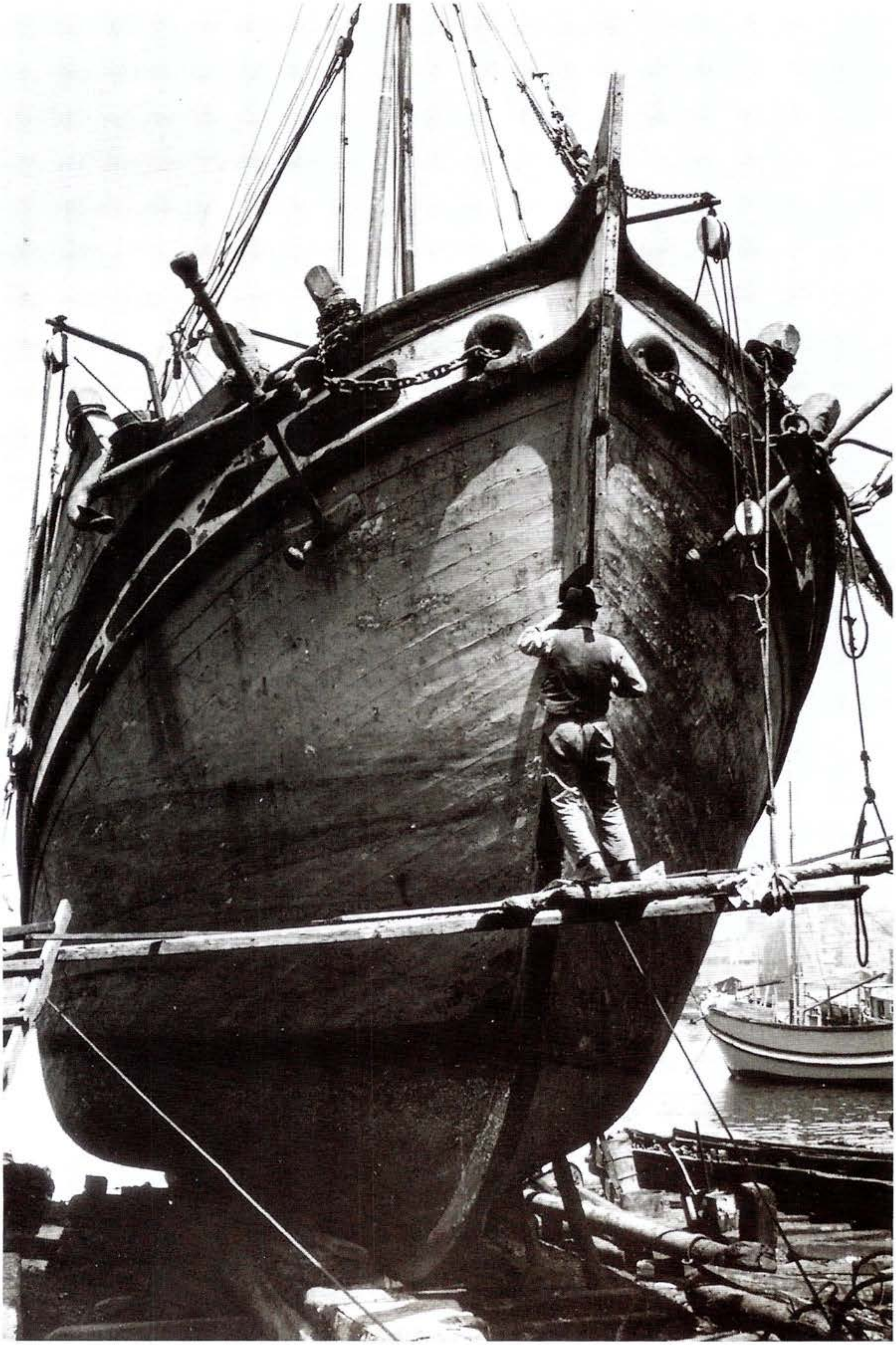
▷ Just 20 miles from Istanbul yet half a century away, Büyükada is in a tranquil time warp. We devoted 36 pages to its quirky architecture and faded grandeur.

△ **Bulb thieves of the Taurus**
The story of *Sternbergia candida* could be taken straight from a thriller. Its precise location was a closely guarded secret. But not secret enough…

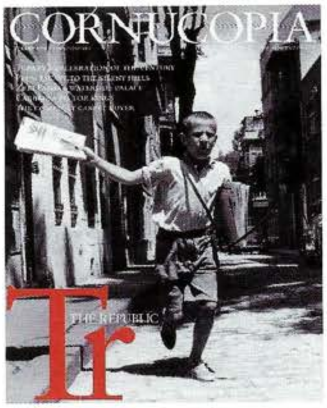
SIMON UPTON

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, TURKEY

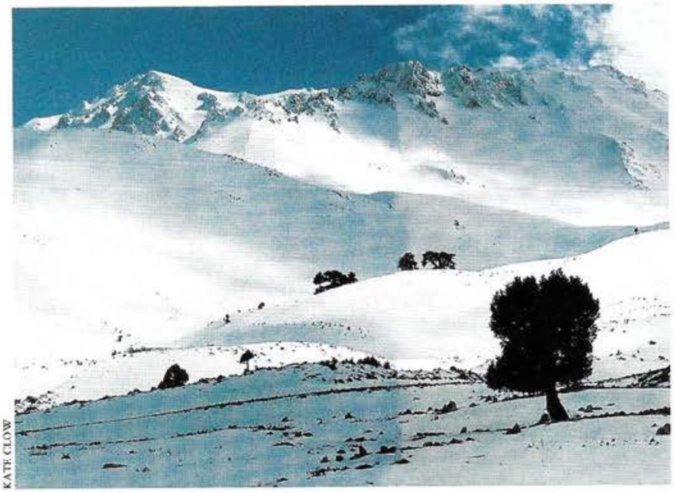
▷ Celebrating the Turkish Republic's 75 years, Norman Stone wrote: "Having suffered greatly at the hands of Balkan nation-builders, the Turks set about nation-building themselves, and went back to a Turkish, rather than an Ottoman, past. It was not just that hats replaced fezzes, and the Latin script the Arabic. The language itself was changed..." This issue's vivid illustrated history of the Republic doesn't show the Turkey of palaces and tulips, or battles and treaties. It is a portrait of a nation forged in the 20th century. With a handful of grit and a dash of gloss, Ara Güler's photography captured a people in motion, at work and sometimes at play. This picture shows a man repairing the wooden hull of a *taka* in the Golden Horn.



ARA GÜLER



ISSUE 17: The Republic
A 40-page portrait of Turkey in the 20th century, with classic photographs by Ara Güler and text by Norman Stone and David Barchard...
Plus: Turkey's magnificent lake district...
Zeki Pasha's waterside palace...
The complete guide to bagging carpets...
Cabbages fit for kings


KATE CLOW

JEAN MARIE DEL MORAL

△ △ **Silence of the lammergeiers**
"Abandoned by the shepherds, left to the foxes and the lammergeiers, in midwinter the snow stays crisp all day." Kate Clow extolled the splendid isolation of Mount Davras, one of a trio of towering limestone massifs in Turkey's lake district. In summer they are home to migrant herds of goats and sheep, and a refuge from the heat of the coastal plain.

△ **The great yalı of Zeki Pasha**
It may languish in the shadow of the gigantic Second Bosphorus Bridge. But the flamboyant waterfront mansion of Zeki Pasha is one of the last survivors of the great Bosphorus yalıs – large, ornate and festooned with creepers.

CORNUCOPIA ISSUE 18

CORNUCOPIA
THE OTTOMAN RIVIERA
HIGH SOCIETY ON THE BOSPHORUS
SETTING SAIL
COOL RETREATS

ISSUE 18: The Ottoman Riviera
The Bosphorus playground of 1950s café society...
Sailing for hedonists: drifting along the Carian shore...
And sailing for heroes: braving the Danube...
Plus: A Turkish garden in the Cambridge Fens...
Vine leaves, the perfect wrap

WESTMINSTER CLASSIC TOURS

A HARD DAY'S SAILING

△ ▽ "Taken at the wrong time of day or year, under a blazing sun and in the thick of the crowd, classical remains can be about as rewarding as a pile of rubble in a stonemason's yard. Ruins can ruin a trip." Christian Tyler avoided the hard, dusty route to the Mediterranean's classical treasures, preferring the hedonist's way: "A good solution is to approach ancient sites from the sea. A week sailing in a gulet round the southwest corner of Turkey, with a small group of enthusiasts, convinced me that there is no better way of taking your history on holiday." The ruined Byzantine chapel above is one of several at Gerbekse Limanı on the Carian shore.

Clockwise from top left: Mount Davras in winter; a gulet moored in Gerbekse Limanı; idling round the Med; the ornate entrance to the Zeki Pasha Yalı. Opposite: an ancient timber *taka* in dry dock on the Golden Horn

SIGURD KRANENDONK

BERRIN TOROLSAN

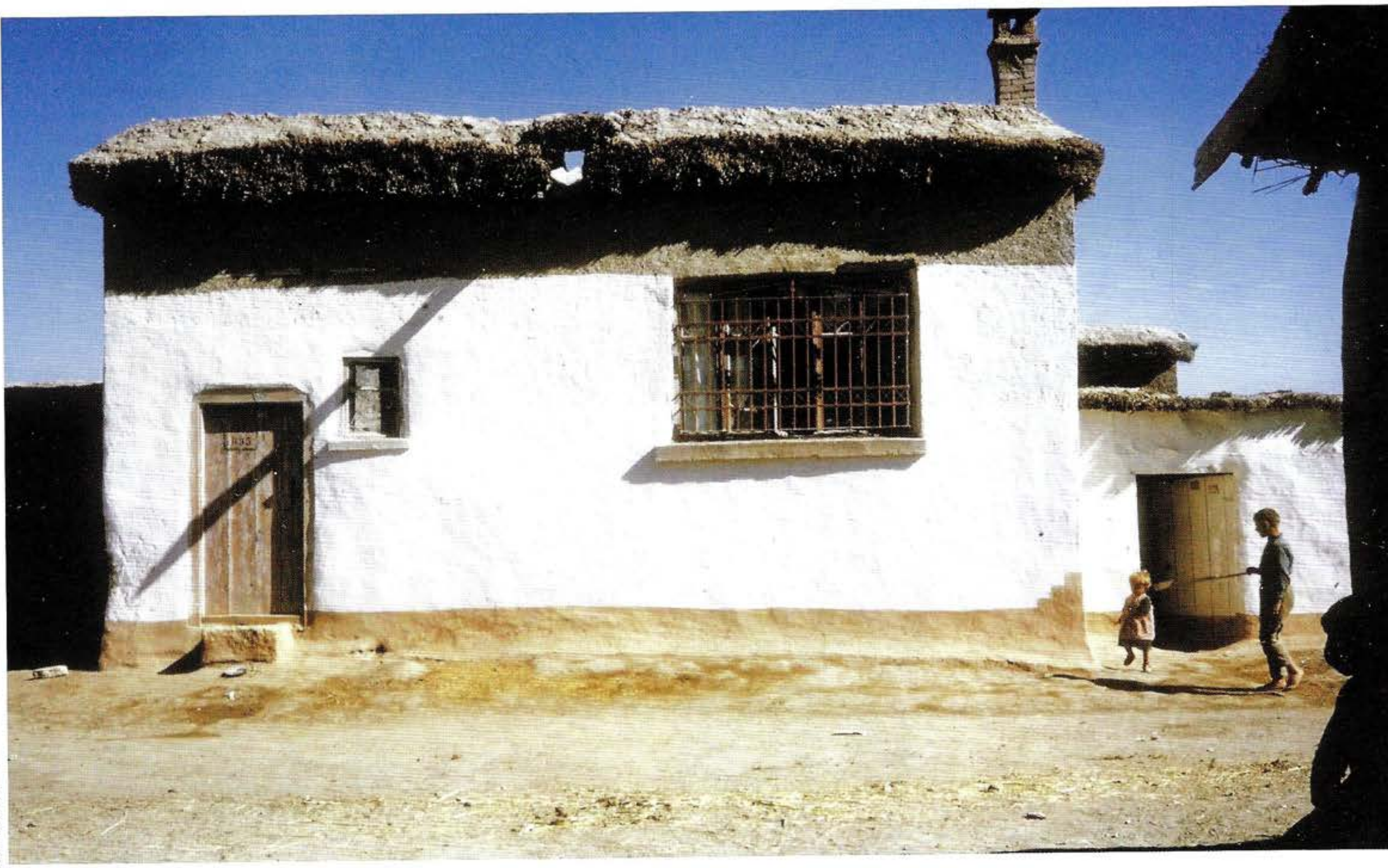
△ **Heart of glass** According to Pliny, the discovery of glass was a happy accident. A band of Phoenician sailors were picknicking on a beach in Anatolia. As they were ending their meal, they spotted scraps of glass forming in the hot sandy embers of their barbecue. The artist Fahri Kaplan's beautiful, minimal glass objects have a similarly elemental feel. With their metal-oxide surfaces and primitive forms, they could have been created millennia ago.

SEVEN GARDENS FOR SEVEN HEAVENS

▽ Two Turkish passions – a love of symmetry and an abundance of wild flowers – meet in a beautiful garden in the Cambridge Fens. "In this landscape I wished to create a paradise on earth," wrote John Drake. "Outside rooms with hedges for walls, against which roses are planted, use tree canopies or the sky as elaborate ceilings… My Turkish plants have been collected on my journeys as seeds in the wild, and they grow here among timber structures reminiscent of Seljuk tombs."

Above: Modern glass vessels by Fahri Kaplan.
Below: aquilegias fill one of the 'rooms' of John Drake's garden at Hardwicke House in the Cambridge Fens

BERRIN TOROLSAN



GILLIAN WARR

CORNUCOPIA

Turkey for Connoisseurs

Issue 19 Volume 4 1999

FORGOTTEN RICHES

Amazing paintings from the world's first city

The Ottoman treasure of Poland's kings

Saffron City is back on the map

FATAL FLAW

The tragedy of Turkey's earthquake

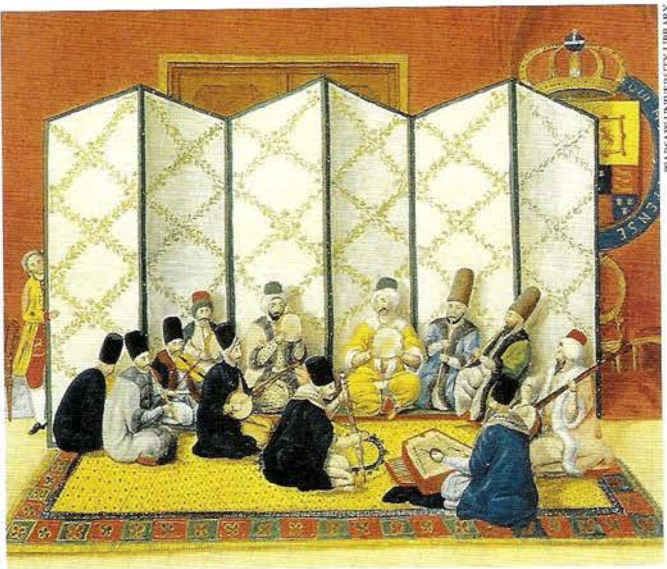
ISSUE 19: Forgotten Riches
The astonishing wall paintings of Çatalhüyük…
Poland's Ottoman booty…
Safranbolu, a small-town blueprint for living…
Plus: The mosque tiles of Edirne…
Fatal flaw: Turkey's 1999 earthquake

UNDER THE VOLCANO

△In 1958, a mile from this sturdy house on the Konya plain, the archaeologist James Mellaart uncovered one of the first cities known to man. The people of Çatalhüyük engaged in commerce and recorded scenes of everyday life in vivid murals – 9,000 years ago, before the Mesopotamians, Minoans or Egyptians. The discovery of this settlement beneath the then smoking volcano of Hasandağ forced the chronology of civilisation to be rewritten. Mellaart, who worked on the site for just four years, recalled the race against time as his team uncovered layer upon layer of early art: "Frequently one view was painted over and over again on one piece of wall… One painting shows a tented camp or settlement of round huts, and wild asses being hunted. Another shows volcanic splutter cones in action."

▽ Poland's Ottoman treasure
For 500 years the Polish elite was obsessed with all things Ottoman. This miniature, painted for King Stanislaw Poniatowski, shows Turkish musicians playing at the British embassy in Istanbul in 1779.

Above: a house on the Konya plain, close to Çatalhüyük, is similar to dwellings built there 9,000 years ago.
Below: at the British legation in 1779, a band of musicians perform Turkish music



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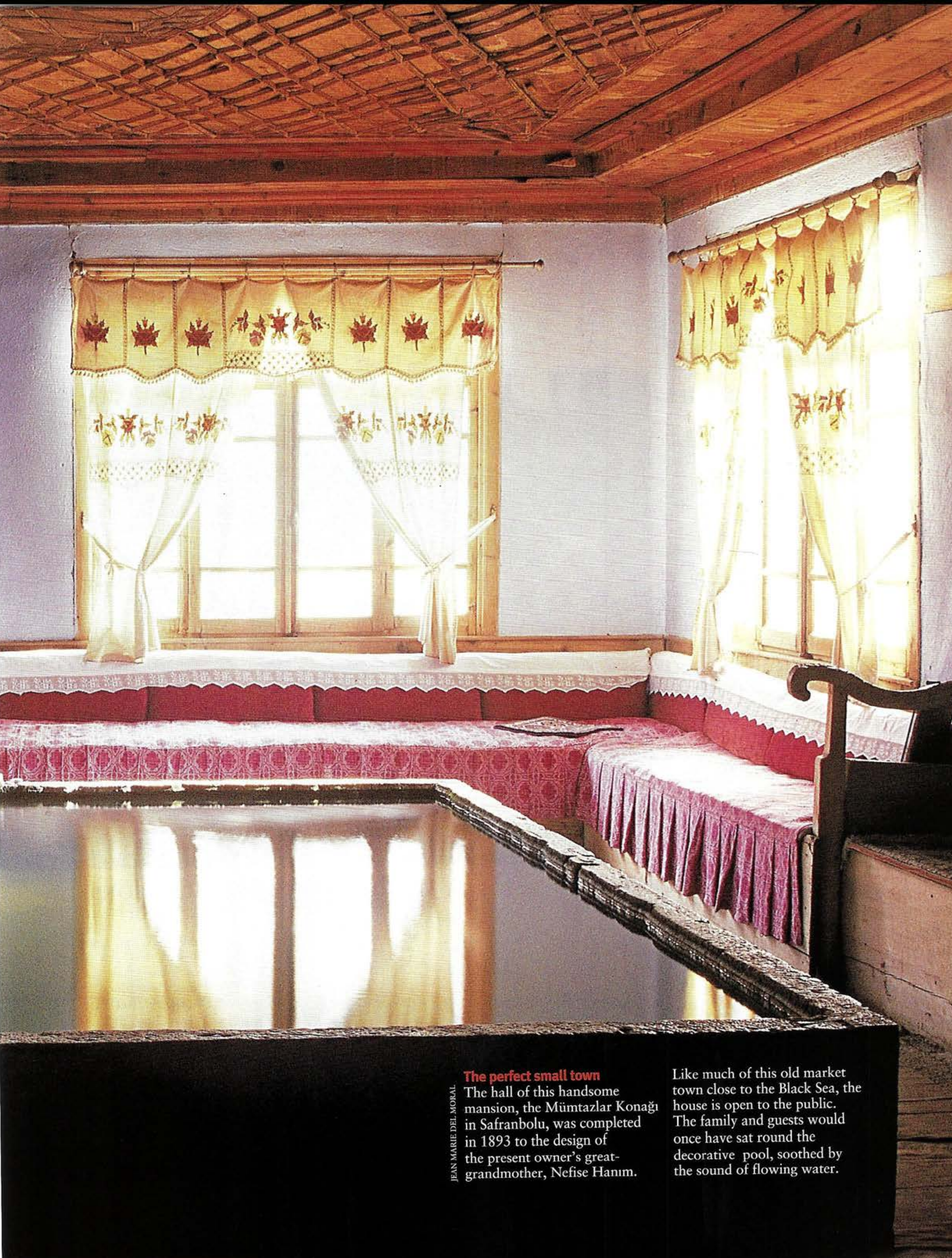


JEAN MARIE DEL MORAL

The perfect small town
The hall of this handsome mansion, the Mümtazlar Konağı in Safranbolu, was completed in 1893 to the design of the present owner's great-grandmother, Nefise Hanım. Like much of this old market town close to the Black Sea, the house is open to the public. The family and guests would once have sat round the decorative pool, soothed by the sound of flowing water.

CORNUCOPIA
THE LAKE THAT TIME FORGOT
PAINTER'S PROGRESS: A FAMILY HOME REGAINED
CHALAYAN: ARCHITECTURE FOR THE BODY
THE SULTAN WHO TOOK LONDON BY STORM
CLOTH OF GOLD: FLOWER OF OTTOMAN NEEDLEWORK
STATUS CYMBALS: ISTANBUL'S WINNING DISCS
THE INTREPID COOK: AN INSIDE STORY
ISSUE 20
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

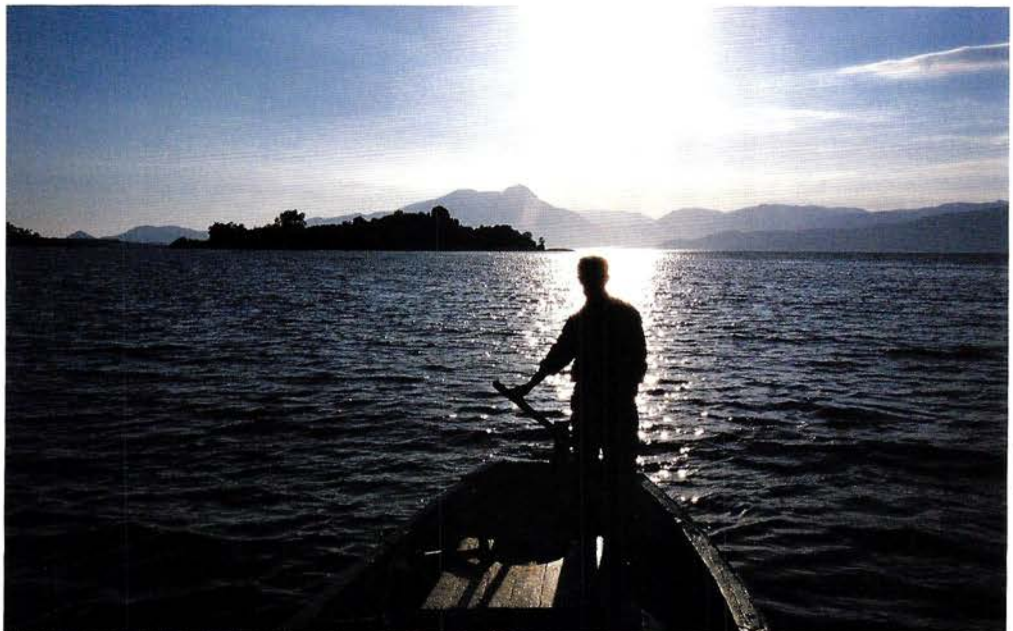
ISSUE 20: The Lake that Time Forget
Lake Köyceğiz, a world away from the nearby Med...
Hussein Chalayan, architect turned international couturier...
Plus: Mozart in Turkey...
Gallipoli recaptured...
Offal recipes for the stout of heart

LET THE CYMBALS SOUND

▷ The drummer Refik Arbakal has an unusual day job: testing the unique range of cymbals at Istanbul Agop, where the best cymbals in the world are made and sold. At night he can be heard playing in the city's jazz clubs. Cymbals have been made in Istanbul since 1623, when the Armenian Zilciyan family arrived from Trabzon and set up a workshop in the district of Samatya. "There they made church bells and cauldrons," wrote Elizabeth Meath Baker, "and later the cymbals needed for church ceremonies and for the Ottoman Janissary band, the *Mehter*."

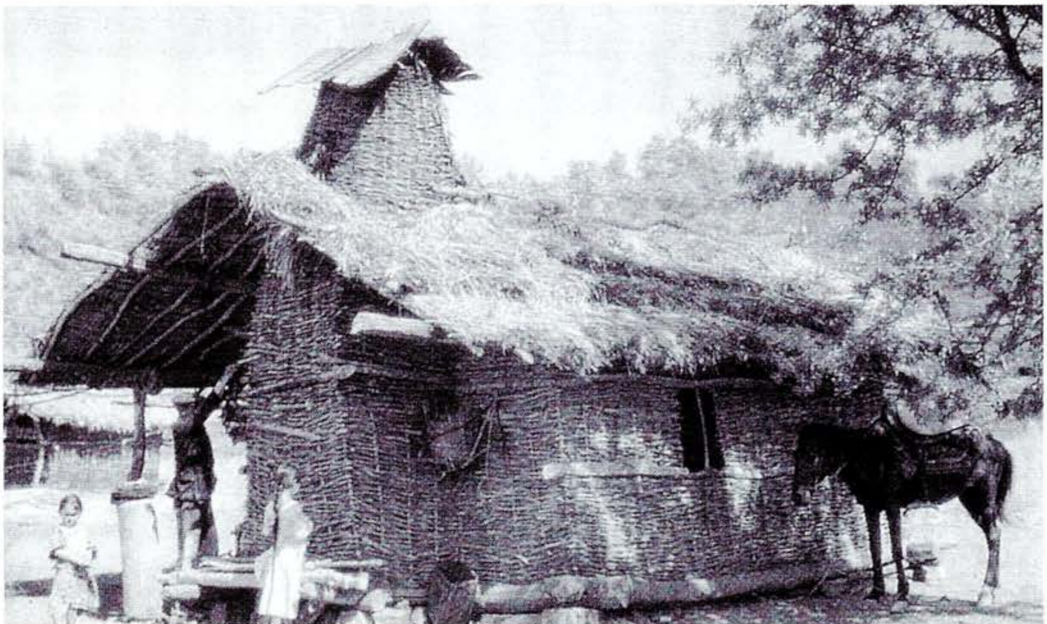
Clockwise from right: testing cymbals; the ethereal Lake Köyceğiz; one of the lake's famous basket houses; the lake at sunset

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG



REFLECTIONS ON WATER

◁ △ Fable has it that Lake Köyceğiz was created as an act of thwarted love. Turned down by the king's beautiful daughter, a lovelorn suitor, son of a neighbouring king, dug through the dunes that separated the area from the sea. Salt water poured in, sending the princess and her people to watery graves.
Today the mildly salty lake is a fragile ecosystem teeming with wildlife: sulphur-tolerant turtles, freshwater crabs, grey mullet, eels and rare birds. Dippers, divers, warblers and kingfishers share



COURTESY OF ASTRID VON SCHELL / ISTANBUL MODERN

their fishing grounds with eagle owls, cormorants and pelicans. "White egrets roost up to 50 in one tree, festooning the branches so thickly that they seem to be covered in snow," wrote Patricia Daunt. "All winter these gregarious herons, their chalk-white plumage relieved only by their black legs and feet, fish aloof from the hundreds of ducks and geese in the middle of the lake."

◁ **The basket houses of Köyceğiz**
The area is famous for its dwellings of woven wood. This one was photographed by Othmar Pferschy in the 1920s, when it was still lived in.

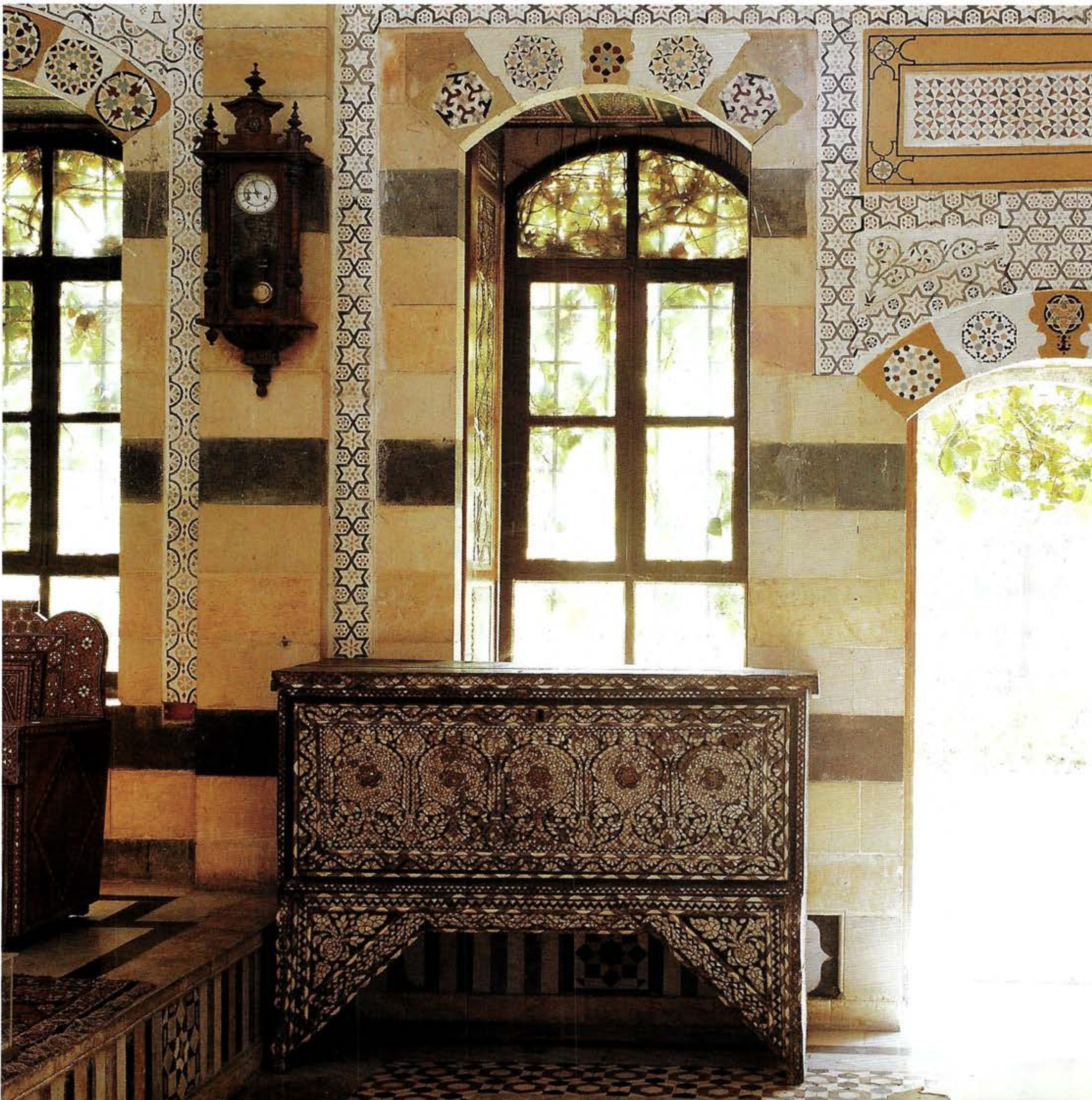
CORNUCOPIA
THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK
TO THE YALI BORN
HEADS IN THE CLOUDS

ISSUE 21: Ottoman Damascus

Damascus, the perfumed city...
Dancers of the steppes...
The Great South Wind...
Istanbul's heathlands...
Plus: Attempting Ararat...
Vita Sackville-West
and Harold Nicolson in Istanbul...
Spinach and purslane

DAMASCUS: THE PERFUMED CITY

▽ Brigid Keenan fell head over heels in love with Damascus, much as Isabel Burton, another diplomat's wife, had done 120 years earlier. Keenan's book on the Old City, featured in this issue, with photographs by Tim Beddow, is the perfect starting point for a grand tour of Ottoman Damascus. The palace below, which belonged to the Azem clan, one of the seven great families of the city's aristocracy, now houses the Historical Museum. It is typical of Ottoman Damascus in having richly inlaid walls and furniture. Another feature of Damascene style is splendid murals. The one on the cover is a 19th-century view of the Golden Horn in Istanbul.


TIM BEDDOW

DANCERS OF THE STEPPES

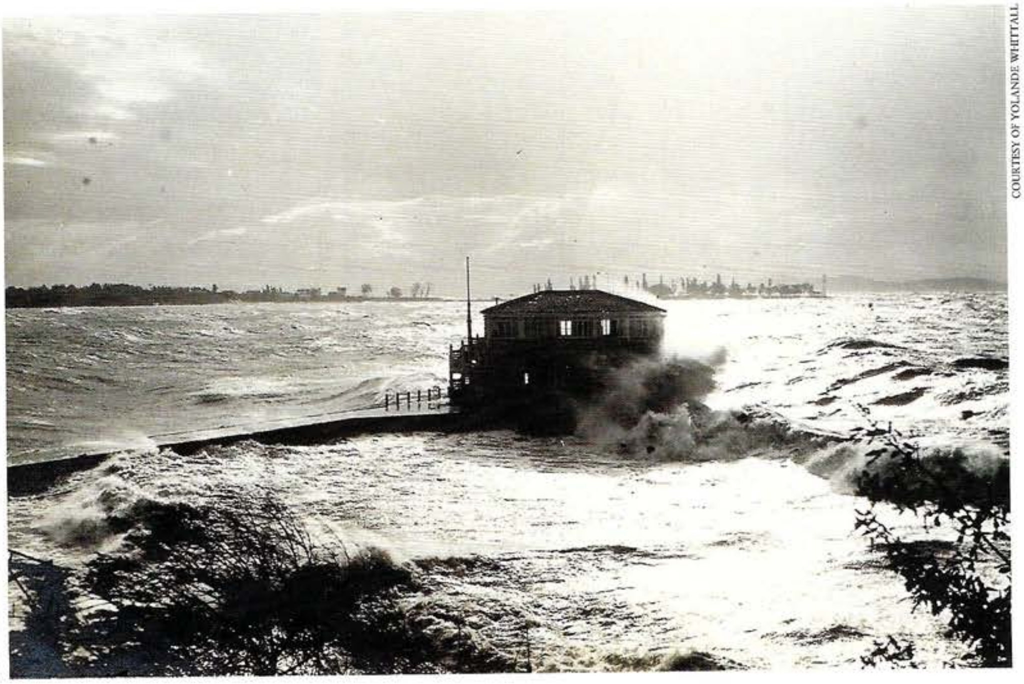
▷ Altynai Asylmuratova formed one of the truly great ballet partnerships of the 1990s with Irek Mukhamedov. Both are of Turkic descent. Mukhamedov, who came from the Bolshoi Ballet, grew up in the Tatar capital of Kazan. Asylmuratova comes from the Kazakh capital, Alma Ata. To all Turkish speakers her name has a lovely meaning, wrote El'vis Betullayev. *Altın ay* is the Turkish for "golden moon". *Asil* Murat means "the noble Murat". Coming from a family of dancers, she joined the Kirov when she was 17. When she was 39, Mukhamedov called her "the greatest, most sexy ballerina in the world".

JOHN GARRETT

▽ The Great South Wind

The Sea of Marmara sweeps over the quay in Moda Bay on the Anatolian shore of Istanbul. The scene was captured by Hugh Whittall, scion of Istanbul's oldest Levantine family, on a stormy day in the autumn of 1925.

Left: a palace in Damascus with intricately inlaid walls and furniture. **Right:** the Kazakh prima ballerina Altynai Asylmuratova. **Below:** storm-swept Moda, 1925



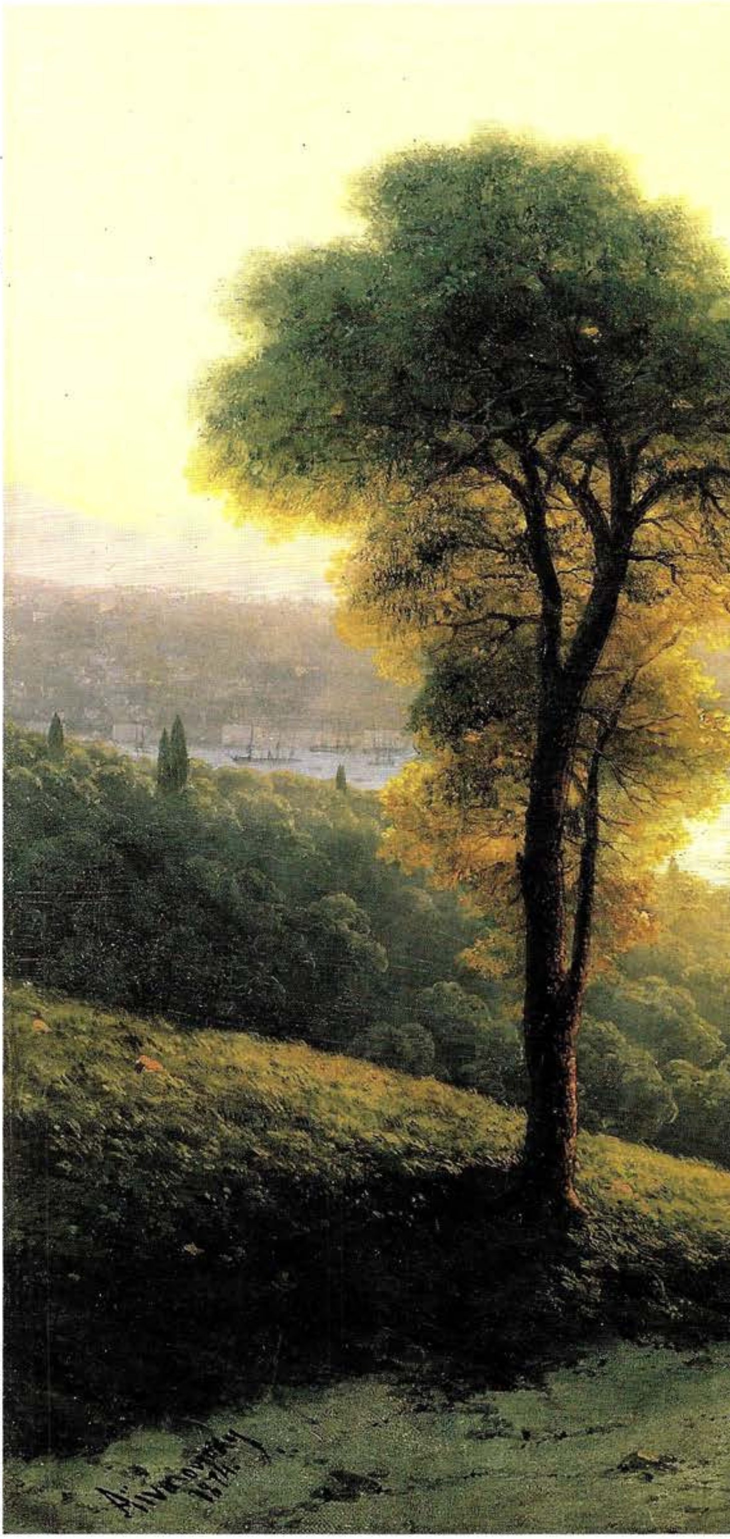
COURTESY OF YOLANDE WHITTALL

CORNUCOPIA
THE WORLD'S GRANDEST CHALET
KULA WATERS
PAST TENTS

ISSUE 22: The Sultan's Chalet
A guesthouse for the Kaiser...
Steven Runciman, bard of Byzantium...
Kula waters: the revival of an Aegean spa...
Aivazovsky, artist to the sultans...
Plus: Berlin brain drain...
Wild flowers of Kasnak...
Meatball wizardry

PAINTER TO FOUR TSARS, TWO SULTANS AND A POPE

▷ The Russian artist Ivan Aivazovsky (1817–1900) may have been derided by the avant-garde, but his dreamy panoramas won him patrons in high places. For the art historian Ivan Samarine his talent was that of a master craftsman: "His technique served him best for seas and landscapes. When the two are combined, as in Istanbul, which he visited frequently and where he was befriended by Sultan Abdülaziz, whom he taught to paint, his art is unsurpassed." In this view of the Bosphorus from Yıldız, the Sultan is seen in the foreground.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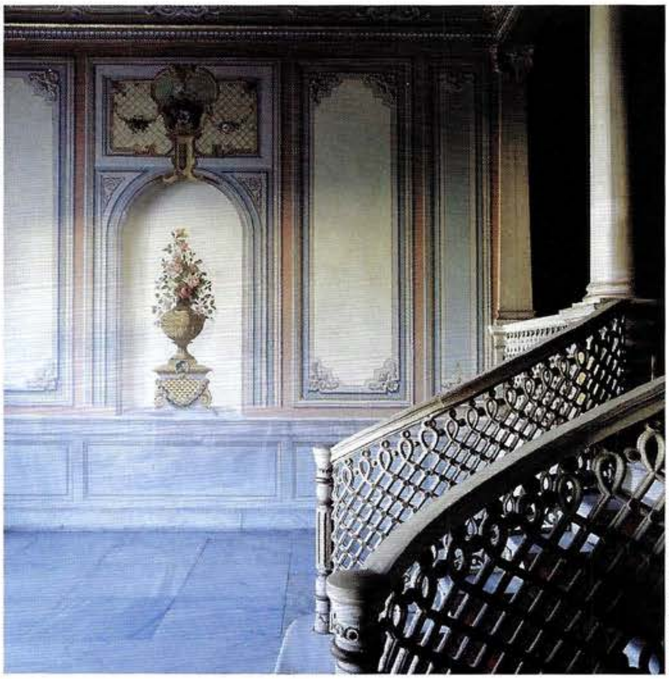
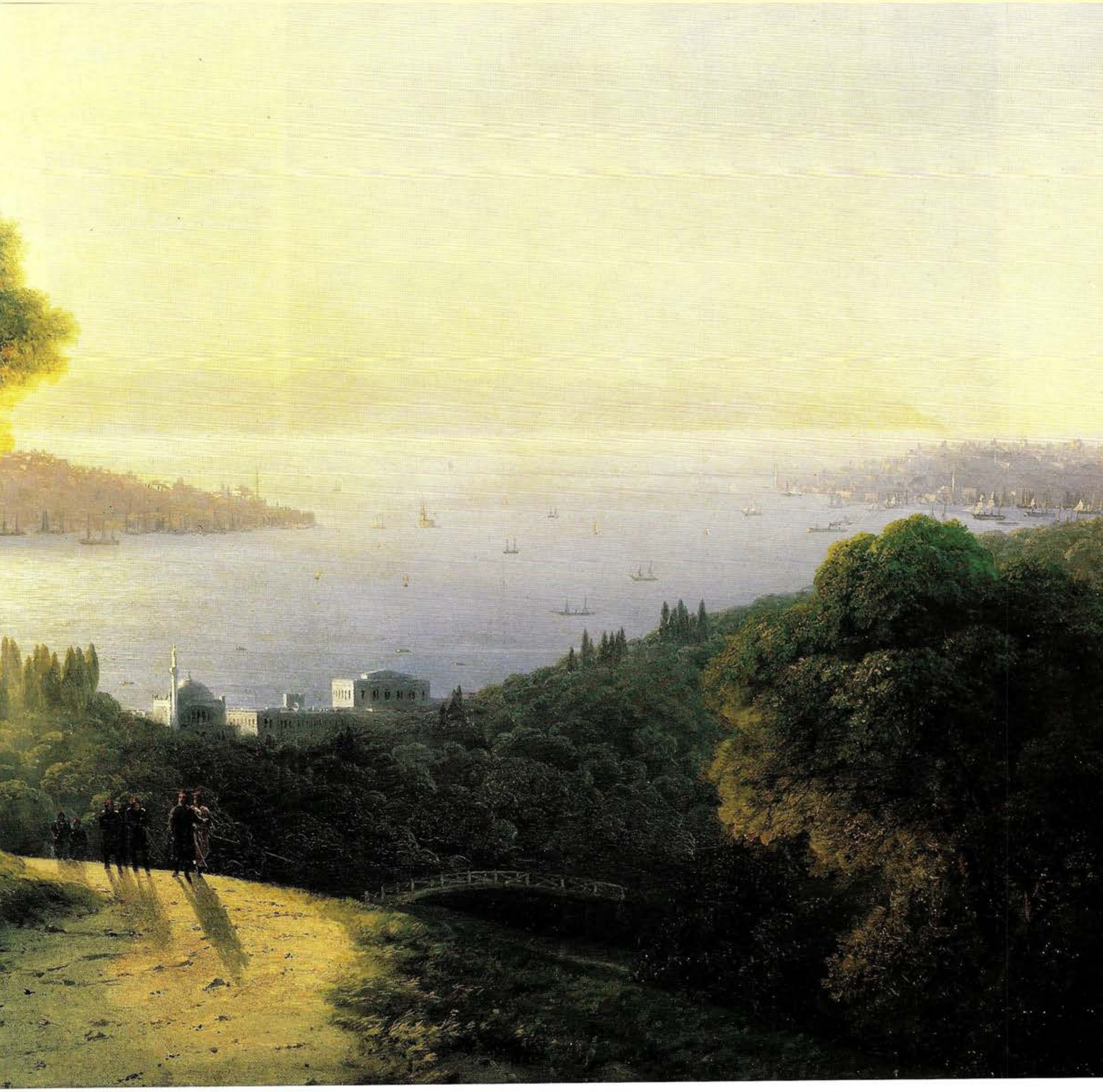

FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG

△ **The Sultan's chalet** The entrance hall of the Chalet Kiosk, with its elegant balustrade and mural, was designed by the Italian architect Raimondo D'Aranco. Abdülhamid II built this wing of the world's grandest chalet primarily to receive Kaiser Wilhelm II on his second visit to the city, in 1898. The cover depicts the chalet's imperial hamam.

CECIL BEATON ARCHIVE, SOTHEBY'S

BARD OF BYZANTIUM

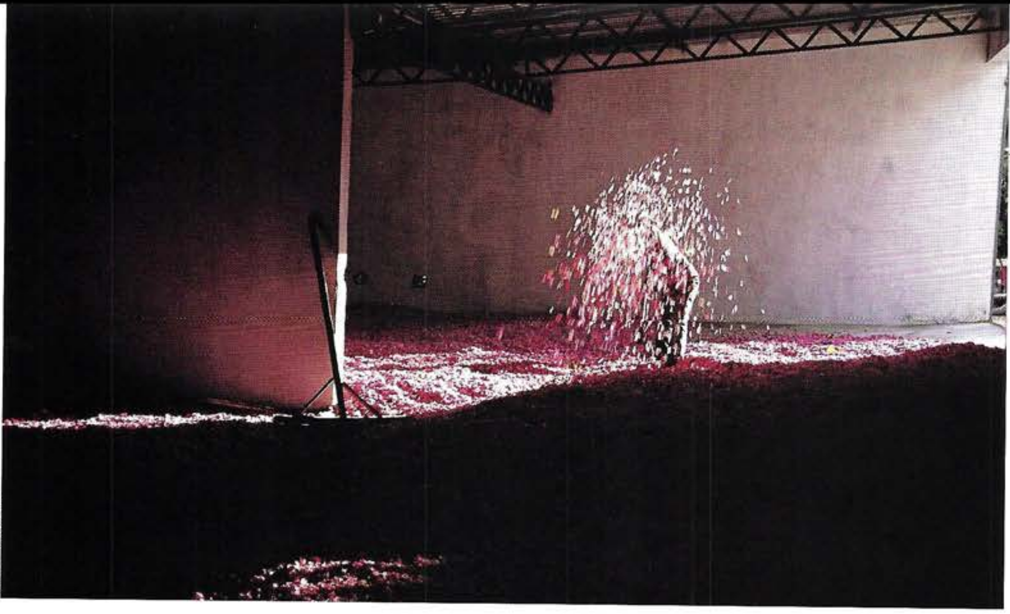
◁ Cecil Beaton photographed Steven Runciman (left) in the 1920s. The author of *The Fall of Constantinople* (1965) is remembered as a supreme storyteller, both in his historical writing and at the dinner table. His fellow Byzantinist Anthony Bryer recalled an elegant figure for whom history was about the destinies of man.



◁ ▷ **Kula waters** A vintage pink coat sets off the limewashed walls of a house in the Aegean town of Kula. Women still weave the famous Kula carpets in shady courtyards of the town, and some 900 houses in the narrow lanes of the old quarter have been earmarked for conservation. To save the fine but crumbling architecture, Roger Williams discovered, a volcanologist has come up with a plan to turn Kula into an elegant spa town by tapping its plentiful thermal springs. Sun-dried tomatoes (right) are the new cash crop for Kula's farmers, whose sun-dried grapes are already famous – and better known as raisins.

Opposite: the Chalet Kiosk in the grounds of Yıldız Palace.
Above: Aivazovsky's painting of the Sultan in Yıldız Park.
Bottom row, from far left:
Steven Runciman, by Cecil Beaton; an interior in Kula; a field of tomatoes in the sun near Kula

ROGER WILLIAMS



BERRIN TOROLSAN

CORNUÇOPIA
HAUTE OTTOMAN
TURKEY'S ROYAL SILK ROBES
A SAIL ON THE WILD SIDE
HEAVEN'S SCENT
LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN

ISSUE 23: Haute Ottoman

Glorious garments of the Ottoman court...
The perfect peach...
Heaven scent: the ultimate attar of roses...
Sailing along the Taurus...
Plus: Dame Ninette de Valois and the birth of Turkish ballet...
Rough journeys with Mitford and Bean

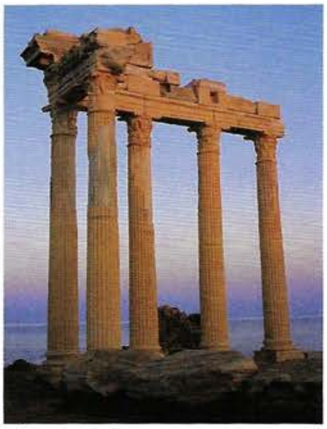
BERRIN TOROLSAN

LA VIE EN ROSE

◁ The intoxicating scent of attar of roses has worked its magic on men and women for centuries. The secret lies in the happy cross between the white *Rosa phoenica*, with its rich musky scent, and the red *Rosa gallica*, a dwarf shrub that grows wild in Anatolia; together they produced the source of attar of roses, the pale pink Kazanlık damask rose. Martyn Rix traced its history from Neolithic times and travelled to Isparta, in Anatolia's lake district, where mountains of its precious petals are distilled to yield a liquid worth its weight in gold.

◁ **Perfect peach** For sheer sensual appeal, the peach has no rival: its velvet skin and fragrant, juicy flesh are irresistible. But its pleasures are fleeting. As Christopher Lloyd once said, "The difference in flavour between a fruit culled at exactly the right moment from your own tree and one picked weeks before becoming ripe for the sake of marketing has to be experienced to be believed." Berrin Torolsan found ways to make the peach's wonderful flavour last.

Opposite, top: a shower of rose petals at harvest time in Isparta. Left: chin-drippingly delicious peaches from Lake Iznik. This page, from top: a Hellenistic temple at Side; a shimmering Mamluk tile; Ottoman silk kaftans from the Topkapı

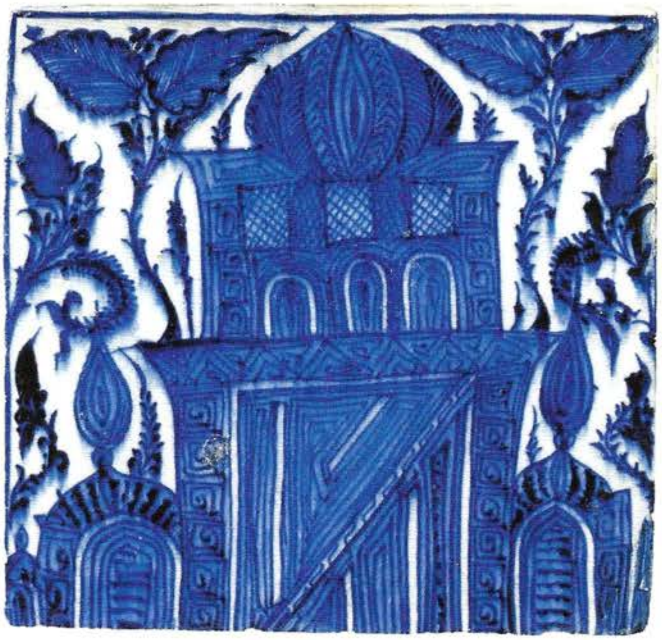


KATE CLOW

▽ **Mamluk fantasy** A star piece at Sotheby's in 2001, this rare, dreamy 15th-century Mamluk tile will go on display in Toronto's new Aga Khan Museum in 2010.

BETWEEN THE TAURUS AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA

◁ While enjoying the delights of Mediterranean cruising, few travellers venture east of Antalya, intimidated perhaps by rumours of a wild hinterland that even Alexander the Great found hard to tame. Kate Clow had no such qualms. "Four hours' sailing takes us to Side, running eastwards with the imperceptible tide," she wrote. Her reward: the temples of Apollo and Athena, poised on the tip of the Side peninsula with elegant Hellenistic exuberance.

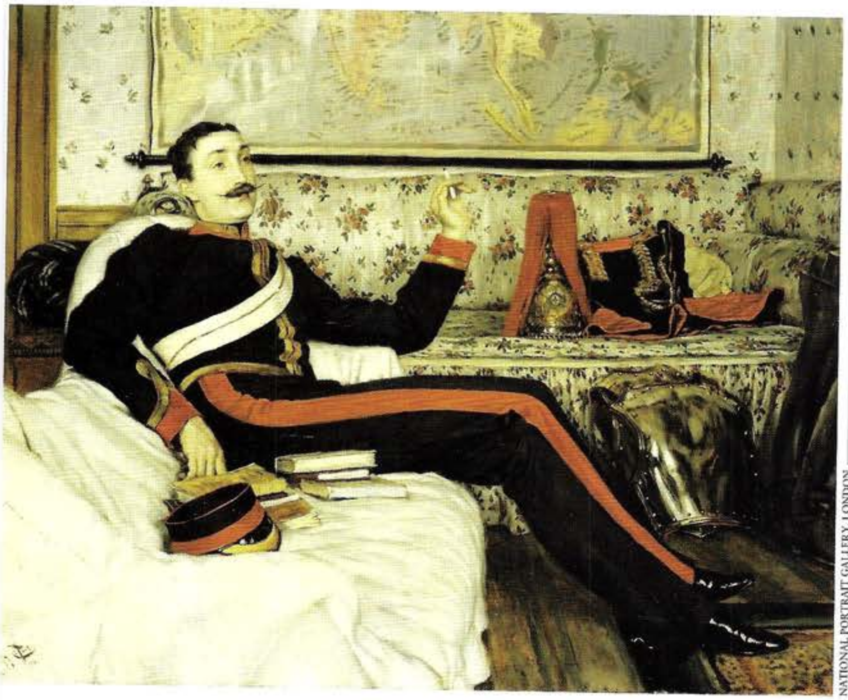


SOTHEBY'S, LONDON

TOPKAPI PALACE MUSEUM

RAPT IN SILK

△ Because of their role as diplomatic gifts, Turkish silks became a powerful international symbol, reflecting the power and influence of the Ottoman Empire. Silks were a major form of artistic expression, an important vehicle for the transmission of ideas and a key factor in the economy. Wars were fought for control of silk revenues. The cover story of Issue 23 celebrated a landmark book on the subject, *Ipek: Ottoman Imperial Silks and Velvets*. Many of the pieces in the book are from outside Turkey, notably Russia – for the Orthodox Church was one of the main buyers. These 16th-century kaftans are from the Topkapı Palace. On the left is one with the classic triple-dot *cintamani* design. On the right is a kaftan in quilted satin.



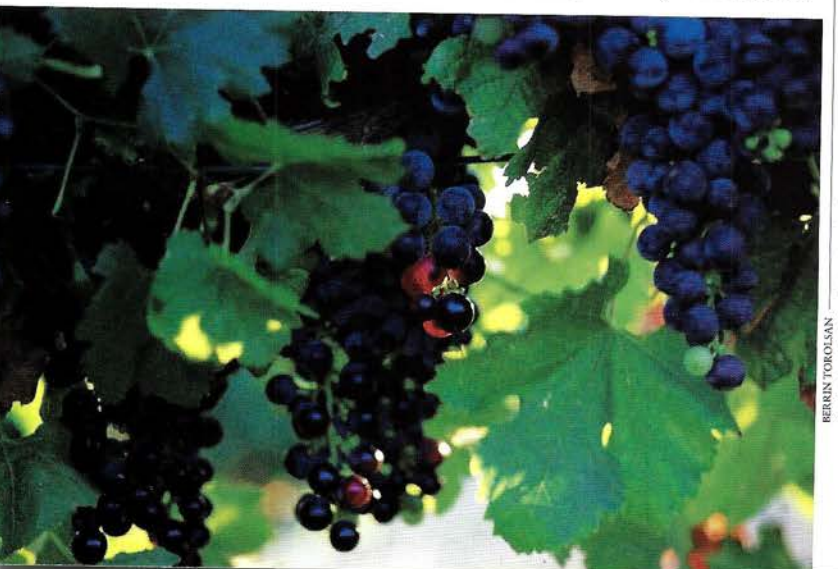
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

ISSUE 24: The Wild East
Anatolia's Arabian frontier...
Pope John XXIII in wartime Turkey...
The gallant Fred Burnaby...
Wines of Gallipoli...
Plus: Surefire soups

CORNUCOPIA
GREAT ESCAPES
MADDER QUEST
RAISING A GLASS
SUREFIRE SOUPS
THE WILD EAST

△ **Big friendly giant** At six foot four and 20 stone, Frederick Gustavus Burnaby (1842–85) was said to be the strongest man in Britain. The exploits of this maverick cavalry officer, explorer and erstwhile politician were the stuff of Victorian schoolboy fantasy. His memoirs of his travels in Turkey were best sellers in their day. As David Barchard revealed in this issue, the conversations Burnaby enjoyed en route still have a unique freshness today.

▽ **A toast to Gallipoli** A land of heroes from Homeric times to the First World War, for 3,000 years the Gallipoli peninsula has also prided itself on its wines. Kevin Gould raised a glass to Sarafin, a worthy new addition.

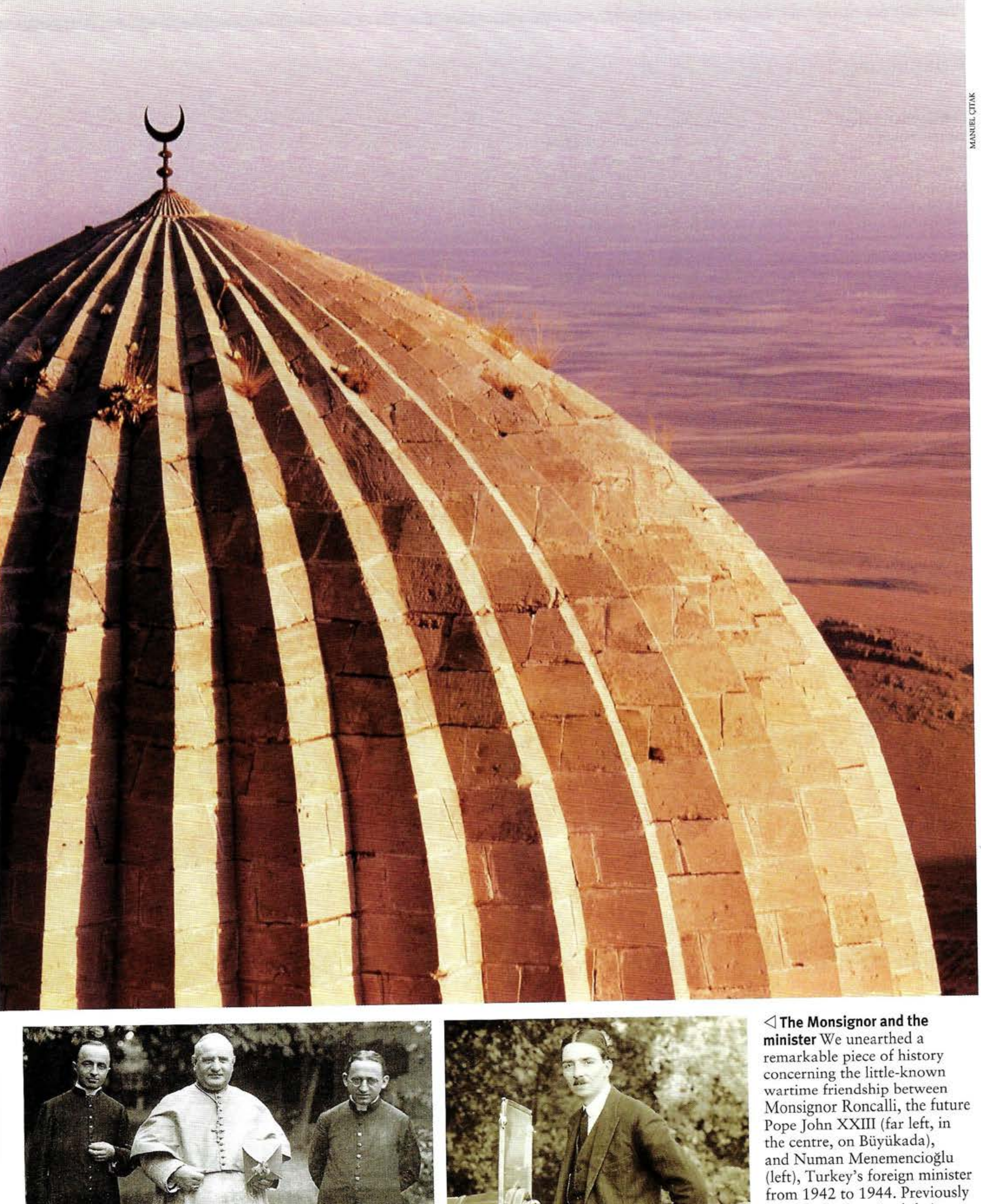


BERRIN TOROLSAN

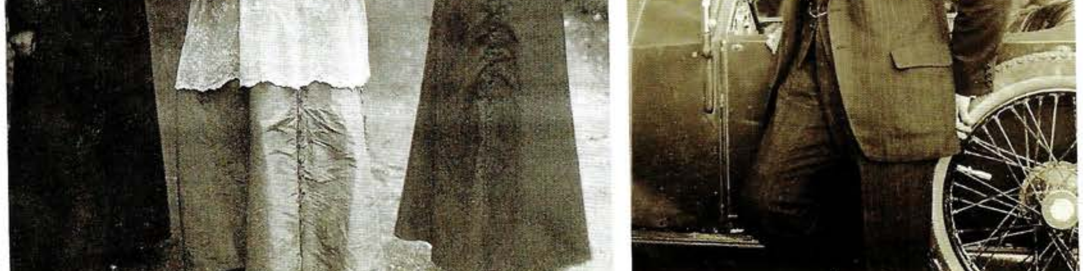
THE WILD EAST

△ Home to the world's oldest settlements, land of biblical prophets, the Tigris and Euphrates basin is a fabled but forgotten frontier. The majestic dome of Mardin's Ulu Cami (above) was built by the Seljuks in 1091. Min Hogg kept a wry diary during her expedition to this hard-baked corner of Anatolia: "The Euphrates, the Tigris, Mesopotamia and the cradle of civilisation were the evocative phrases that had drawn me into joining this trip across lands lying between the two great rivers and bordering Syria and Iraq to the south."

Clockwise from top left:
Fred Burnaby as a young officer in the Blues, painted by Tissot in 1870; the dome of the Ulu Cami in Mardin; the foreign minister Numan Menemencioğlu; his friend, the future Pope John XXIII, in Turkey in the 1950s; the grapes of Gallipoli



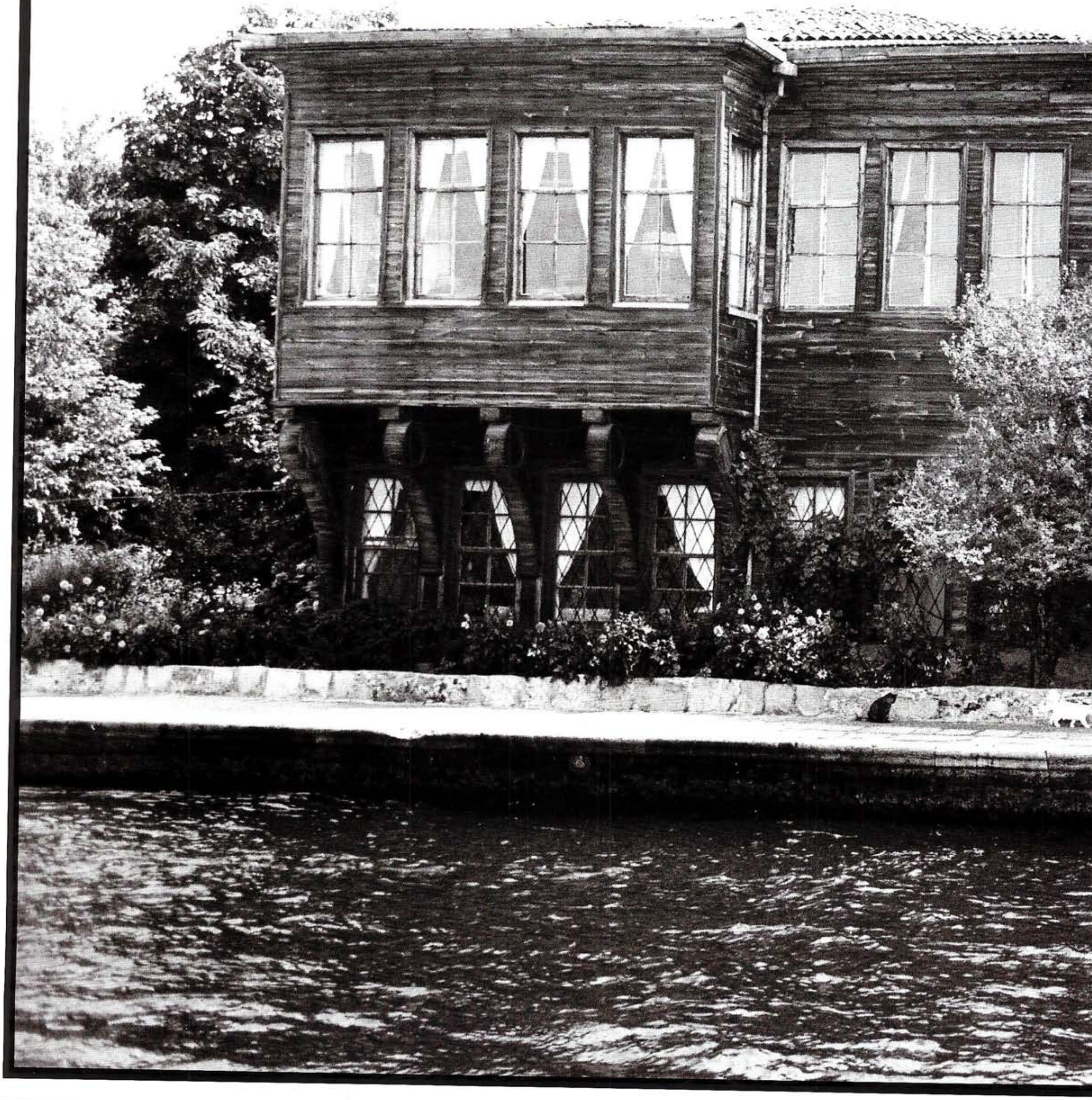
MANUEL ÇITAK



◁ **The Monsignor and the minister** We unearthed a remarkable piece of history concerning the little-known wartime friendship between Monsignor Roncalli, the future Pope John XXIII (far left, in the centre, on Büyükada), and Numan Menemencioğlu (left), Turkey's foreign minister from 1942 to 1944. Previously histories had omitted their most important collaboration: as Numan's nephew Osman Streater revealed, the pair saved 100,000 Jews from the Nazis.

Reflections on a lost summerhouse

After years of neglect, the Savfet Pasha Yalı became a much-loved, if leaky, home filled with the sound of classical music. Arlette Mellaart, who went to live there at the age of 15, recalled three happy decades spent in this fragile, bohemian setting: her stepfather's haughty mother, the cats and the rats, the bustling Bosphorus, the parties, the wartime intrigues and married life – all of it accompanied by her mother's piano-playing. The second oldest house on the Bosphorus, it was built on Istanbul's Asian shore in the mid-18th century. Shortly after it burnt down in 1976, its final owner, Kadri Cenani, Arlette's stepfather, died of a broken heart.



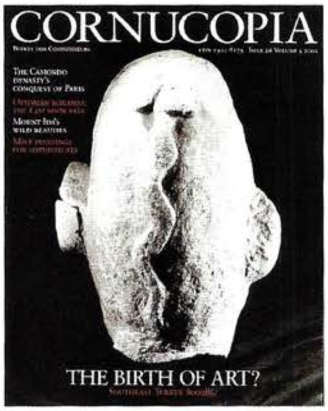
CORNUCOPIA
CHINESE HOARD
The sultans' stash of blue and white porcelain
ART OF LIGHTNESS
The visionary lens of Zafer Baran
ISSUE 25
SWEET TASTE OF EXCESS
BOHEMIA ON THE BOSPHORUS
CHESTNUT SOURCE

ISSUE 25: The Abstract Heart
Zafer Baran's mesmeric photographs...
The swansong of a Bosphorus Yalı...
The orchid-hunters...
The odyssey of the Topkapı's priceless blue-and-white porcelain...
Antioch, ancient and modern...
Plus: Street's Crimean Memorial Church...
The real home of the marron glacé...
Georgian wines

THE ORCHID HUNTERS

▽ They are a dedicated breed, but not all orchid hunters share the same agenda. Some are driven to record in minute detail the glory of Turkey's orchid species – all 148 of them at the last count. Others are more interested in consuming them. One of the biggest threats to orchids comes from digging up the tubers to make *Maraş dondurması*, a glutinous ice cream named after the city of Maraş in southeast Turkey, and the warming drink *sahlep*. "I admit that both the ice cream and the drink are delicious," wrote the botanist Andrew Byfield, who went in search of orchids from coast to coast, through mountain, marsh and meadow. "But unfortunately I am not the only one to think so. One estimate puts the annual collection of tubers at around 30 million." The gleaming white flowers of the helleborine orchid *Cephalanthera epipactoides* (below), brighten a shady low pine forest in western Anatolia.

ANDREW BYFIELD


CORNUCOPIA
The Camondo dynasty's conquest of Paris
Mount Ida's wild beauties
THE BIRTH OF ART?

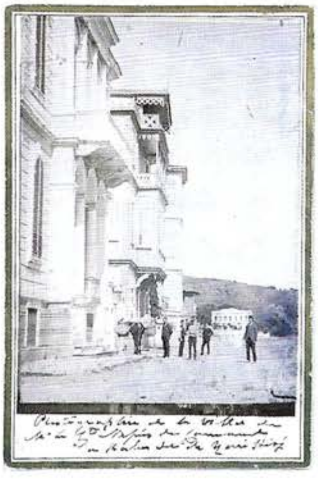
ISSUE 26: The Birth of Art
Why southeast Turkey's Neolithic sites are rewriting history...
The Hôtel Nissim de Camondo in Paris...
The fabulous flora of Mount Ida...
Emin Barın's calligraphy...
Plus: The milky way – celestial puddings

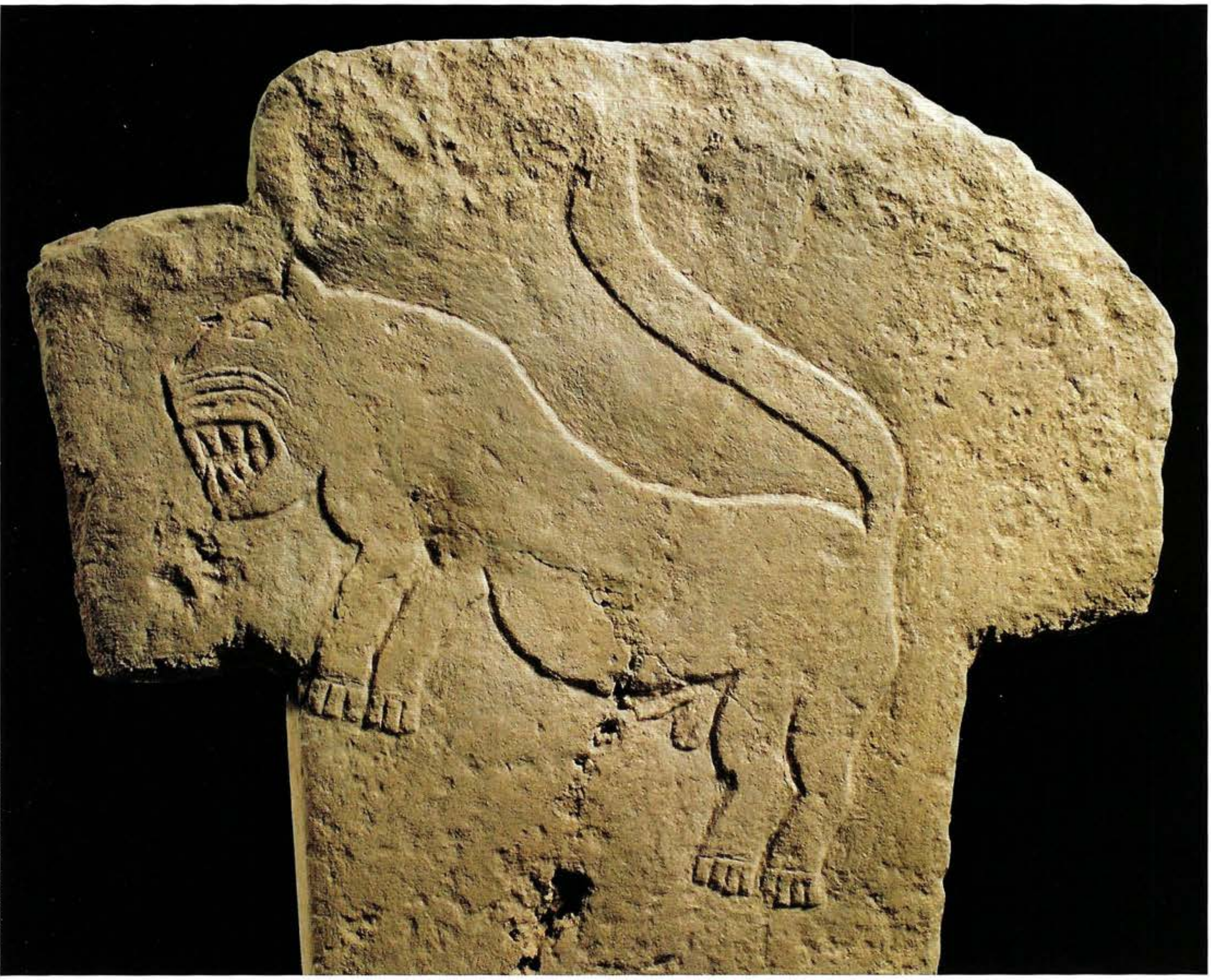
THE SHOCK OF THE OLD

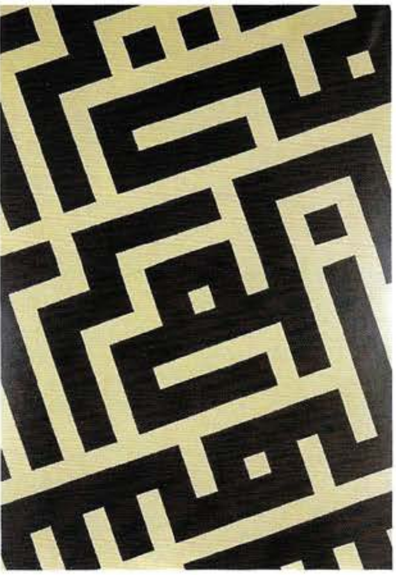
△▷ The feline carving opposite, from the 9th millennium BC, is one of the earliest pieces of religious art ever discovered. And it suggests that civilisation itself was born in the foothills of the Taurus Mountains. The late Harald Hauptmann, who with Klaus Schmidt led the team that unearthed this find at Göbekli Tepe, near the city of Urfa, explained why the early Neolithic sites of southeastern Turkey are rewriting history. The lion rampant belongs to a pillar in a sanctuary still being excavated by German archaeologists. Earlier discoveries were made at Nevali Çori (above). The rising waters of the Atatürk Reservoir, seen in the distance, would submerge it for ever in 1972.

Clockwise from above: **Nevali Çori before the flood; a rampant lion, 8000BC; a flowering caper on Mount Ida; modern Kufic; the Camondos' pad in Yeniköy; a forest orchid**

▽ **Treasures of a lost dynasty**
The Camondos, "the Rothschilds of the East", owned great tracts of Istanbul. Below are their twin yalıs in Yeniköy. In 1869 they moved to Paris, establishing a collection of exquisite 18th-century French art in the rue de Monçeau. Bequeathing it to the nation in 1935 did not save them from Auschwitz. The museum is all that survives of a magnificent but short-lived dynasty.



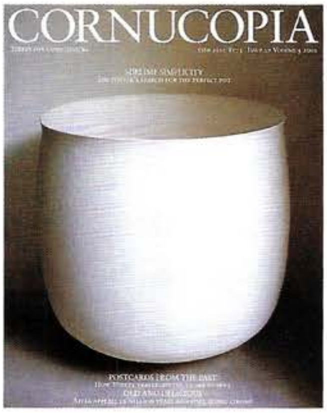




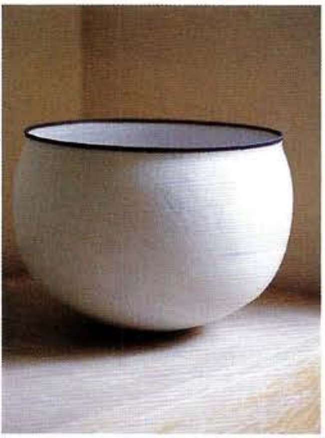
◁ **The art of letter-writing** Emin Barın studied typography in Weimar in the 1930s, arriving shortly after the Bauhaus had been forcibly closed. Beautifully executed examples of Turkish writing in Roman lettering are the fruit of his German studies. He also created an entirely new language for calligraphy, using the Kufic script. On the left is his bold rendering of a *Besmele*.

▷ **Wild about Ida** Above the plain of Troy is a paradise for wild flowers. Martyn Rix prospected Mount Ida from cool, damp north to hot, dry south, finding dwarf flax, giant hogweed, wild capers (right) – and plants that grow nowhere else in the world.

MARTYN RIX



ISSUE 27: Sublime Simplicity
Quest for the perfect pot...
The dramatic art of the Chora...
Stratford Canning and the Sultan...
Savouring the slow
Pamukkale Express...
Plus: Güllaç, fine fast food...
Apples old and delicious...
Postcards from the past



JEAN MARIE DEL MORAL

PLATONIC BOWL

△ Alev Ebüzziya Siesbye's pots have an ideal serenity and a timeless beauty. But their cool simplicity belies the passion that goes into creating them. Alistair McAlpine met the artist in her Paris studio.

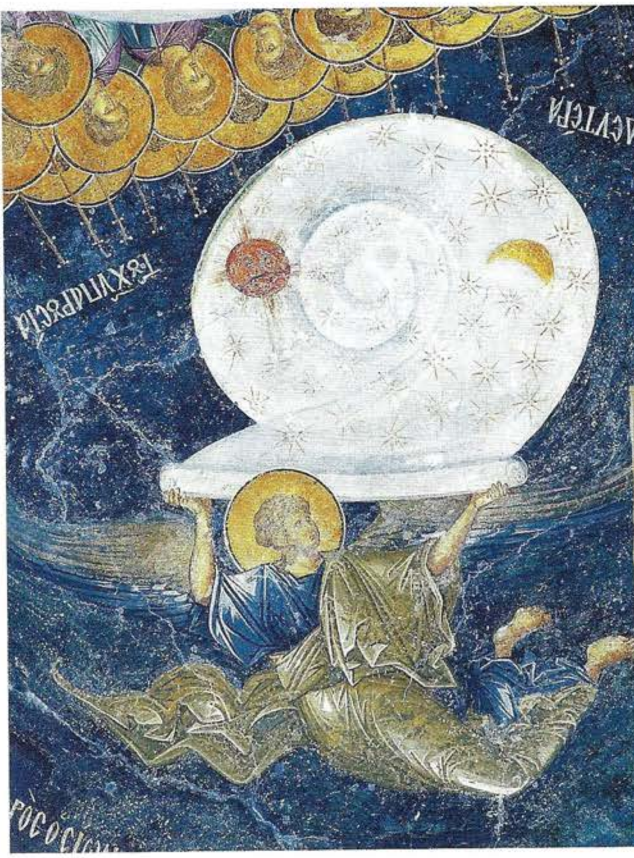
▷ **Fine fast food** Most fast food is heavy, greasy and bad for your health. *Güllaç* pancakes, by contrast, are beautiful, organza-thin leaves, light as a feather and made from the simplest ingredients. What's more, they keep for an age. Berrin Torolsan saw the best *güllaç* in the making.

unipro
unipro

BERRIN TOROLSAN

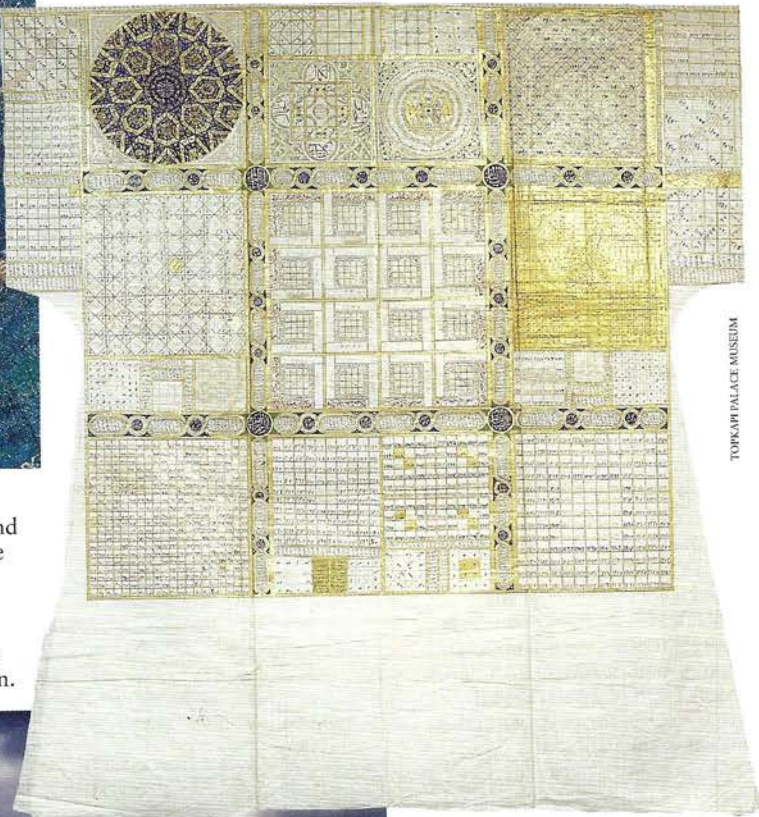
DRAMA IN THE ROUND

◁The dramatic frescoes and mosaics of Istanbul's Kariye Camii, or Church of the Chora, blew away the stiff conventions of Byzantine art. Their energy leaves Giotto looking staid. But they are now in danger of turning to dust. The powerful pictures in this issue were from a book by Robert Ousterhout, who fell in love with the church 25 years ago. Here he made a passionate case for preserving this 14th-century masterpiece. One of the most famous details (left) depicts the Angel of the Lord rolling up the Scroll of Heaven at the end of time. The scroll resembles a snail and is decorated with the sun, moon and stars.



SCALA / ARCHAEOLOGY AND ART PUBLICATIONS

▷ **Talismanic shirts** The star piece of a small Topkapı show, this shirt was made in the 15th century for the son of Mehmet the Conqueror, Cem Sultan, who died in exile and never wore it. It is of the most delicate cotton, chintzed to a smooth, paper-like surface, then inscribed in red, blue and black inks and gold leaf. The inscriptions are of Koranic verses, the names of God, astrological signs and other symbols set out in geometric patterns for divine protection.



TOPKAPI PALACE MUSEUM

KEREM UZEL

TIME TRAVELLING

◁Travelling on the Pamukkale Express between Denizli and Istanbul is a comfortable exercise in nostalgia. Jane Taka was lulled by the charms of the sleeper train as it snailed across the plains of western Anatolia.

Top left: the Kariye's Angel of the Lord rolls up the scroll of heaven at the end of time.
Above: Cem Sultan's 15th-century magical cotton shirt.
Left: a view from the Pamukkale Express. Opposite: the perfect bowl, by Alev Ebüzziya Siesbye (left); feather-light *güllaç* (right)

CORNUCOPIA

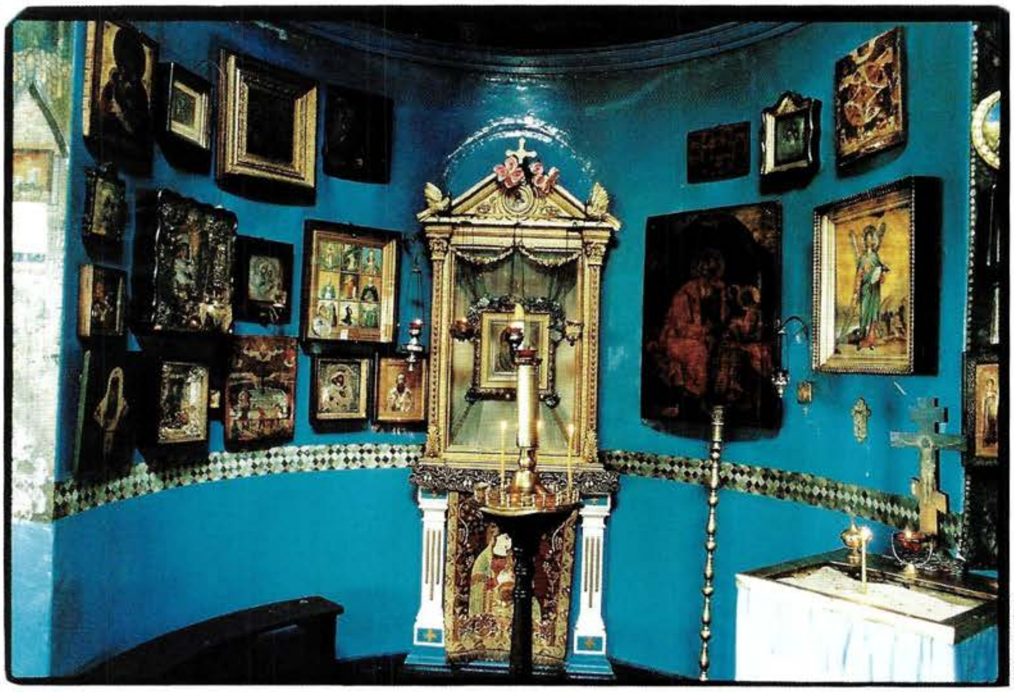
ISSUE 28:
Peoples of the Black Sea

Portraits from another age...
Russians in Istanbul: the Tsar's rooftop churches...
Fishing with Trotsky...
The Kaçkars on foot...
Falling for Georgia...
Plus: Zonaro's fin-de-siècle Istanbul...
Fine filigree...
Golden ways with carrots

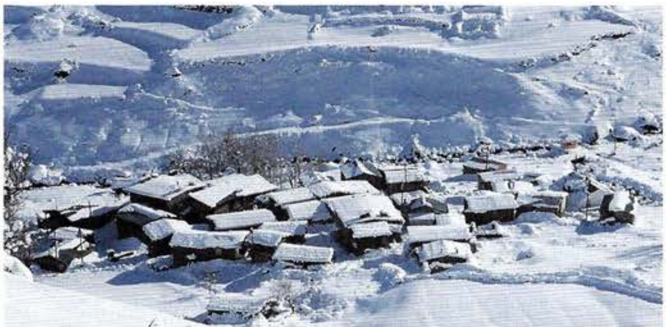
CAPTURING THE BLACK SEA

▷▷ The Russian love affair with the exotic peoples on its borders has been long and cruel, though the outside world knows little of the multitude of ethnic groups who for millennia have inhabited the northern and eastern shores of the Black Sea. In 2001, however, a remarkable catalogue was published. It revealed a unique collection of artefacts that have stood for years gathering dust in the vaults of a St Petersburg museum. Robert Chenciner introduced a selection of poignant photographs from the catalogue. Opposite, a young Crimean bride, in the centre, and her sisters-in-law wear silk dresses with lace ruffs and cuffs, heavy jewellery and gold talismans.

Opposite: **an early-20th-century Crimean wedding party.**
Right, from top: **rows of icons gleam against startling blue paint in the Russian Church of St Andrew in Karaköy; a summer settlement *(yayla)* in the Kaçkars, snowbound in November; a fine stone bridge at Davalı Yaylası on the road to the high pastures**



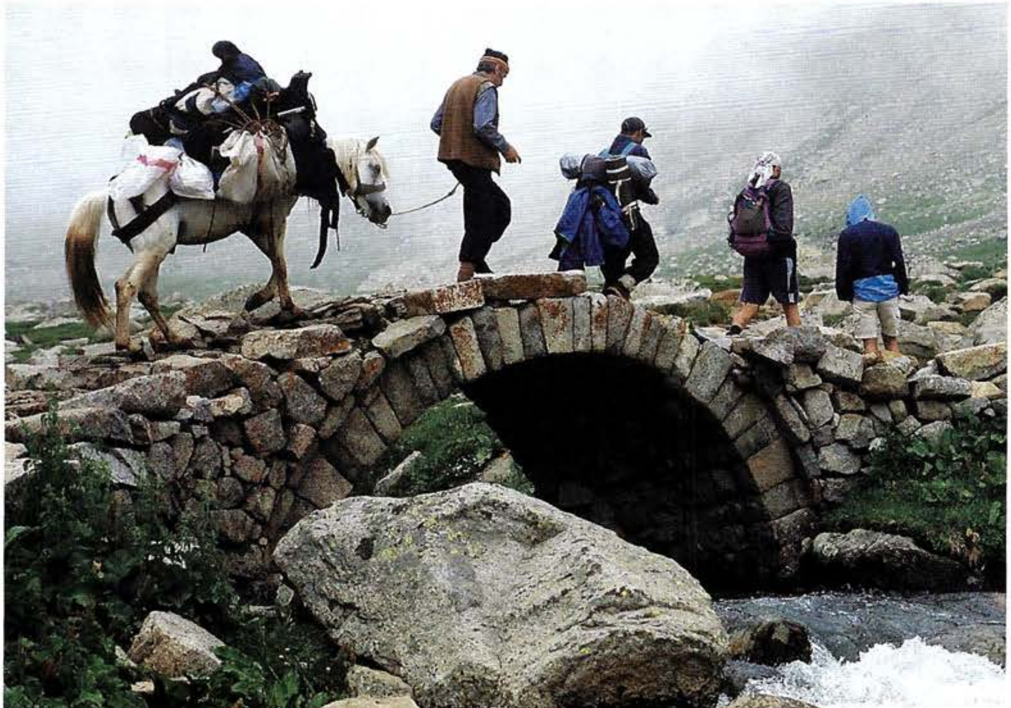
SIMON WHEELER

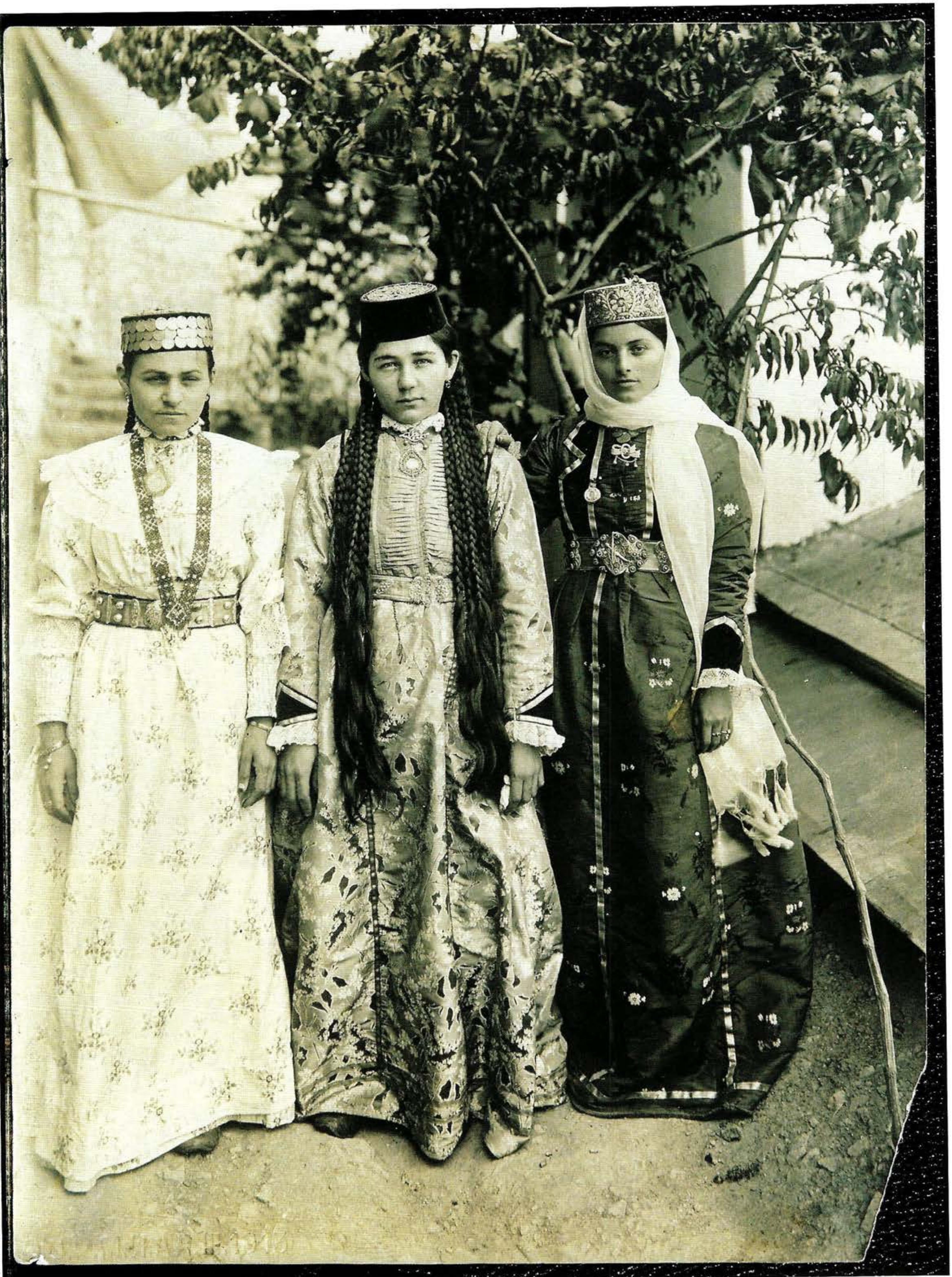


KATE CLOW

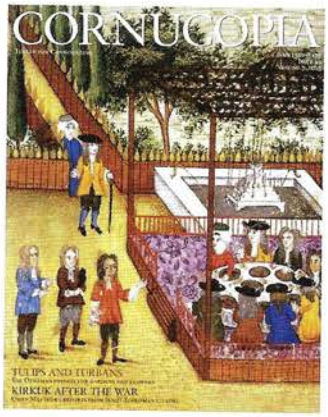
△ **Dome from dome** Built as way-stations for Orthodox pilgrims on their way to the Holy Land or Mount Athos, the rooftop Russian churches of Karaköy are a forgotten corner of the motherland in the heart of Istanbul.

◁▽ **Peak perfomance** Turkey's Kaçkar Mountains, a daunting extension of the Caucasus, are only for the intrepid. Kate Clow took advantage of the short trekking season to scale two of the saw-edged summits.





RUSSIAN MUSEUM OF ETHNOGRAPHY, ST PETERSBURG

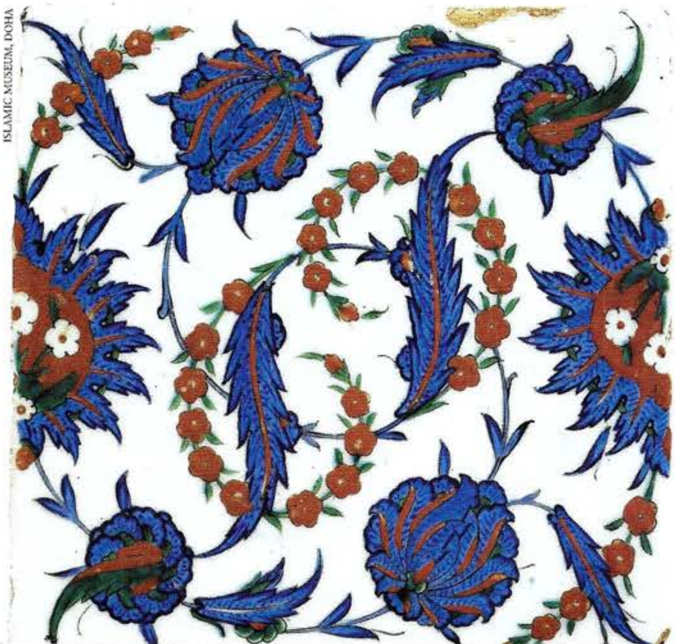


ISSUE 29: Ottoman Gardens
How gardens became an art form…
A modern house in old Kalkan…
Ottoman Kirkuk after the war…
Plus: The earliest photographs of Istanbul…
Tomatoes, capsules of sunshine…
At home with the Virgin Mary

SOLAR POWER

▽ Red peppers, chillies, maize and sunflowers set the Mediterranean ablaze with their pungent flavours and fiery colours. Of all the Aztecs' gifts to Turkish and European cuisine, it is the tomato that tastes most of the sun. *Salça* (from the Spanish *salsa*) is made all over Turkey, prepared either by cooking the fruit down to a pulp in a cauldron or by leaving fresh tomato purée out on trays in the sun to bake and thicken.

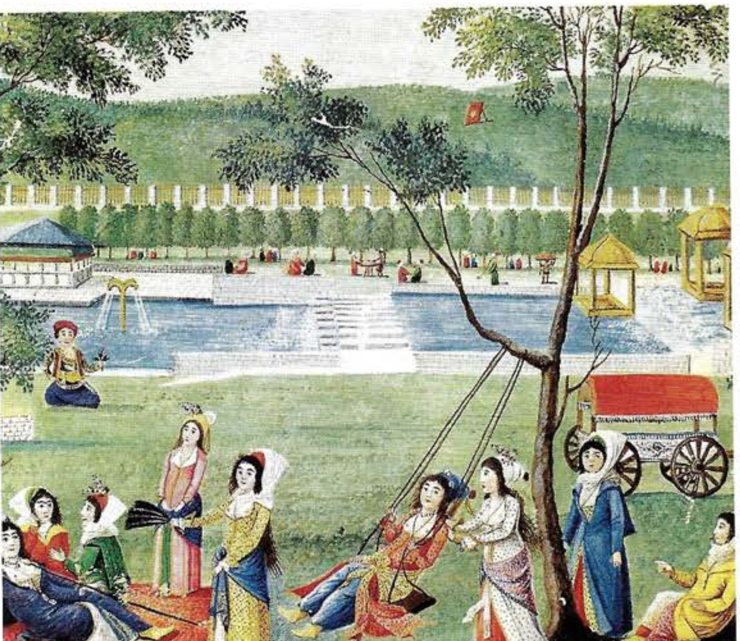
BERRIN TOROLSAN


ISLAMIC MUSEUM, DOHA

◁ **Shades of Iznik** When this tile was made, around 1575, Iznik potters had developed a full mastery of colour. Hues of viridian green join cobalt, strong tomato red and (elsewhere) turquoise. The design of arabesque saz leaves, peonies and spiral stems is also outstanding – naturalistic yet stylised, graceful, dynamic and beautifully balanced. This year Qatar opens a new Museum of Islamic Art in its capital, Doha. This tile was part of a taster in Doha in 2003: a small, perfectly formed show of 34 pieces spanning the entire two centuries of Iznik art from 1480. Godfrey Goodwin gave a personal appraisal of the exceptional catalogue.

JAMES MORTIMER

TOPKAPI PALACE MUSEUM

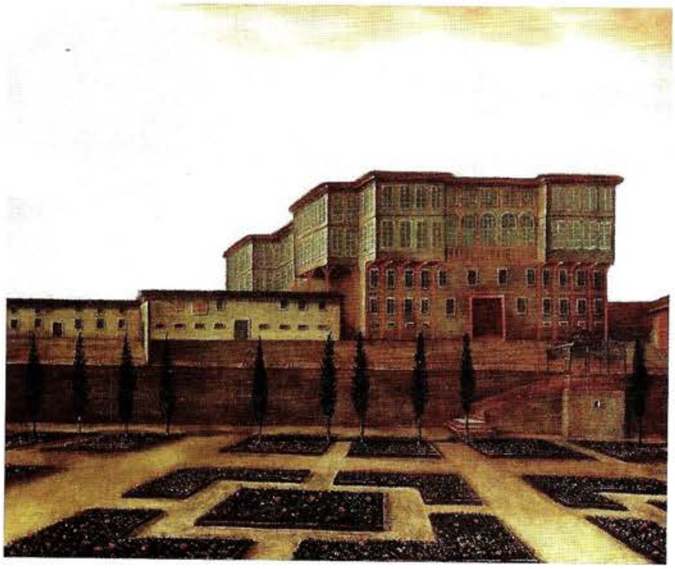


THE OTTOMAN PLEASURE GARDEN

◁The Ottomans were not only passionate about flowers. They turned the enjoyment of gardens into an art form. John Carswell leafed through a lavish volume that unlocks the gate to the pleasure grounds of Istanbul's Ottoman palaces. It includes this 18th-century miniature of women at their ease in the grounds of the Palace of Saadabad, at the head of the Golden Horn. Letters to the Grand Vizier from the new Turkish ambassador to Versailles inspired the canal, with its cascade and fountains.

△ **The house on the hill** Dipping into a Mediterranean idyll, Stephen and Nina Solarz have built a haven high above the harbour at Kalkan. Andrew Finkel paid them a visit. "You can feel it in the harbour. There's plenty of sun and sea on Turkey's Mediterranean shore. But Kalkan has the buzz."

Clockwise from above: an infinity pool overlooks the bay of Kalkan; the palace grounds of Saadabad; a graceful Iznik tile; jars of tomato *salça* by an old fountain in Gallipoli



CORNUCOPIA
EARLY JOURNEYS
HEART OF A NOMAD
EYE OF A PIONEER
SOUL OF THE EMPIRE

ISSUE 30: Early journeys
A Fifties expedition to Lake Van and beyond...
Josephine Powell, an American nomad...
Jean Baptiste Vanmour's visions of Istanbul...
The Turks of Thrace...
Plus: Jerusalem artichokes...
The Hôtel Lamballe in Paris

PAINTER IN THE PALACE

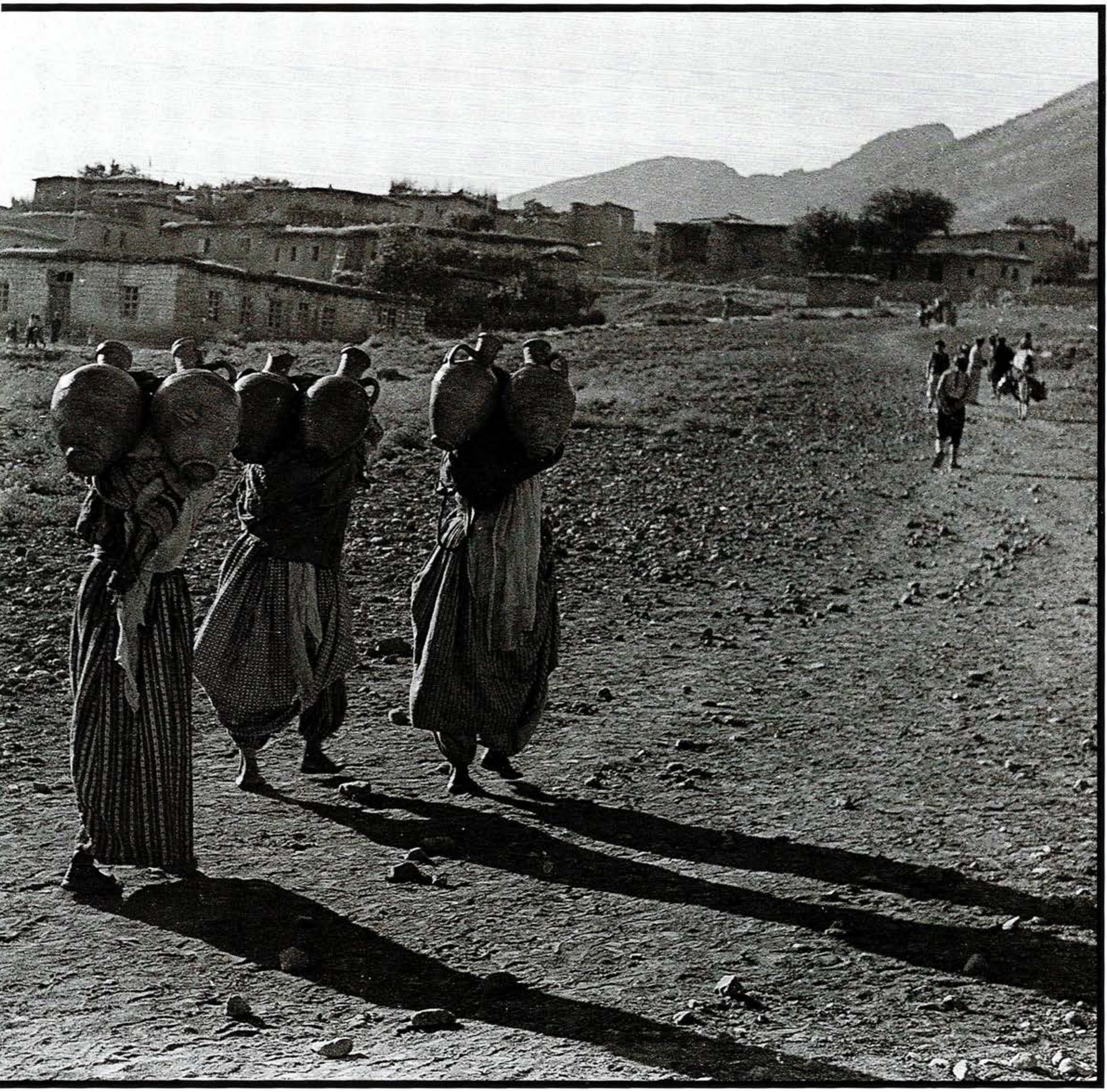
△ The pictures that fired Europe's imagination with visions of Istanbul and the Ottoman court returned to the city for the first time in 250 years, for an exhibition at the Topkapı Palace. Philip Mansel enjoyed the extraordinary paintings of Jean Baptiste Vanmour, whose patron, Cornelis Calcoun, the Dutch ambassador, resided in the house above. Overleaf is the view from the terrace garden, with the Topkapı Palace on the right, and the Bosphorus stretching into the distance.

▽ **Fruits of the earth** There's nothing grand about the Jerusalem artichoke, wrote Berrin Torolsan. The plant thrives on benign neglect, and its gnarled tubers look humble enough. Do not be deceived: its flavour is a revelation – subtle, sweet and irresistible.

BERRIN TOROLSAN

BEYOND THE EUPHRATES

△Until 1950, no travellers were permitted to cross the Euphrates. Southeast Turkey was simply out of bounds. Among the first to visit when restrictions were finally lifted was the photographer Cafer Türkmen. Travelling by train, truck, Jeep and mule, he discovered a place of dramatic beauty and a way of life barely changed for millennia. Türkmen's pictures of this remote land, to which we devoted 30 pages, are all the more poignant because roads would soon be built and villages of stone and adobe would vanish beneath concrete. He told the story of these ground-breaking journeys, and how the picture here of women returning from the well with water was taken in the saddle as his party was leaving Eruh for Siirt on horseback in the early morning.

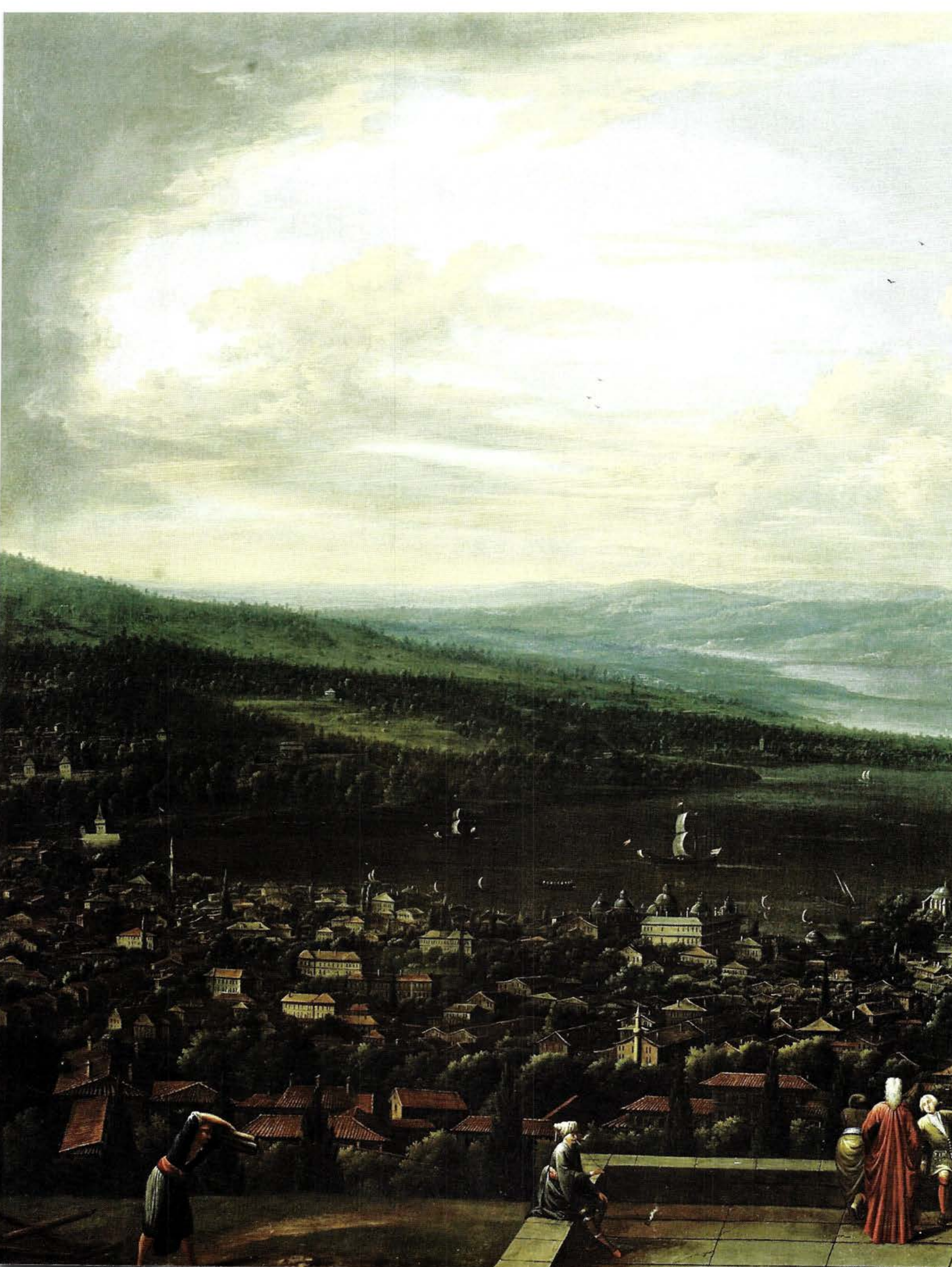


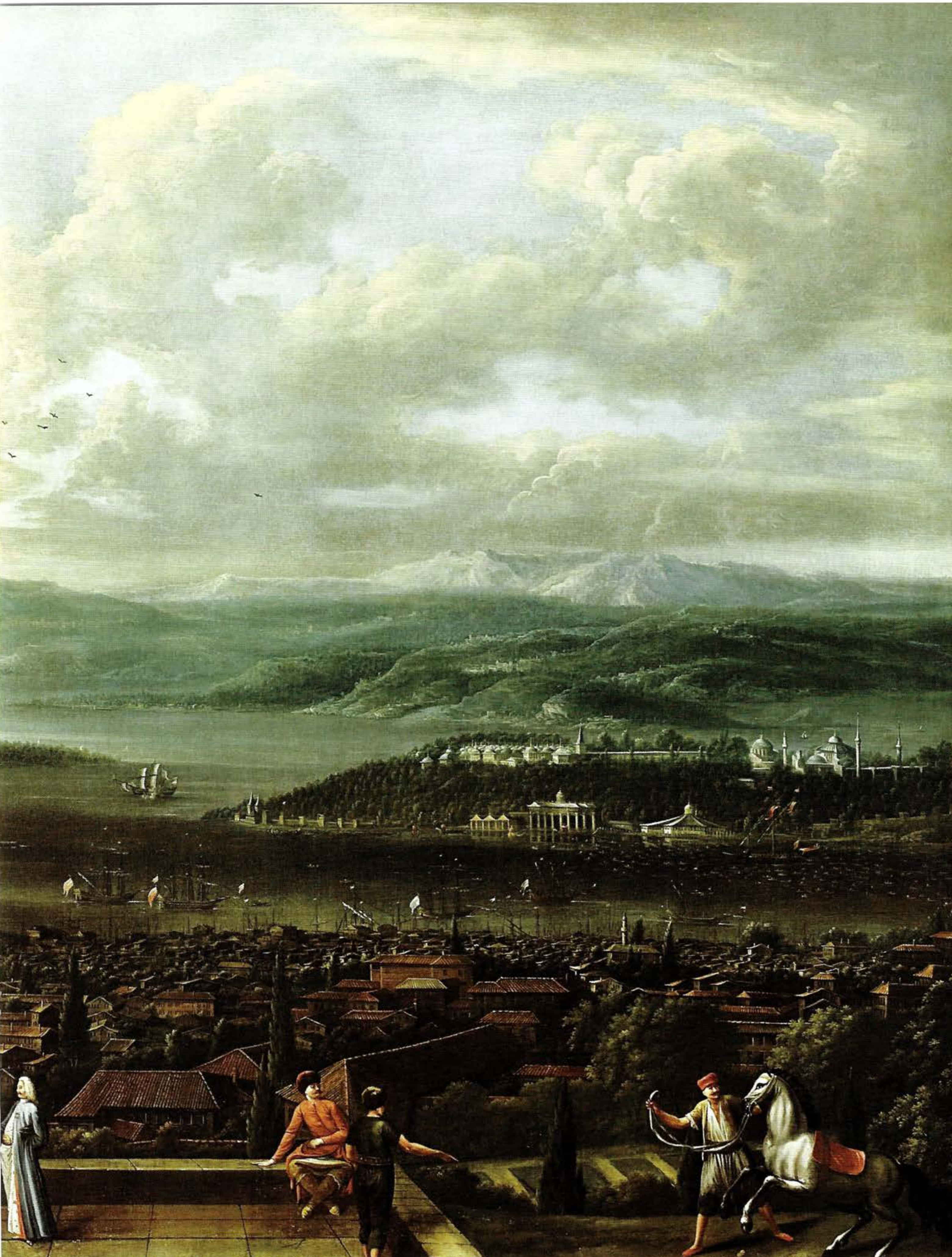
CAFER TÜRKMEN ARCHIVE

◁ **An American nomad** "The opportunities arose. Life just seemed to ooze." There was no road map in the life of Josephine Powell. As restless as the nomadic tribes she followed, she simply let things happen. But along the way, she became a photographer and an expert on the nomads of Turkey and their textiles. Ready for anything, Powell is photographed here at the start of her adventures in 1956.

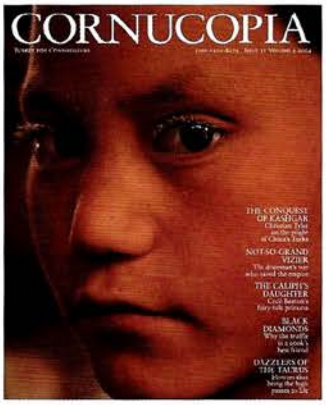
In 1960 she was riding back from the minaret of Jam, the famous Seljuk monument near Herat in Afghanistan, with Sila, her Belgian sheepdog, tucked in her saddlebag. Her own monument is the extensive collection of photographs she took during these years, all them annotated. It is an archive divided between the Fogg Library in Harvard and Istanbul's Research Centre for Anatolian Civilization. Josephine Powell died in February 2007, in the same month as Cafer Türkmen (see Beyond the Euphrates, left).

Above: **women of Eruh, 1952, by Cafer Türkmen.**
Left: **the redoubtable Josephine Powell.**
Opposite below: **a field near Beypazarı, west of Ankara, aglow with Jerusalem artichoke flowers.**
Opposite top: **the Dutch embassy in Istanbul, by Vanmour.**
Overleaf: **the Bosphorus from the embassy garden. Both circa 1727**





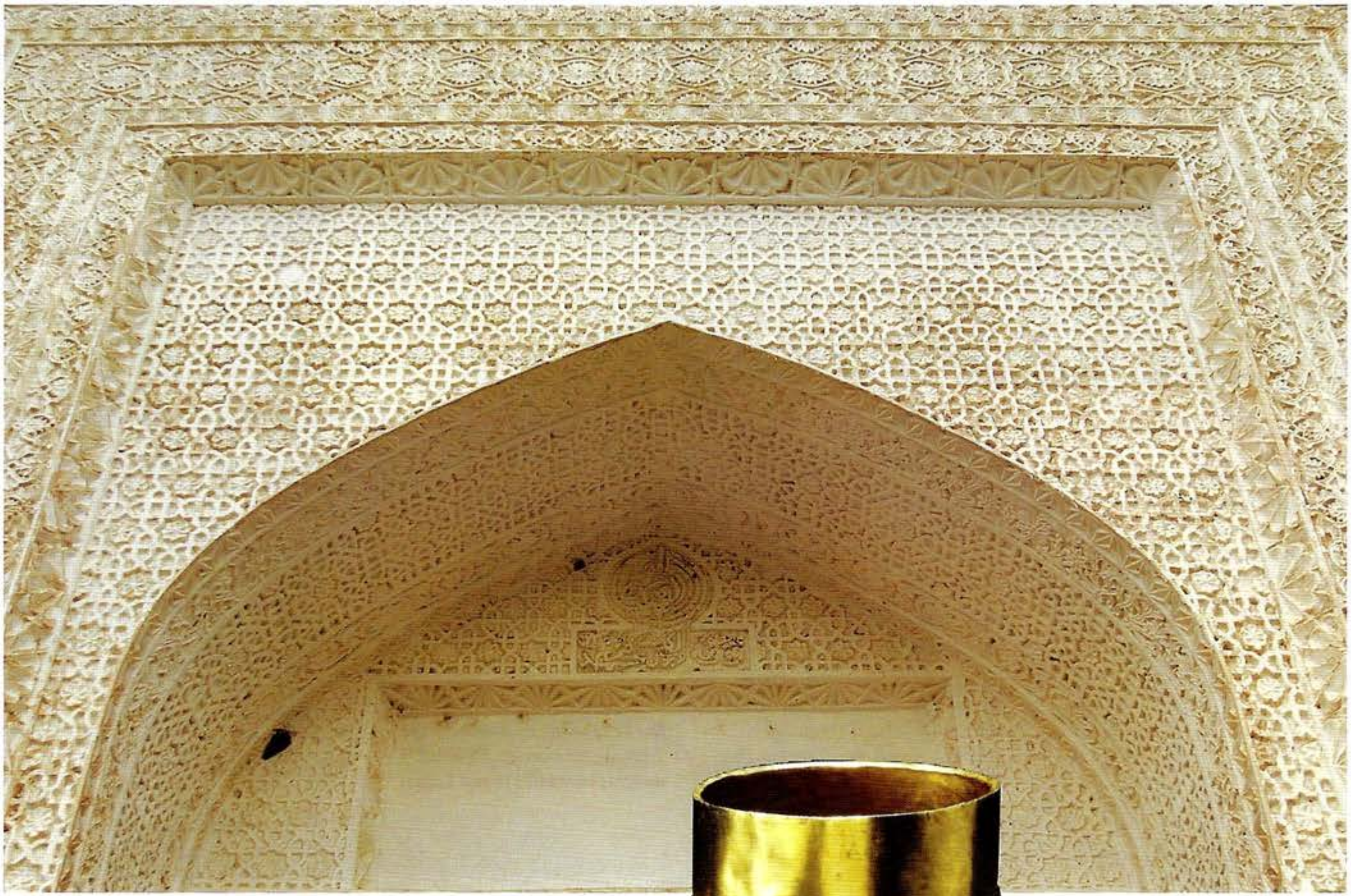
CECIL BEATON ARCHIVE, SOTHEBY'S



ISSUE 31: China's Wild West
Travels in eastern Turkestan...
The Caliph's daughter:
Cecil Beaton's fairy-tale princess...
The doorman's son who
saved the Empire...
Dazzling flora of the high Taurus...
Plus: Truffles, the cook's
best friend...
Vintage Cappadocia

THE TURKS OF CHINA

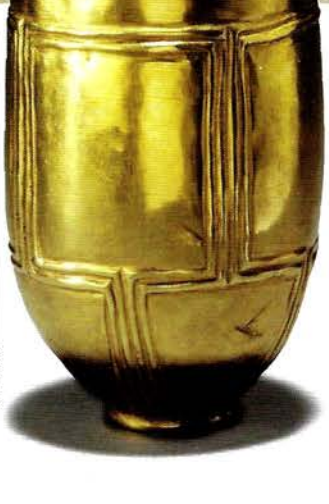
▽ "In the centre of the Asian landmass," wrote Christian Tyler, "enclosed by towering mountain ranges and scoured by desert winds, lies a strange, wild place called Xinjiang. The native inhabitants are citizens of the People's Republic of China. But they are not Chinese. You can see it in their faces. You can see it also in the names of their landmarks: a mountain is *tagh*, water is *su*, lake is *kül*. Their language is Turkic, their script Arabic, their architecture Persian and their religion is Islam." The mausoleum of Mahmud Kashgari (below) is in a village southwest of Kashgar, within sight of the beautiful Pamir Mountains. The 11th-century poet, regarded as the father of Uighur literature, compiled the first Turkic dictionary. He wrote of the Turks that God himself gave them their name and put them in charge of "troublemakers in the east" – presumably the Chinese.


ASHLEY GILBERTSON

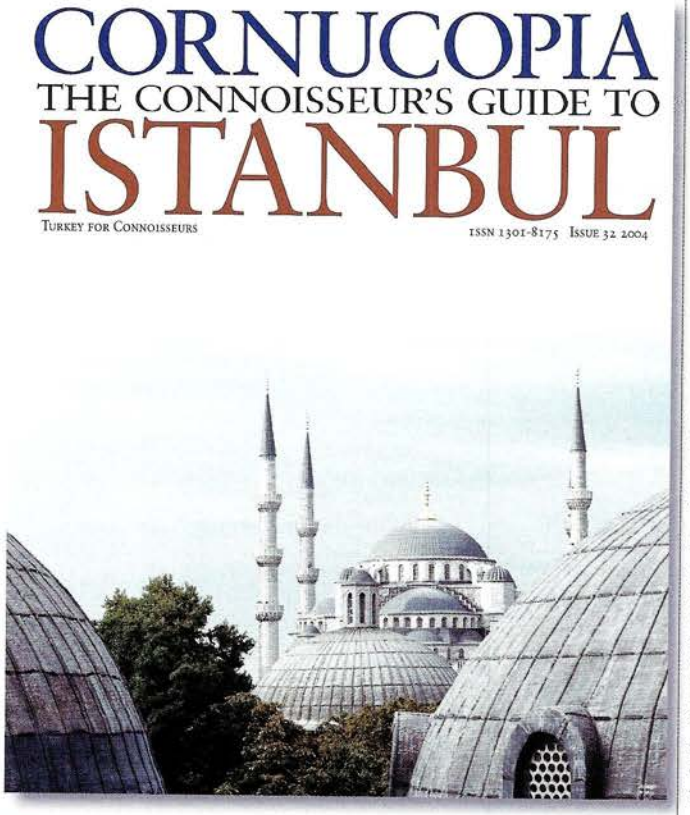
THE CALIPH'S DAUGHTER

◁ "She is, I believe, six foot tall, so she towers over the tallest. In spite of her queenly and dignified figure, she has a modest and somewhat timid air," observed the novelist Halide Edip. "She spoke Urdu quite fluently, and English like a native. That she was Turkish once I remembered when she called her pretty son 'my sugar', in Turkish. As she has never been in Purdah, she moves around freely." The life of H.I.H. Dürrüşehvar Sultan, Princess of Berar and wife of the Nizam of Hyderabad, is the stuff of fairy tales. Omar Khalidi told the story of the daughter of the last Caliph.

Opposite: Cecil Beaton's 1944 portrait of the Princess of Berar. Above: the tomb of Mahmud Kashgari in Kashgar, western China. Right: a Bronze Age vessel from a tomb on Imbros


SOTHEBY'S

◁**The Imbros Cup** In *The Iliad*, the gods drink from golden cups on Mount Olympus. The owner of this gold cup would hold his own in death among the immortals in the Elysian fields. Now dated c2500BC, it was first sold at Sotheby's in 1918. A Royal Navy party chanced upon the cup on the Aegean island of Imbros (Gökçeada) while they were building an obelisk to comrades fallen at Gallipoli – unwittingly on an ancient burial mound.



CORNUCOPIA
THE CONNOISSEUR'S GUIDE TO
ISTANBUL
TURKEY FOR CONNOISSEURS

ISSN 1301-8175 ISSUE 32 2004

JÜRGEN FRANK

ISSUE 32: The Connoisseur's Guide to Istanbul
A 160-page portrait celebrating the city in all its glory – the palaces and pavilions, mosques and markets, shops and shrines, waterways and watering holes. With photographs by Jürgen Frank

ISTANBUL: ANOTHER VIEW

For centuries the centre of Europe's largest empire, Istanbul measures 100 miles from west to east: only from the air is its size apparent. This special guide started in the city's historic core, home to its palaces and bazaars, before crossing the Golden Horn to the new city – the European quarter – and heading up the Bosphorus and out to the islands.

BOUNTY OF THE BOSPHORUS

▷ The Eskimos have a hundred words for snow and *Istanbullus* have a whole lexicon for fish. Surrounded by four seas and generously endowed with rivers and lakes, Turkey has a huge abundance of fish, but for the *Istanbullu* nothing can compare with the fish of the Bosphorus. Every spring great shoals swim up through the strait to breed in the deep, cool waters of the Black Sea, returning south at the end of summer to the warmer Sea of Marmara and the Mediterranean. These twice-yearly visitors to Istanbul are the stars of the gastronomic world, explained Berrin Torolsan, and have made the Bosphorus famous for its fish. At a stand in Beykoz (right), anchovies, mackerel, baby turbot, *palamut* (bonito) and mullet are lovingly displayed on trays lined with dark fig leaves to accentuate their silvery glitter.

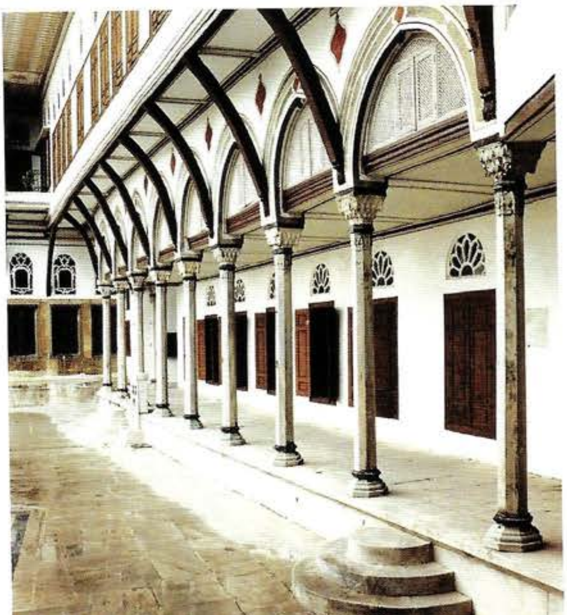
Clockwise from right: fish from the Bosphorus; the harem of the Topkapı; rose-scented Turkish delight; Istanbul's Grand Bazaar

BERRIN TOROLSAN

◁ **The Grand Bazaar** Istanbul's bazaars are vast cities in themselves. Here were three of the best: the Grand Bazaar of Mehmet the Conqueror, the aromatic Spice Bazaar and the gritty metalworkers' market across the Golden Horn. In this bird's-eye view of the Grand Bazaar (left), the Blue Mosque stands out in the distance against the Sea of Marmara.

▷ **The Spice Bazaar** Here is a treat for the senses: saffron, caviar, garlands of dried fruit and vegetables, spices, pistachios, henna, attar of roses, Turkish coffee, herbal teas, honey from the east and rose-scented Turkish delight.

JÜRGEN FRANK



◁ **The Harem** The cloistered Courtyard of the Favourites is in the harem of the Topkapı Palace, residence of the Ottoman sultans for some 400 years. As the Connoisseur's Guide explained, "The palace still preserves the memory of a military encampment. It is a complex of buildings and kiosks arranged in a series of adjacent courtyards and appears designed to preserve the privacy and mystery of the royal household."

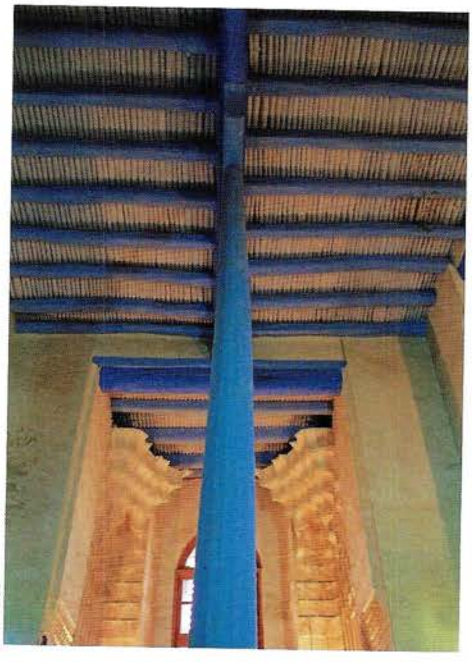
CORNUCOPIA
GREAT EXHIBITIONS
LONDON
BRUSSELS

ISSUE 33: Great Exhibitions

Turks at London's Royal Academy...
10,000 years of Anatolian women in Brussels...
Min Hogg on Samarkand...
How the Kirghiz came to Van...
Kate Clow in St Paul's footsteps...
Plus: The top ten böreks

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

△ After years of wandering in western China, Afghanistan and Pakistan, a group of Kirghiz have finally made a lasting home in the highlands of eastern Anatolia. The historian Hasan Ali Karasar, who witnessed their arrival as a boy in Van, recounted an extraordinary tale.

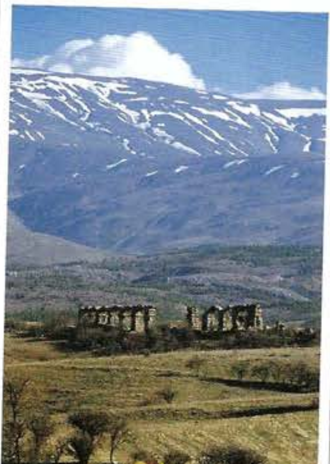


MIN HOGG

◁ **Speechless in Samarkand**
The most wondrous tiled dome, the biggest and best ever food bazaar, the most handsome man in the world… Uzbekistan, discovered Min Hogg, inspires a profusion of superlatives, even as you tangle with the transport. In Samarkand, Tamerlane's fabled capital, she found herself lost for words.

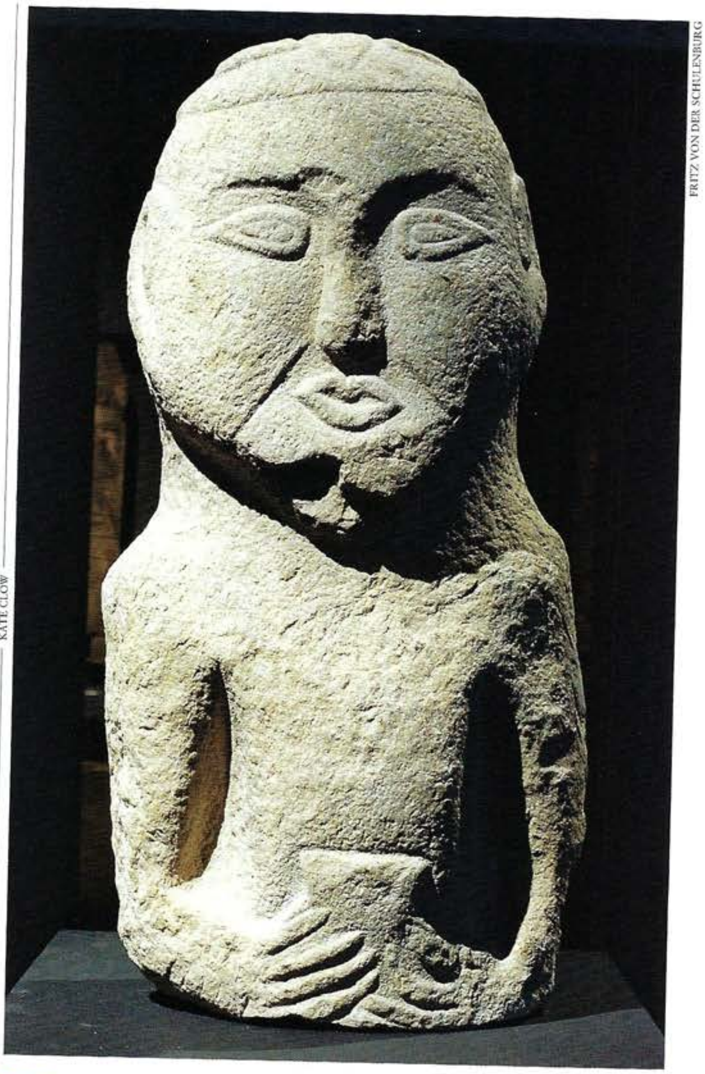
WALKING THE TAURUS

▽ Kate Clow, creator of Turkey's first official walking route, has done it again. Caroline Finkel joined her on the new St Paul Trail, which crosses the giant Taurus range in southern Turkey. The walk ends at the colony of Antioch in Pisidia (below), the Emperor Augustus's second capital in Anatolia, built to guard the northern flank of the Taurus Mountains. The aqueduct, with 19 magnificent arches, brings water down from the snowy Sultan Mountains, 10 kilometres away, to supply the nymphaeum and baths.



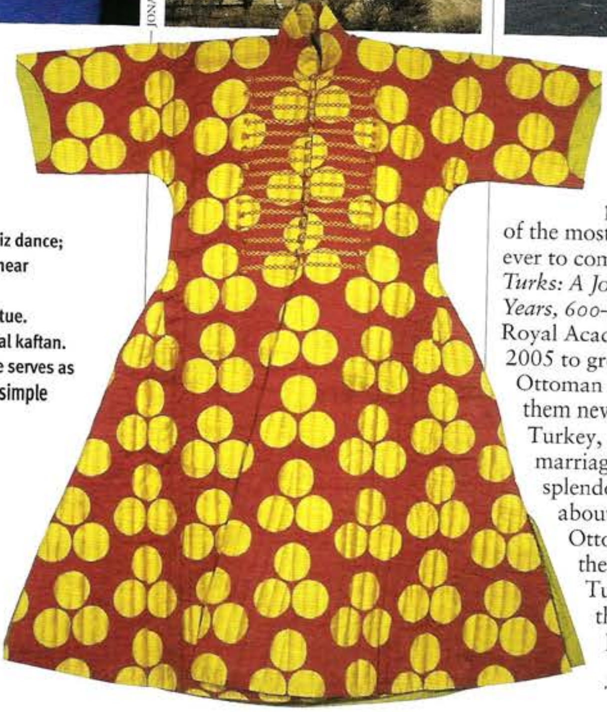
KATE CLOW

JONATHAN HENDERSON



FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG

Above, from left: at the school in Ulu Pamir, a girl in a face-framing headdress and fancy waistcoat, and with rings on her fingers and thumbs, performs a graceful Kirghiz dance; the ruins of an aqueduct near Antioch in Pisidia; a Central Asian *balbal* statue. **Right:** an Ottoman imperial kaftan. **Left:** a poplar painted blue serves as a column in an unusually simple mosque in Uzbekistan



ONE THOUSAND YEARS OF SPLENDOUR

△◁ In a special 25-page report, we picked the highlights of the most important exhibition ever to come out of Turkey. *Turks: A Journey of a Thousand Years, 600–1600* opened at the Royal Academy at the start of 2005 to great acclaim. The Ottoman exhibits, many of them never before seen outside Turkey, were a glorious marriage of refinement and splendour. But *Turks* was about more than the Ottomans. It celebrated the art of three great Turkic cultures: that of the Seljuks, who ruled Persia and most of Anatolia; that of Tamerlane, based in Samarkand, which stretched from India to the Mediterranean; and the Ottoman Empire itself. Central Asia has had a profound influence on Western culture that has been ignored for too long. *Turks* would change all that. The enigmatic Turkic cup-bearer from Kirghizstan (above) dates from the 7th or 8th century. It was half buried, so that from the distance it looked as if the figure was sitting on the ground ceremoniously clasping a cup. The well-known 16th-century kaftan on the left is a perfect example of the way the Ottomans used emphatic large-scale designs for imperial garments.

CORNUCOPIA
COSTUME DRAMA
ROUGH DIAMONDS
PRIVATE VIEWS
LITTLE BEAUTIES

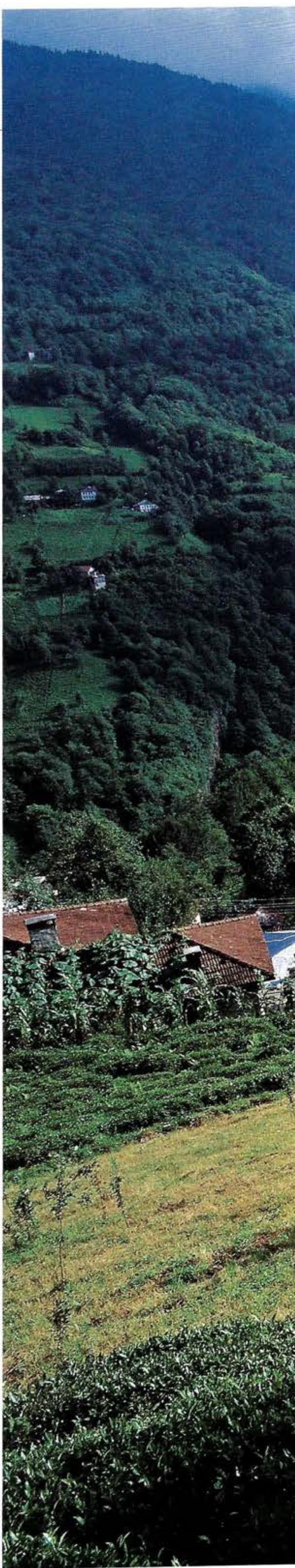
ISSUE 34: Ottoman Kaftans
Power dressing in Washington: what the Sultans wore...
Country houses of the Black Sea...
Godfrey Goodwin remembered...
The last Caliph's artistic legacy...
Plus: Ismail Kemal, father of modern Albania...
The secret of okra

▽ **'And where shall we begin?'** ... he would ask, when he tired of the adults and defected to the children's table. "Then for the next few hours we'd watch him drawing hobgoblins in vast tableaux of tilting buildings, crashing planes, wobbling spaceships and ocean liners battling the waves." Maureen Freely wrote a fond farewell to the art historian Godfrey Goodwin (1921–2005).

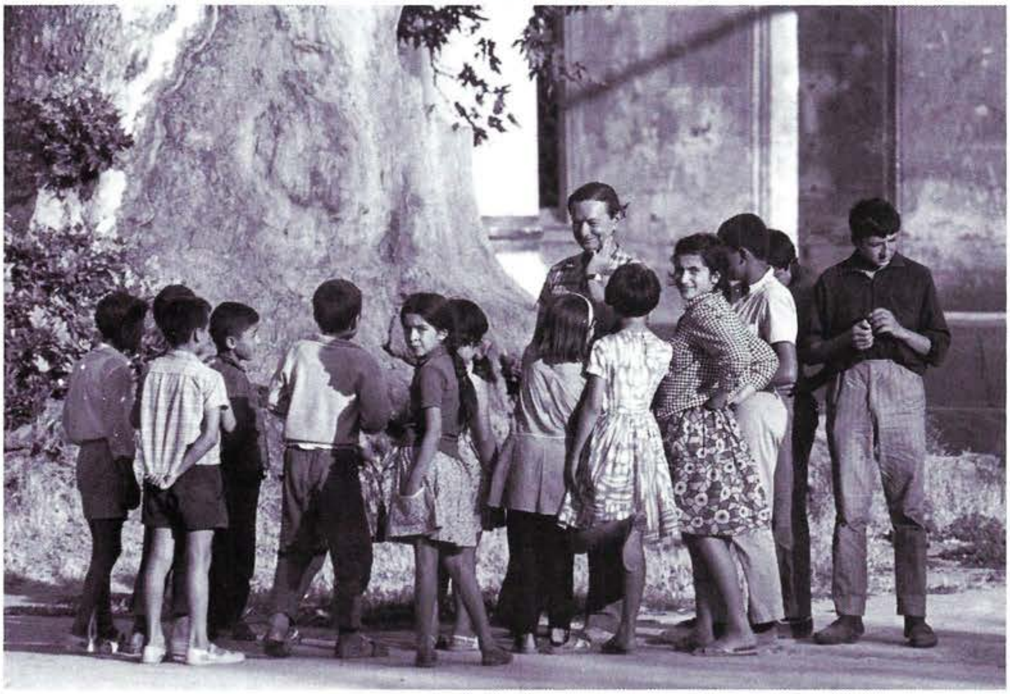
LAND OF A THOUSAND MANSIONS

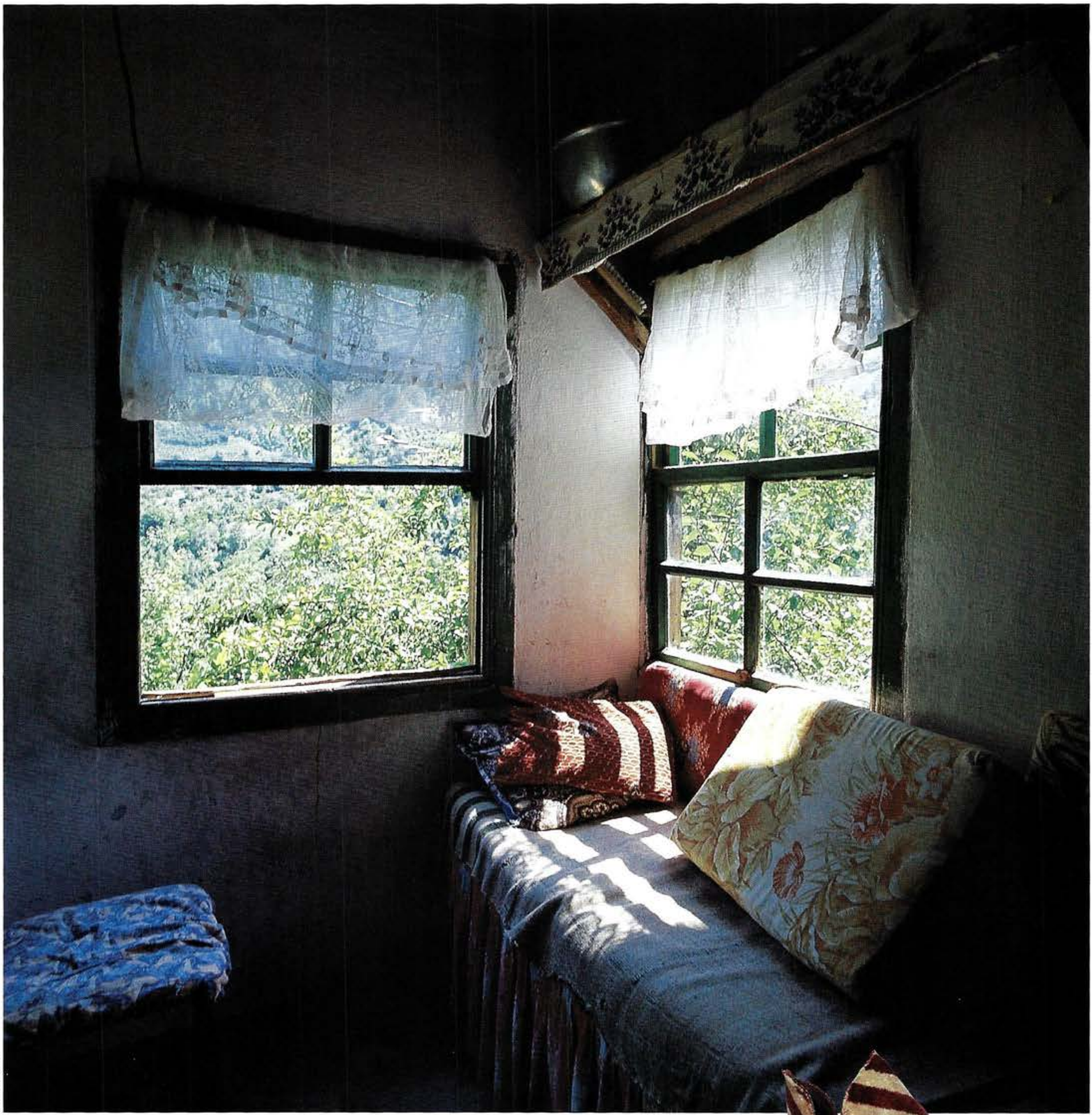
▷ ▽Emerald-green tea gardens, thunderous rivers, magical rainforests – Turkey's Eastern Black Sea Mountains are a remote paradise when they emerge from the mists and the rain. The photographer Ali Konyalı celebrated the beauty of the mansions and farmhouses that survey the steep, densely wooded valleys. Arhavi (right) is more accessible than many. Surrounding the village of Ortaca are orchards and tea plantations. Black Sea houses were never cluttered: there was a place for everything. In this house in Arhavi (below) two simple carved strips of wood provide elegant storage for a tidy row of spoons and forks.

Right: the Black Sea valley of Arhavi. **Below:** a simple spoon rack in one of the houses. **Bottom:** Godfrey Goodwin in Beyazıt Square, surrounded by schoolchildren



ALI KONYALI: FROM *RURAL ARCHITECTURE IN THE EASTERN BLACK SEA*



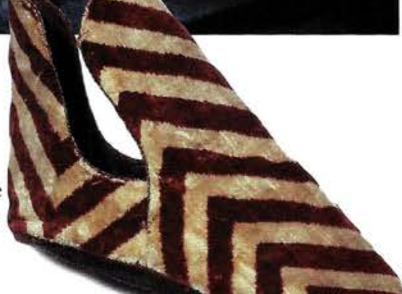


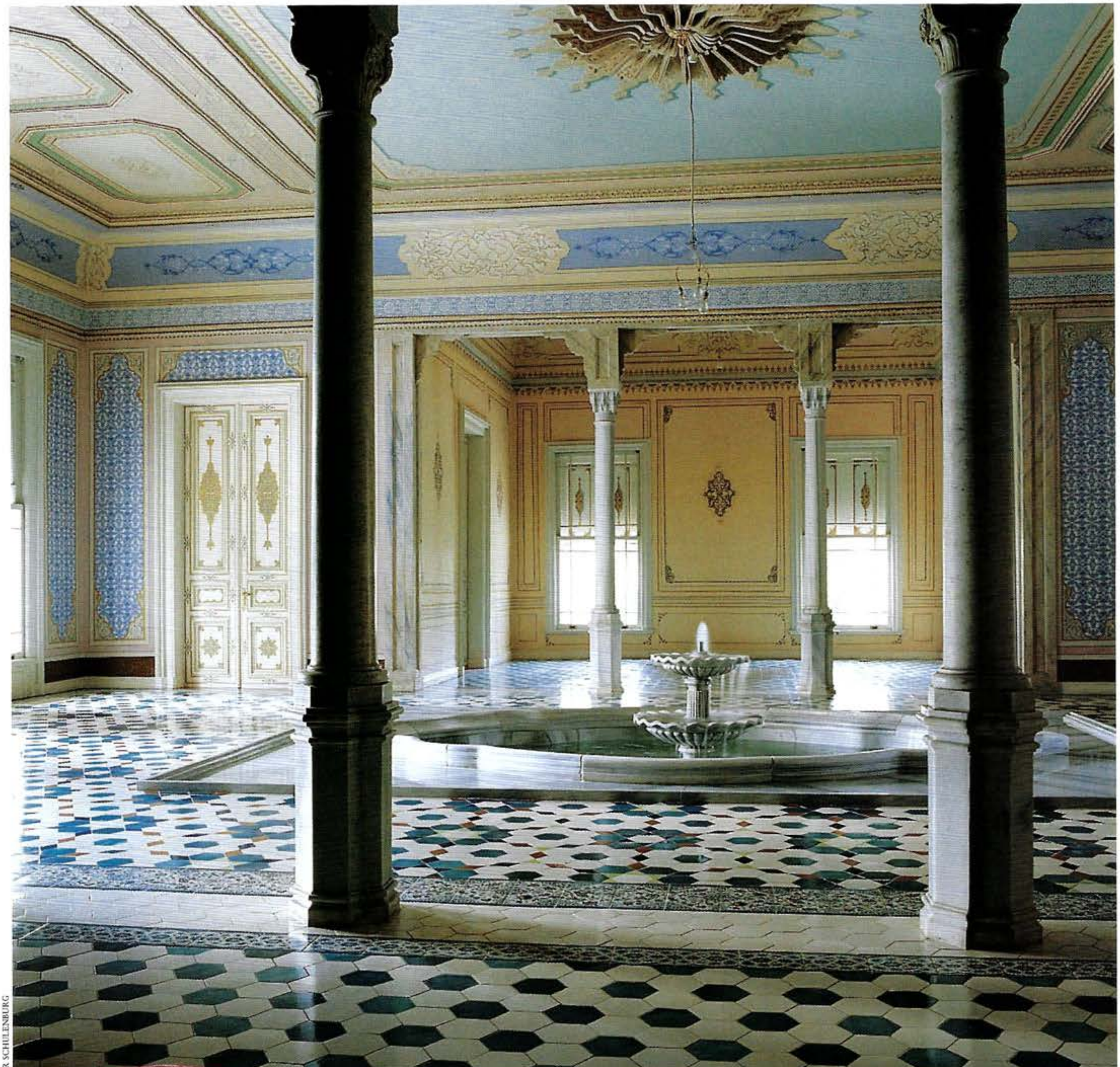
ALI KONYALI

… LAND OF A THOUSAND MANSIONS

△ Sun pours in through large square windows onto an inviting divan in a house in Borçka. Above the windows is a useful shelf for storage, known as the *elmalık*, or apple shelf.

▷ **Power dressing** For boldness, colour and virtuosity – not to mention unashamed glittering luxury – nothing can compare with the golden age of the Ottoman kaftan. Following the Royal Academy's sensational *Turks* show came *Style and Status*, at the Sackler Gallery in Washington, DC. Besides kaftans there was a futuristically zigzag-patterned 16th-century slipper (right), the only one of the pair to survive; it is of velvet, with a soft leather lining and sole. The deep red *takke* or cap (far right) is of silk velvet decorated with the triple-spot *cintamani* motif in gilt thread (far right); it was the base around which the 15th-century wearer would wind a turban of the finest snow-white muslin.





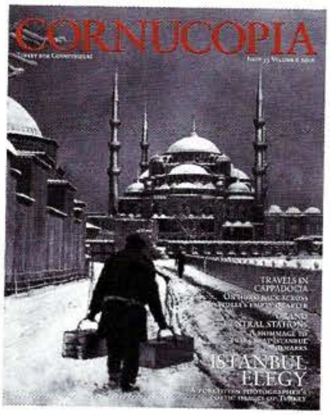
FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG

LEGACY OF THE LAST CALIPH

△Abdülmecid Efendi was the last member of the Ottoman dynasty to hold court on the Bosphorus. Dashing, cultured, with a passion for painting, he was a cousin of the last Sultan and also spent two years as Caliph. He designed his own house on Çamlıca Hill (above). A palace with the feel of an 18th-century Ottoman summerhouse, it is an exuberant essay in Oriental revivalism. In 1924, when the caliphate was abolished, Abdülmecid left the city his family had captured 500 years earlier, for exile in France. His paintings, abandoned in the studio of the house where he had created them, are a remarkable pictorial legacy of the last days of empire.

Opposite: a divan in a country house in Borçka, on the Black Sea. Above: Abdülmecid Efendi's magnificent Çamlıca house. Far left and left: a royal slipper and a *takke* for a turban

CORNUCOPIA ISSUE 35

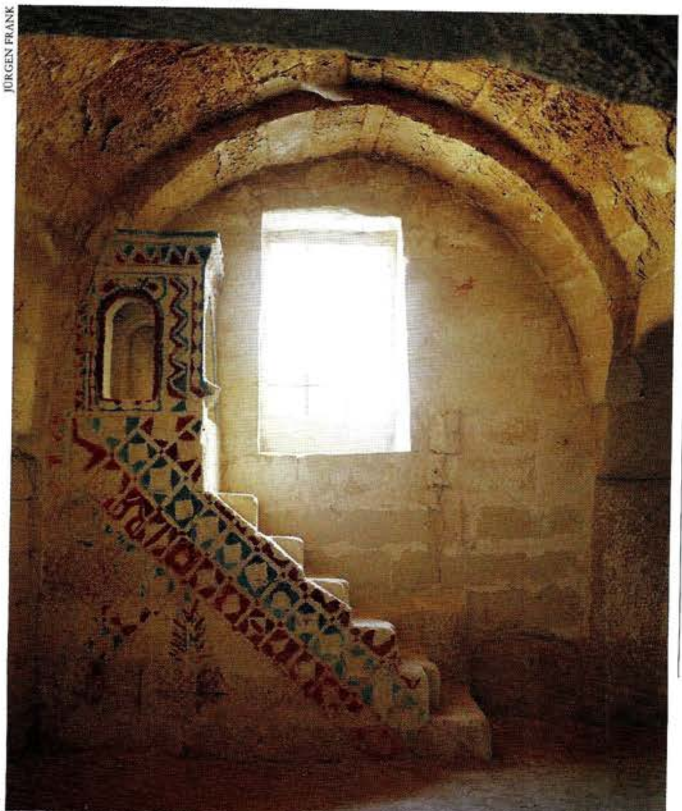


ISSUE 35: Istanbul Elegy
The poetic photographs of Othmar Pferschy...
On horseback through Cappadocia...
Istanbul's grand railway stations...
A birthday tribute to James Mellaart...
Plus: Delicate asparagus

BY HORSE ACROSS THE VOLCANIC VALLEYS

▽At Persepolis an ancient frieze shows the subject nations bearing gifts for the New Year: the Lydians gold, the Lycians wool, the Cappadocians horses. Cappadocia, "Land of the Beautiful Horse", was still famous in the early Middle Ages for the fine steeds that bore its valiant knights. Few horses are left, but they can still transport you into another world.
In this issue, the photographer Jürgen Frank captured the eerie magic of this strange corner of the Anatolian plateau and the innumerable rock chambers carved out of the rock; Susan Wirth was exhilarated by five days in the saddle, and David Barchard gave us a guide to what to see. Almost every town had its labyrinthine refuges, the origins of which are unknown. Some claim to go back to the Hittites. Cave mosques, as distinct from churches, are almost unknown in Cappadocia, but the painted *mimber* (pulpit) below shows that now Islam, as well as Christianity, has a Cappadocian idiom.

Right: **Othmar Pferschy's romantic view of Ortaköy under snow.**
Below: **a rock-hewn mosque in Cappadocia.**
Opposite: **Sirkeci Station, last stop on the Orient Express – the famous train arrived in 1900 beneath the same slender iron columns**

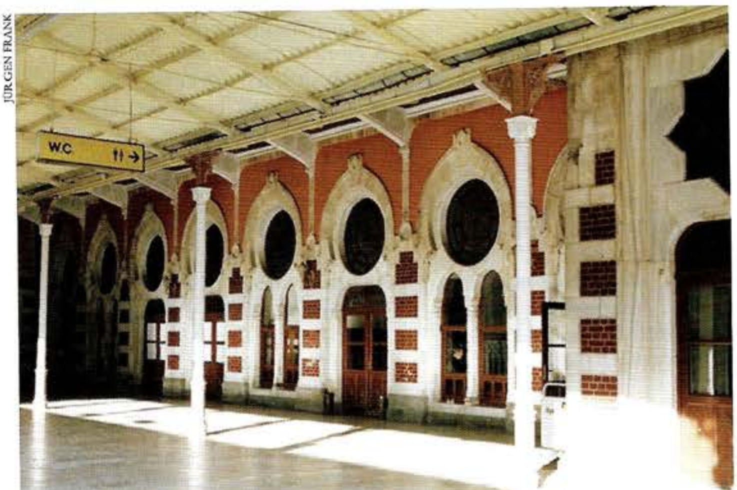

JÜRGEN FRANK

ISTANBUL MODERN MUSEUM

OTHMAR'S DREAM

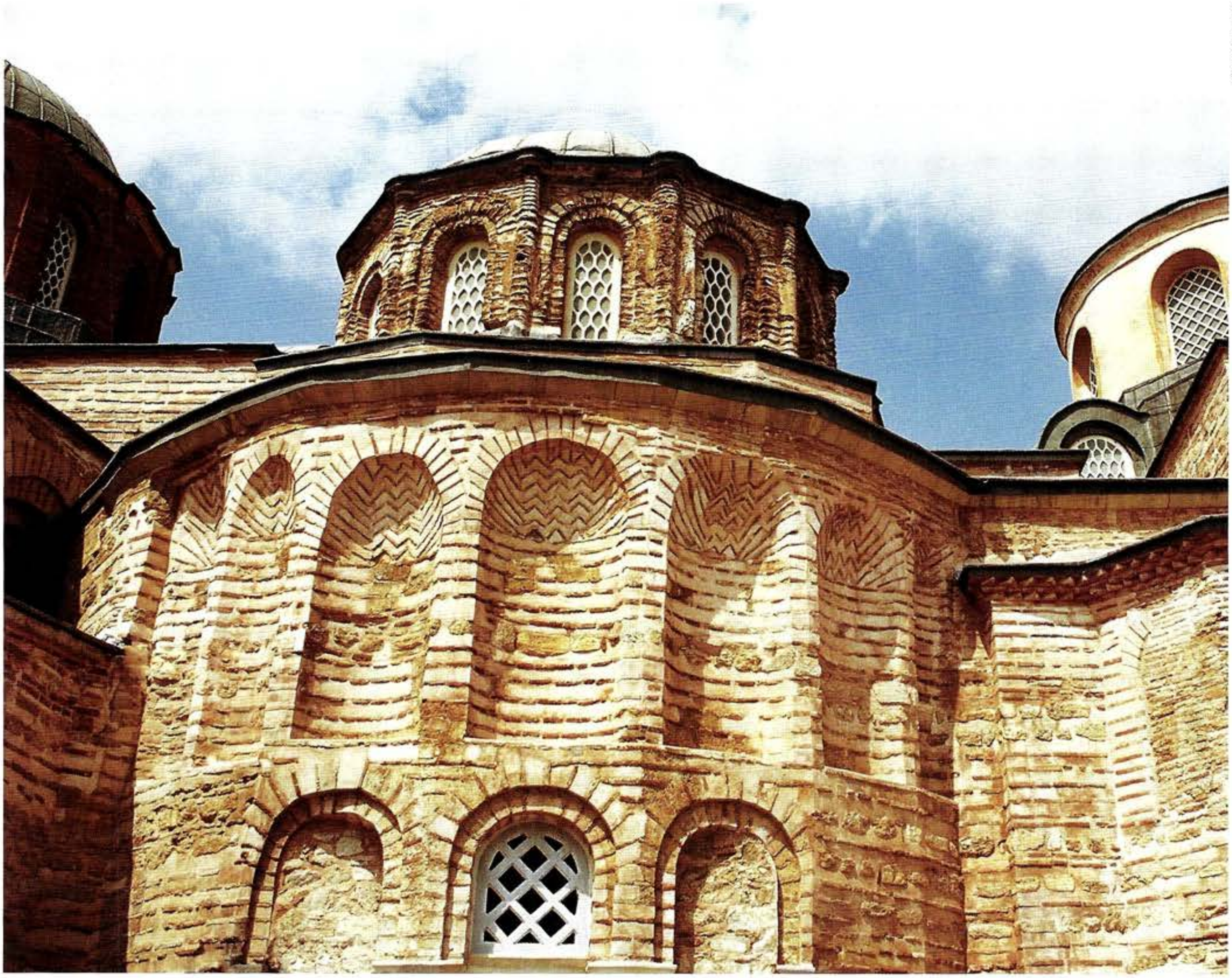
△After the grimness of the years following the First World War, Turkey experienced a brief period of euphoria. A new Republic was born, and new faces appeared in this land of hope, among them the brilliant but now forgotten photographer Othmar Pferschy (1898–1984), who turned up on the Orient Express in 1926 and stayed for 40 years. In 2005 his daughter Astrid von Schell donated his archives to Istanbul Modern, who staged his first ever retrospective, *Under the Light of the Republic.* Working at a time when photography was awash with new inventions, he would often achieve razor-sharp clarity. But we selected some of his most poetic images, such as the one above of a winter's day in the Bosphorus village of Ortaköy, where he lived after the Second World War.

JÜRGEN FRANK



MUST WE LOSE OUR TEMPLES OF TRAVEL?

◁You embarked in Paris or Vienna and alighted at Sirkeci Station (left), an Oriental fantasy in the shadow of the Topkapı Palace. This was the train that brought Istanbul into the heart of modern Europe: the fabled Orient Express. If you stepped down to the water's edge, Haydarpaşa Station, that massive German baronial pile, was just a short ferry ride away, the gateway to the Baghdad Railway. Together, the buildings were designed to transform the empire – two bolts in a seamless passageway between London and the Middle East. It is hardly surprising that they helped to inspire tales of great adventure, romance and detective fiction.



JURGEN FRANK

CORNUCOPIA
Brilliant books
A BEAUTY ON THE BOSPHORUS

ISSUE 36: Beauty on the Bosphorus

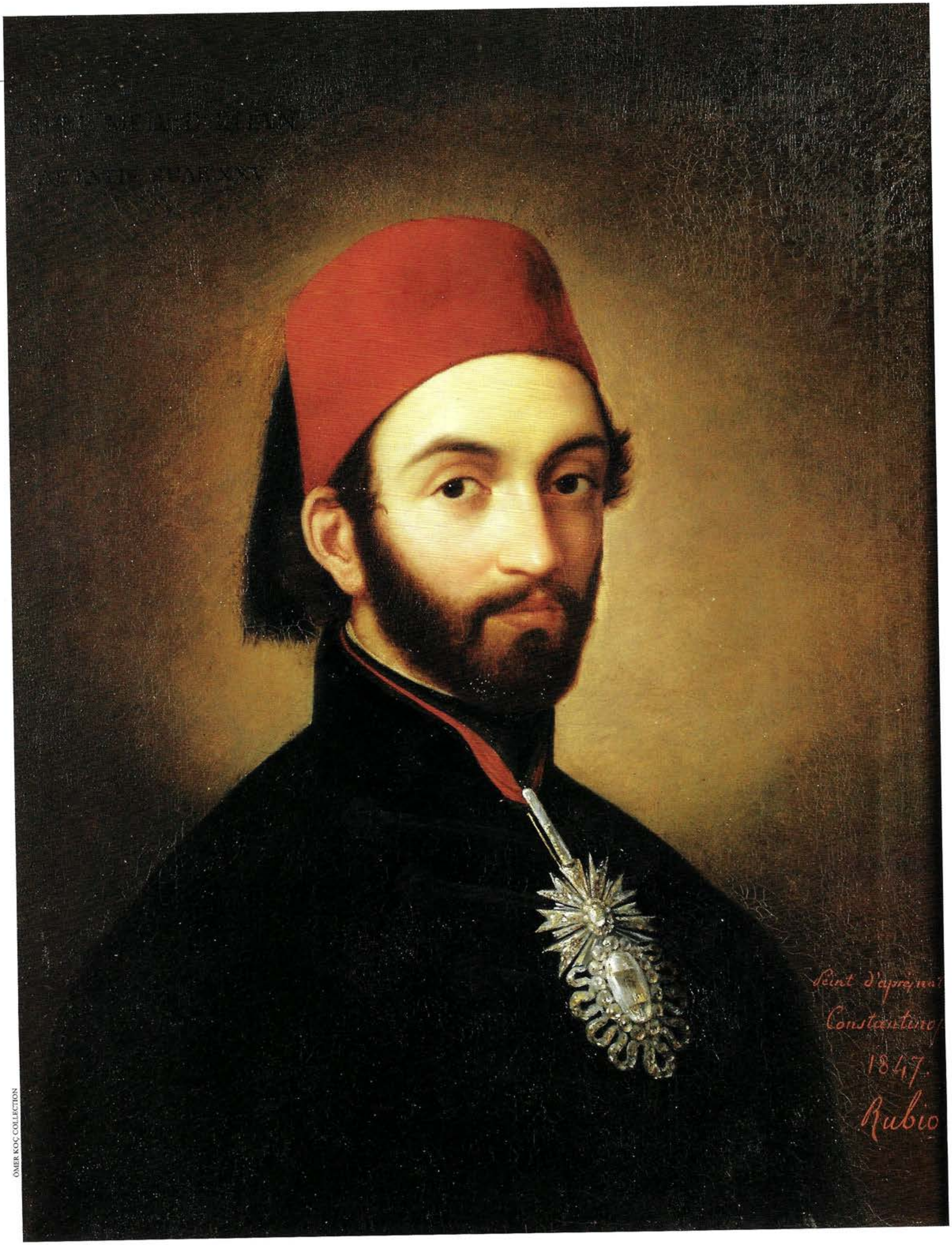
New life for the Ethem Pertev Yalı...
Percy Sykes' caravan to Kashgar...
The Zeyrek rescued from oblivion...
The Crimean, a pointless war...
The V&A Islamic treasures redisplayed...
Plus: Classic Turkish shortbread

DIVINE RESTORATION

△ Housing more than a dozen tombs of the rulers of the Byzantine empire, the building now known as the Zeyrek Camii – formerly the church of Christ Pantocrator – played a key role during the Latin occupation in the 13th century, when it was the headquarters of the Venetians. Converted into a mosque in 1453, it was damaged by earthquakes and fire in the 18th and 19th centuries and sadly neglected in the 20th. Nevertheless, it retained its striking appearance: three great buildings side by side topped by undulating walls and five distinctive domes, with an irregular row of apses decorated with niches and intricate brickwork. It was once such a landmark that the great Ottoman architect Sinan had his tomb built so that it would have a view of the Zeyrek. Ten years ago it was in a state of alarming decrepitude. Now that this Byzantine masterpiece has been rescued, what lessons have been learnt? For Robert Ousterhout, who was closely involved in the restoration, the old ways are always the best.

Above: the undulating walls of the 12th-century Zeyrek Camii in Istanbul. **Opposite:** Sultan Abdülmecid, the youthful, glamorous monarch at the time of the Crimean War. This 1847 portrait is by Luigi Rubio

▷**Crimea: a brief history of an unnecessary war** "The outbreak of war was surreal," wrote Norman Stone. "A Russian diplomat blundered, fleets and soldiers manoeuvred, tempers flared, there were skirmishes and the Russians attacked Turkish ships in Sinop." For Abdülmecid (painted right at the age of 25 by Luigi Rubio) it was just another crisis.
A pioneering, cultured sultan, he transformed Turkey's cities, building schools, hospitals and broad tree-lined avenues.
He also stood up to bullying neighbours: his refusal to hand over exiles to Austria and Russia after the 1848 revolutions "won Turkey many friends". As for his fellow rulers, "The Crimean War was blundered into by men who did not really understand what they were doing."


Peint d'après nat
Constantino
1847.
Rubio

ÖMER KOÇ COLLECTION

ISSUE 37: A Riot of Textiles

Fabulous fabrics in Istanbul...
Ottoman Edirne:
a beautiful backwater...
The Mongol hoard: a triumph for Genghis...
The lifelong romance of Lesley Blanch...
Plus: Nomad's land: a short walk with the Yürüks...
Succulent stews

EDIRNE: THE SULTANS' OTHER CAPITAL

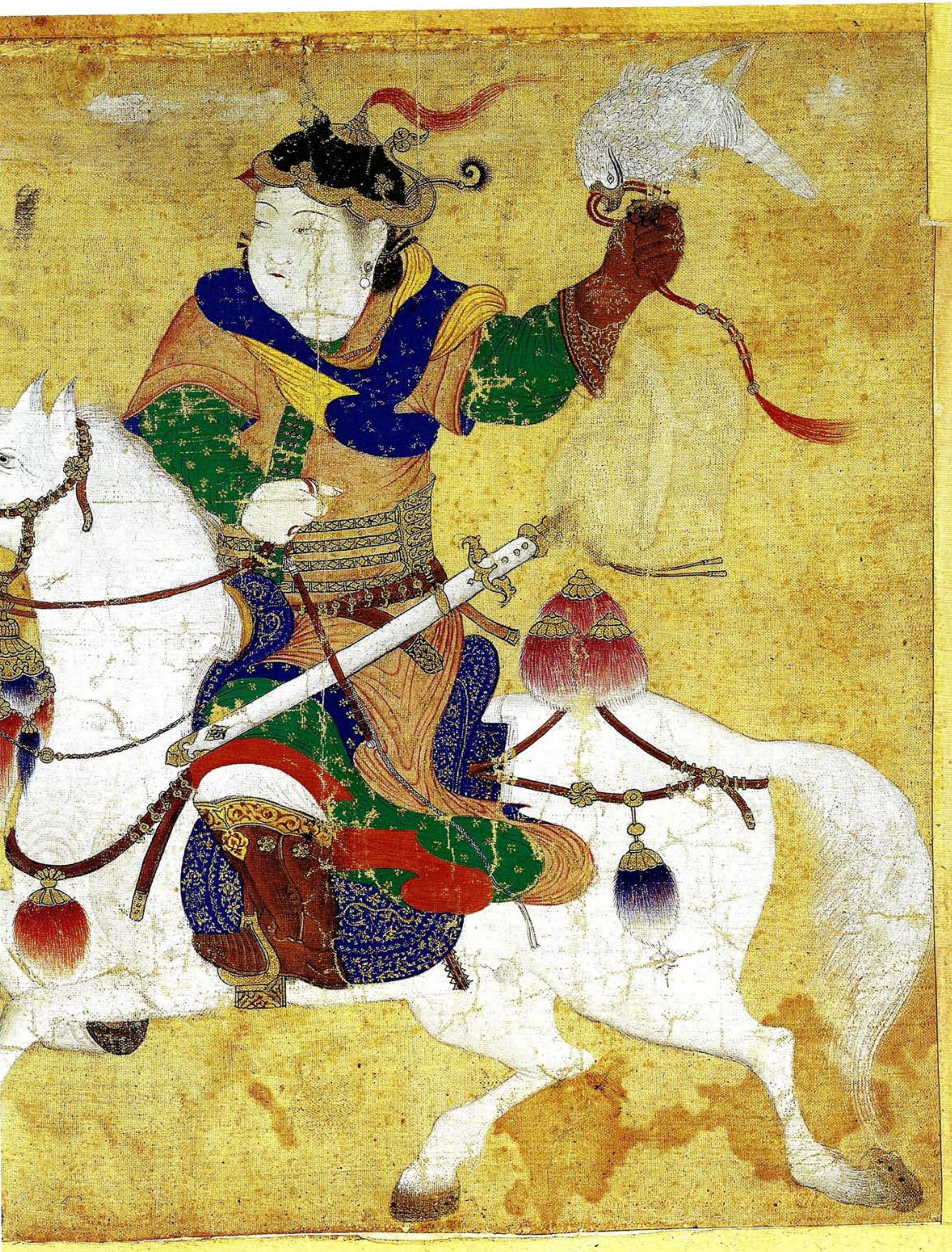
▽Beyazıd II's mosque, hospital and charitable foundation, with its profusion of domes, stands among fields on the opposite bank of the Tunca River from the main town of Edirne. It is a peaceful spot, and deliberately so. Before he came to the throne in 1481, Beyazıd had lived in the Anatolian city of Amasya and kept company with dervishes. His contemplative nature may have influenced his choice of this site. The graceful architecture was matched by an equally harmonious approach to medicine. In the Ottoman Empire of the 15th century, music and tranquillity played important roles in the treatment of the sick and disturbed. Once the jewel in the Ottoman crown, Edirne is now a somnolent backwater on the borders of Greece and Bulgaria. Caroline and Andrew Finkel caught glimpses of its glorious past.

Right: The Noble Hunter (c1400–50). **Below:** the domes of the Beyazıd II mosque, hospital and medrese in the former Ottoman capital of Edirne

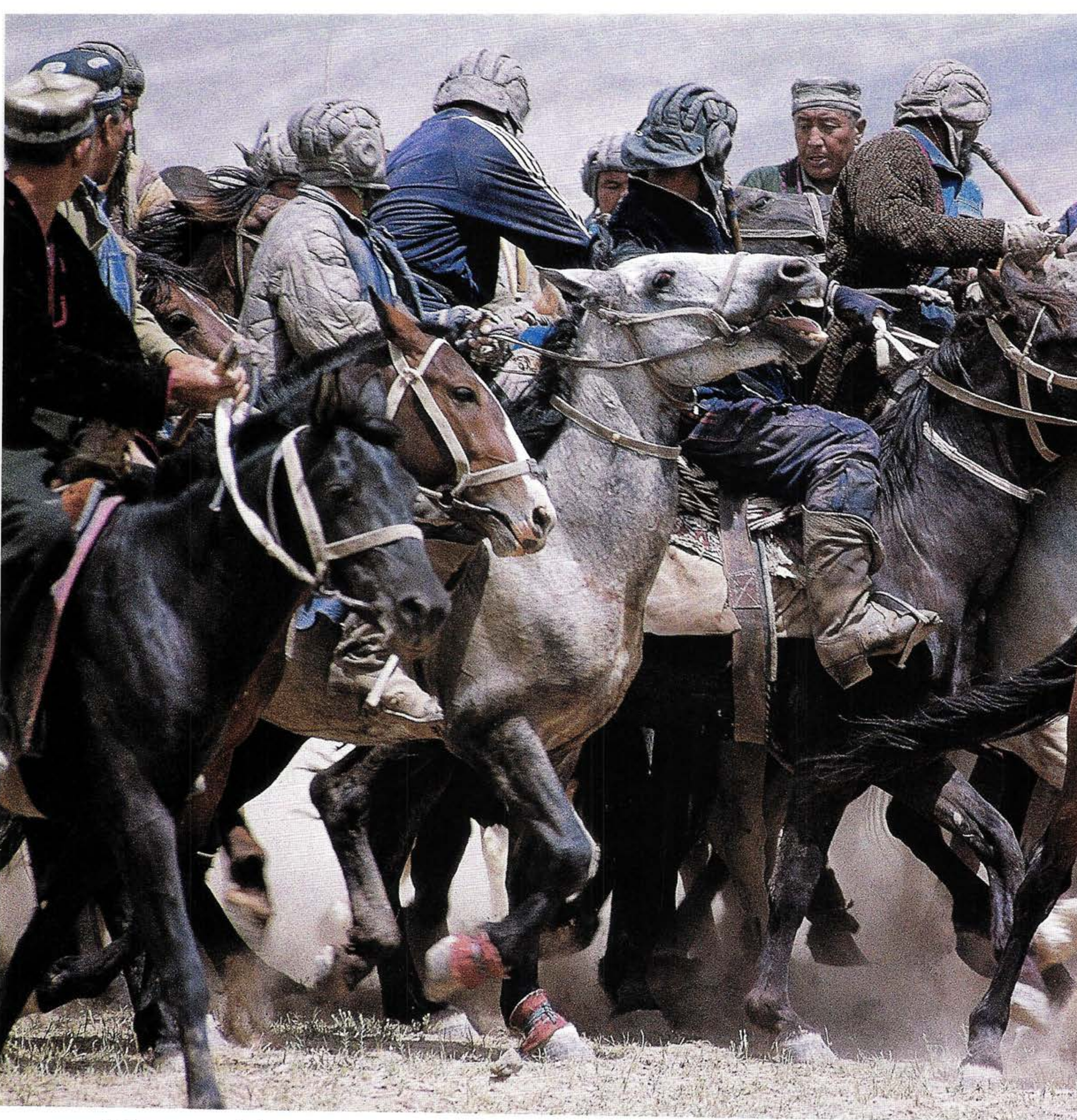
▷ The glories of Genghis

Painted in watercolour and gold on silk, *The Noble Hunter* tells us much about the splendour of Mongol costumes. The blue patterned silk that covers the saddle, the hat with gold mounts, the leather glove with gold embroidery, the green silk coat and salmon-coloured surcoat – not to mention the rich caparison of the falconer's horse – all contribute to the sense of opulence. The ravishing culture of the Turkic steppes was the subject of a stunning exhibition at the Sakıp Sabancı Museum in Istanbul, a worthy sequel to at the Royal Academy's *Turks*. In his review, Michael Franses showed that the Mongols were men of taste as well as conquest.

SIMON WHEELER



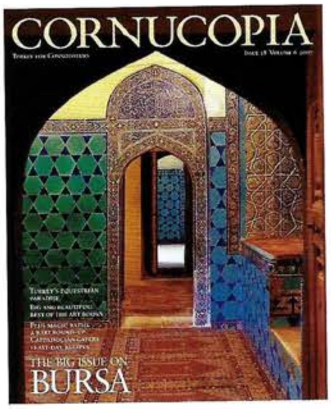
TOPKAPI PALACE LIBRARY



WHAT IS A TURK?

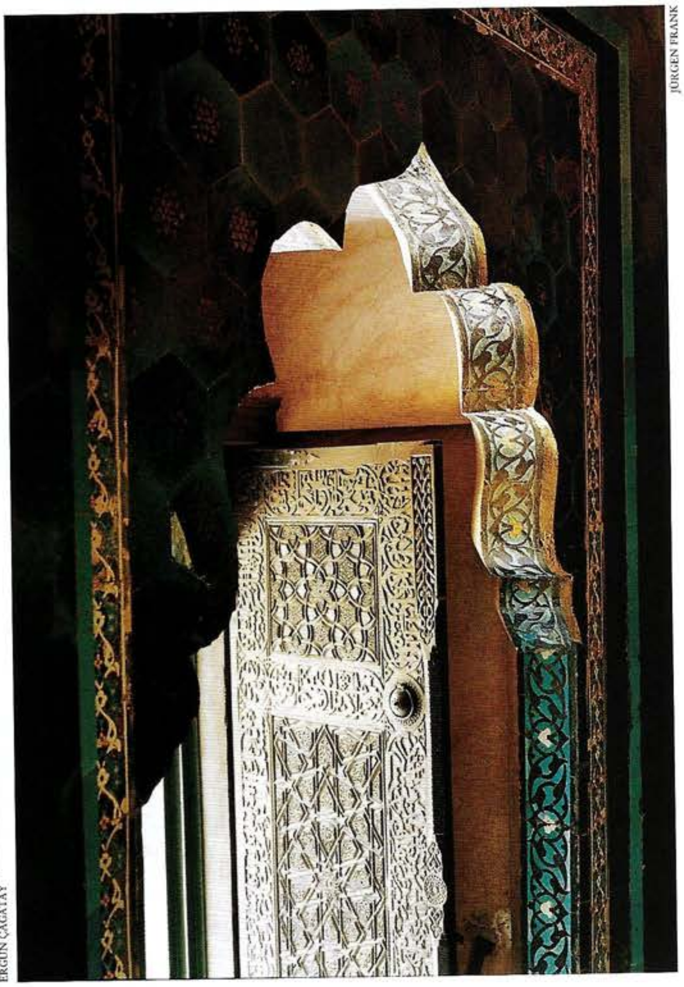
△ Christian Tyler asked this question in his review of a new book of Ergun Çağatay's stunning photographs, including the one above of Uzbeks playing *boskashi*. "There are 135 million people who speak a Turkic language," wrote Tyler. "What is so striking – almost as if to confound the multi-ethnic thesis – is the unity of those languages and the similarity of the peoples' character and customs in spite of the enormous distances which separate them, from Yakutia in eastern Siberia to the Balkans and the Gulf, to Frankfurt and London's Finsbury Park." The world depicted by Çağatay is an old one, but it is vanishing fast. *The Turkic-Speaking Peoples: 2000 Years of Art and Culture from Inner Asia to the Balkans* "should not only excite anyone interested in the history of Eurasia; it should help mobilise support for the preservation of a vibrant, non-European culture". This photograph may bring to mind the paintings of Uccello or ancient Greek friezes, but *boskashi* is a quintessentially Turkic game – the word itself means literally "goat-grabbing" in Turkish.

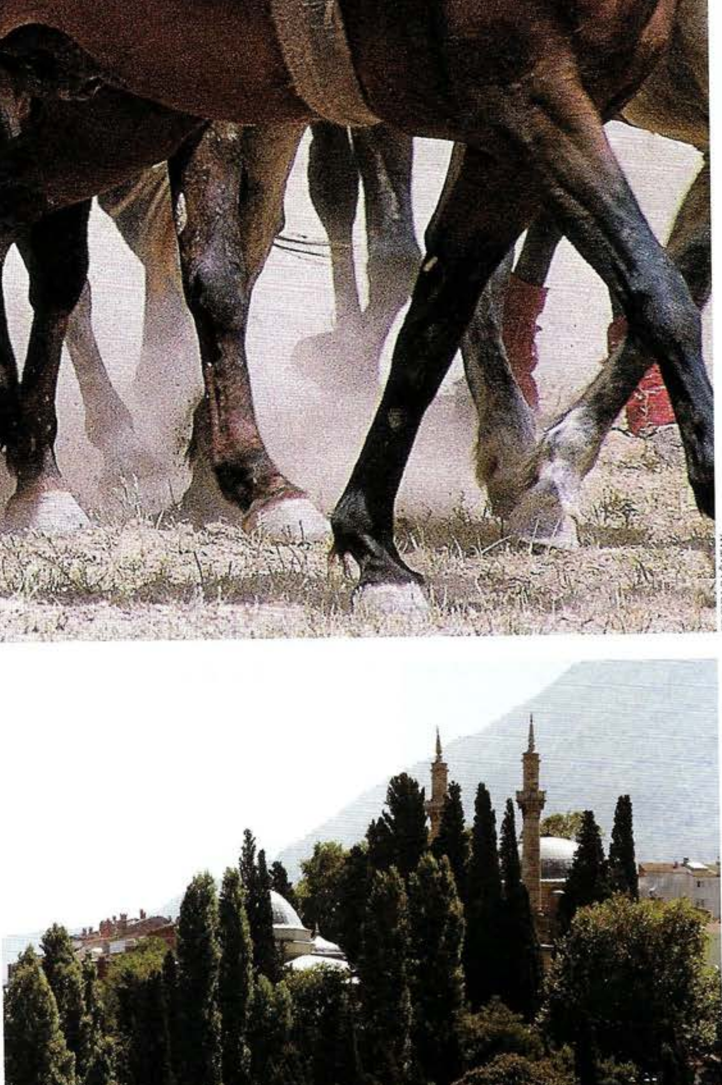
Above: a game of *boskashi* in Uzbekistan.
Opposite, above: the Yeşil Türbe, or Green Tomb, of Mehmed I in Bursa.
Right: the picturesque Emir Sultan complex at the foot of Uludağ, ancient Bithynia's Mount Olympus



ISSUE 38: The Big Bursa Issue
Birthplace of the Ottoman Empire...
Beauty of the beast:
Arabians and thoroughbreds...
Plus: Art books of the year, from
Turkic peoples to Anatolian flowers...
Feast-day baking...
The great rakı tasting

ERGUN ÇAĞATAY


JÜRGEN FRANK

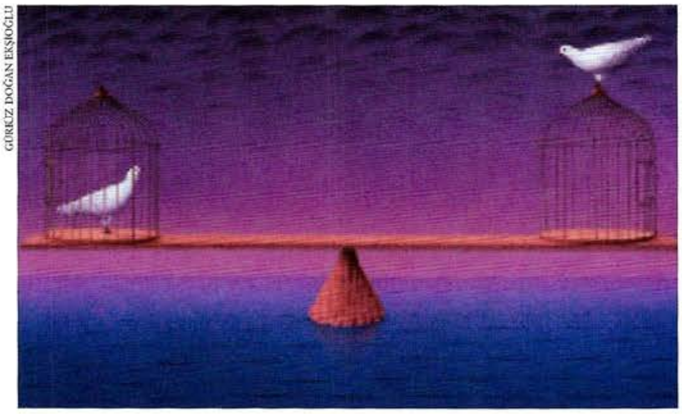

JÜRGEN FRANK

BURSA: BIRTHPLACE OF EMPIRE

◁ △ As industrial Bursa booms, the fabulous architecture of the once-famous Silk Road city is often forgotten. Heath Lowry and John Carswell paid tribute to the city that gave the Ottoman Empire its first capital and gloriously married the courtly arts of Asia to the princely aspirations of Renaissance Europe. A Timurid cloud-collar arch clad with glittering tiles (above) frames the entrance to Mehmed I's early-15th-century mausoleum, the Yeşil Türbe (Green Tomb). Across the valley (left), cypresses preserve the sanctity of the Emir Sultan Mosque.

CORNUCOPIA
DIPLOMATIC SECRETS

ISSUE 39: Diplomatic Secrets
Ankara's palaces of diplomacy...
The weirdly wonderful art of Gürbüz Doğan Ekşioğlu...
The Topkapı's blue and white...
George Maw, crocus collector...
Colossal carpets...
Plus: The Phrygian Highlands...
Anatolian nomads...
The fragrant melon



GÜRBÜZ DOĞAN EKŞIOĞLU

TOPKAPI PALACE MUSEUM

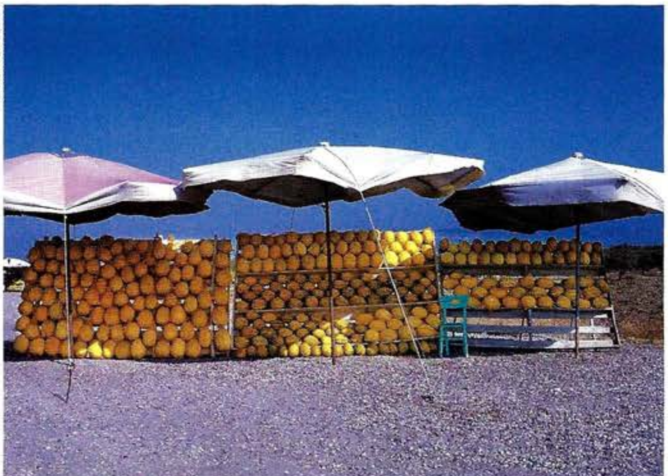
PALACES OF DIPLOMACY

▷A new capital called for new architecture: Ankara in the 1920s and 1930s produced a fascinating diversity of styles as the foreign powers moved from their palaces on the Bosphorus and set up anew. Patricia Daunt, whose husband served as ambassador in the late 1980s, picked her favourites. In the dining room of the modernist French *palais* (right) hangs a 10-metre-long lacquered mural of startled hinds by the Art Deco designer Jean Dunand.

◁ **A tale of two halves** For John Carswell, "the greatest piece of blue and white in the world" is this monumental double gourd vase from the Topkapı. An ambitious exhibition of blue and white porcelain saw the light of day in Stockholm in 2008.

△**It's a wonderfully weird world** Gürbüz Doğan Ekşioğlu's wit won over the Big Apple when one of his cartoons was chosen for the cover of *The New Yorker* on the second anniversary of 9/11. A gentle irony is central to his life as well as his art. Asked by Andrew Finkel if he regretted not pursuing a more international career, the Istanbul-based artist pointed to the drawing above of a dove *in* a cage balanced by a dove *on* a cage. "If the free bird flies away, the other will drown," he replied.

▷ **The sweet taste of summer** What would summer be without fragrant melons and their juicy, cooling flesh, asked Berrin Torolsan. Her recipes ranged from traditional stuffed melon to melon sorbet. Here umbrellas shade melon stalls on a breezy day near the Aegean town of Kırkağaç, home of the best "winter" melons, so called because they can be stored for eating through the winter.



BERRIN TOROLSAN

This page, from top: **an illustration by Gürbüz Doğan Ekşioğlu; a Chinese porcelain gourd from the Topkapı; melons at roadside stalls.**
Opposite: **the dining room of the French embassy in Ankara**

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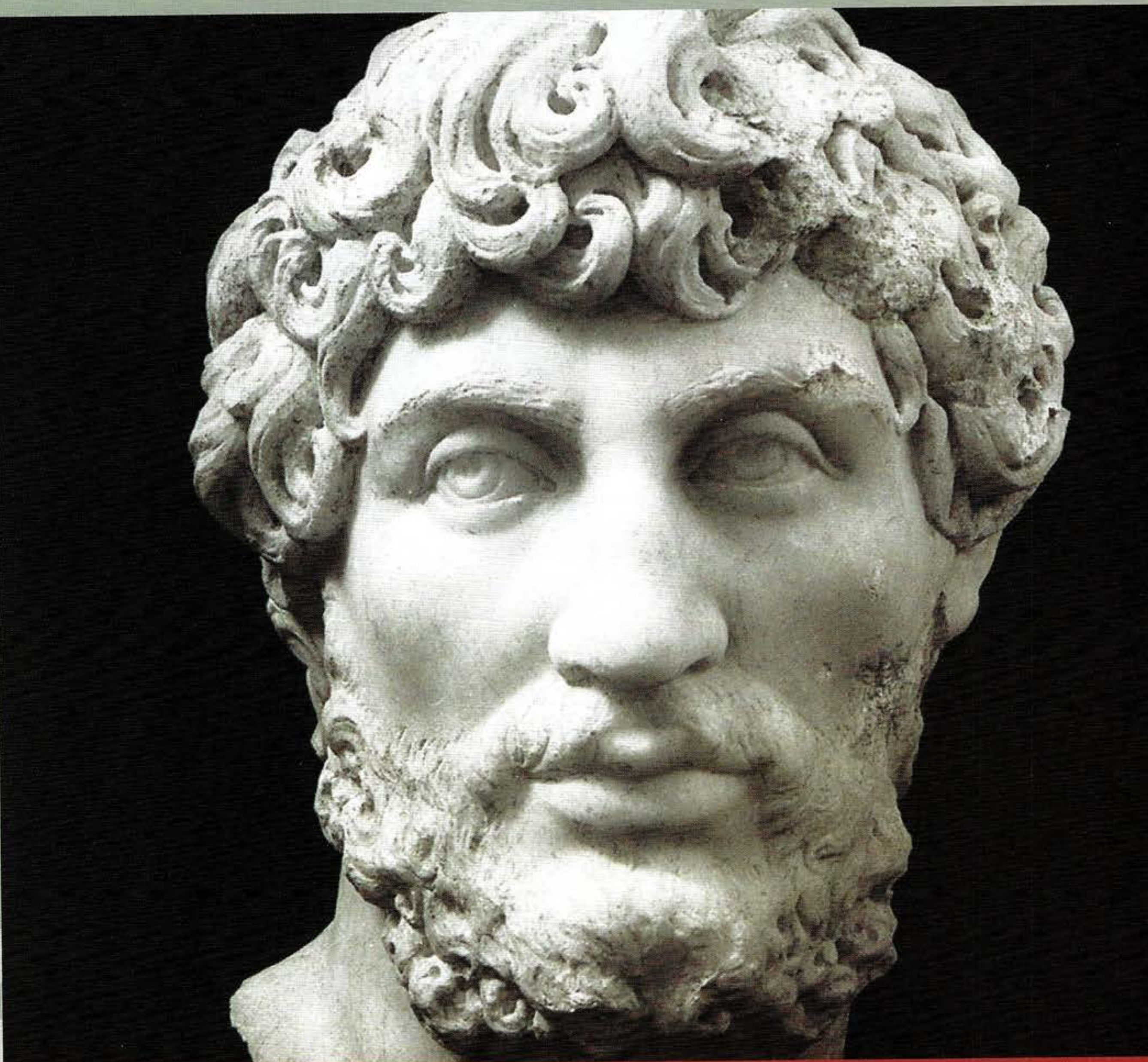

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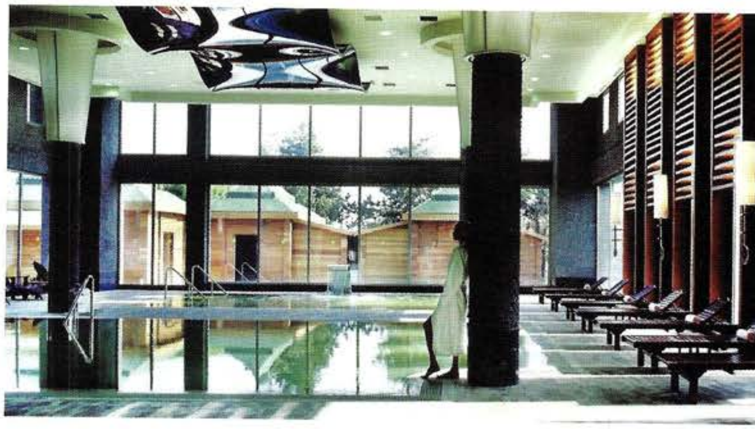

Private view

By Andrew Finkel

Does life really begin at (issue) 40? Do magazines have publishing years (as dachshunds have dog years) and, if so, is CORNUCOPIA settling into a comfortable middle age? That I was tempted to begin the next sentence "It seems like only yesterday…" suggests the answer might be yes. However, the truth is that it seems a lifetime ago that the first issue appeared with David George's cover photo that bore about as much relation to previous publications about Turkey as a Vermeer to a Polaroid snap. A simple clay water vessel against a bare plastered wall, but it was complex composition that still forces me to do a double take. In 1992, it was an elegant warning to those of us writing for the magazine to raise our game.

My own contribution to that first issue was already in a nostalgic vein. It was a tribute to Charles Adelson and Henry Angelo-Castrillon, the writer-photographer collaborators who had documented a Turkey where no post-war travel writer had trod, including the first colour spread of Nemrut Dağ, published in *Life* magazine in 1969. But CORNUCOPIA's infancy was more exciting and eventful than we had a right to expect. Charles and Henry's sleepy, undiscovered Turkey had become a land of record-breaking stock markets and property booms. I was at the World Economic Forum in Davos and learned that the governor of the Turkish Central Bank would not be joining us round the fondue pot since the lira had dropped through the floor.

Some of my earliest pieces described Turkey's rediscovery of the Asian republics born out of the collapse of the Soviet empire, a hinterland denied it since the First World War. I travelled with the Turkish president and a cargo-load of businessmen from Tashkent to Bishkek like modern-day explorers. Returning to Turkmenistan a few years later I found luxury hotels and gold-plated effigies of its ruler. I toured the Black Sea on a working cruise organised by the Patriarch to force an awareness of the environment in places like Novorossiysk, where the cement industry had left 75 per cent of young men with lungs unfit for military service. We docked at Odessa, where my grandfather was born, and like him, and for that matter Jason's Argonauts, I entered Istanbul through the clashing rocks that guard the northern neck of the Bosphorus Straits.

"If only Turkey looked as good as it does in CORNUCOPIA" is the guarded compliment this magazine sometimes attracts, but in its defence this is not the result of deliberate artifice but of a different sensibility. In an interview with the great kilim collector Josephine Powell before her death, I recall how she fought for the words to describe how ordinary women were capable of an extraordinary aesthetic in the flatweaves they produced. At its best, CORNUCOPIA emulates Josephine's eye for quality and her sense of wonder. If this means that much of the magazine shows Turkey looking at its best, it has fallen to this column at times to catch the country before it had time to put on its face.

A deadly earthquake ripped through Adana in 1998. I remember standing by the side of a building and there, for all the world to see, was someone's bedroom with a bed frame that had slid halfway outside, suspended in mid-air. I wrote at the time that it was easy to understand why some people regard earthquakes as having a divine provenance. "It arrives like the Day of Judgment, calling on its victims to account for their lives. It exposes and condemns the building contractor who thought he could get away with skimping on materials. It tests the heart of the volunteers sifting through the ruins in the hot midday sun as well as the competence of government authorities. In short, it makes public things that most people would keep to themselves." The authorities in Adana politely turned down the world's offer of help, but Turkey was in no position to refuse when a more severe earthquake shook Izmit the following year. It lasted 37 seconds – long enough to bring the country's quasi-isolation to an end.

I realise this piece has a whiff of self-congratulation, the one sin CORNUCOPIA will not tolerate, and I can feel the subeditor's glare scorching the back of my neck. Undeterred, I feel an obligation to bear witness to a phenomenon that you will not see reported elsewhere. The magazine is a tribute to the eye and imagination of the editor and publisher. Without them it would vanish into smoke – just like the flames of the 40 candles they have earned every right to blow out.

A friend indeed

I once mentioned to the late Geoffrey Lewis that his *Teach Yourself Turkish* had been my earliest tutor in the language with which I continued to wrestle, and he smiled politely. He might have replied that I was not the first, probably not even the 500th, to make this remark, or that the slim volume, written for pocket money very early on in a deeply distinguished career, had been superseded by far weightier tomes. In fact, he did communicate all that, albeit in the nicest possible way. What he actually said was that his wife, Raff, always marvelled how a book written so long ago could still be the source of so many friends.

Geoffrey Lewis pioneered Turkish studies in the English-speaking academic world, and his progress from a student of classics with a passing interest in Turkish to professor at Oxford's Oriental Institute and senior tutor of St Antony's College corresponds to the growing status of Turkish as an academic subject outside Turkey's frontiers.

It was with the discovery of Ottoman Egypt in wartime Alexandria that Geoffrey Lewis chanced upon his life's work. As was the case until quite recently in Britain's universities, he was only allowed to approach modern Turkish through the classical Oriental languages. He acquired a second degree in Persian and Arabic, in which he received a double first – an academic accolade only previously achieved by Anthony Eden. It was not until 1964 that he won the battle to have Turkish accepted as a degree course at Oxford. In 1967 he published his *Turkish Grammar* (subsequently revised), in which he explored with Talmudic rigour and subtlety the structure and nuances of the modern language.

At the age of 80 he was to write tellingly of Turkish language reform's schism with the past, described in the 1999 book's subtitle, *A Catastrophic Success*. Although he produced critical editions of Dede Korkut and of Kâtib Çelebi's *Mizan al-Haqq* (The Balance of Truth), he was not of the Oxbridge orientalist school which resented the contemporary reality of a country as somehow getting in the way of its true culture. As well as being a fine scholar of Islam and the history of science, he was an energetic advocate and populariser of a Turkey that in the aftermath of the War was little visited or understood. The *Teach Yourself* book (1953) was not the only evidence of Lewis's engagement with a real place. In 1955 he produced *Modern Turkey*, an affectionate and ground-breaking description of the Republic. Andrew Mango's portrait of Geoffrey Lewis which appeared in this magazine several years ago (issue 23) described the selfless support he gave to others in the field. Whatever friendship he received through his involvement in Turkey, he amply repaid. ◆

Professor Geoffrey Lewis, CMG, born London 1920, died Oxford 2008

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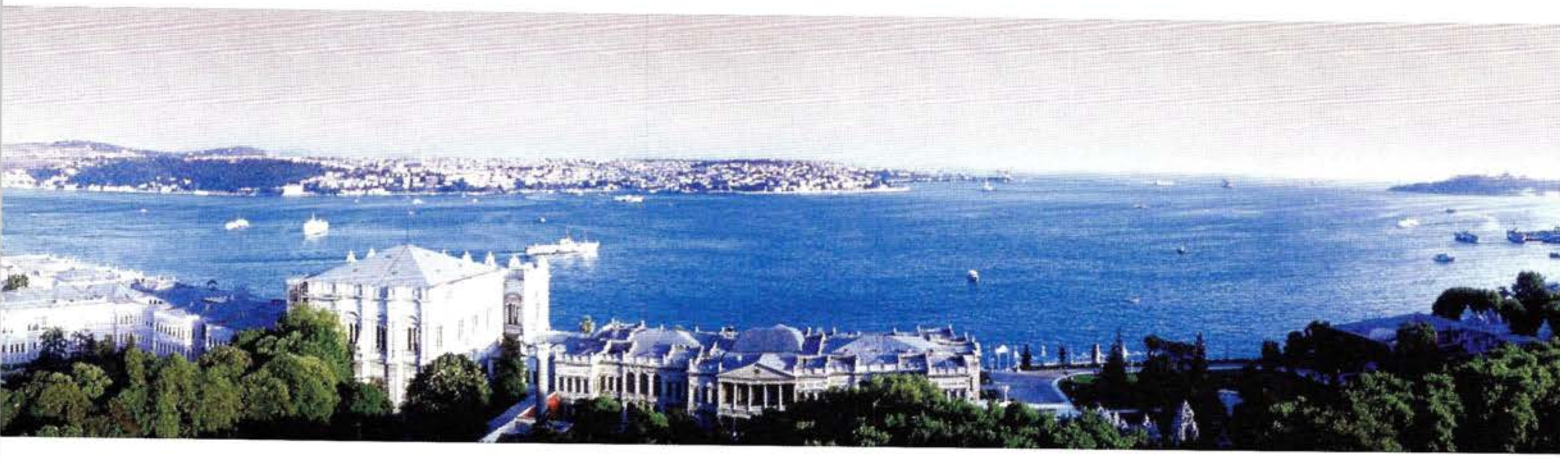

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Iznik Diary

VILLAGE VOICES

As Cornucopia celebrates its 40th issue, Azize Ethem turns back the pages of her Iznik diary and relives some of her favourite moments

Business affairs

With the 40th edition of Cornucopia due out, I have been tripping down memory lane and reading the diaries I wrote in earlier years.

I remember how the villagers always knew within minutes when something out of the ordinary was afoot. I wrote many years ago about the sharp city businessman who thought he could pull the wool over their eyes. We'd all seen the car before; a month earlier it had cruised through the village, down the lanes and side roads. Osman Bey had seen its four occupants get out and walk up and down old Ibrahim's field on the hill. They had ignored Osman Bey, who had heard them use phrases like "100-bed capacity", "spectacular vista" and "cheap land" as they gazed at the bay below.

The city man sat himself at a spare table under the plane tree and ordered tea. Everyone waited, hunched over their playing cards. Shopkeepers casually left their businesses and joined friends at the teahouse. The *muhtar* arrived, alerted by Murat at the post office across the square. Murat was cranking the handle of the party line even before the Mercedes had stopped.

After a few minutes of muttered conversation, Kemal Bey called two of the older men to join him. He introduced Ömer Bey from Ankara and explained – just loud enough for all to hear – that Ömer Bey wanted to buy land in the area. The piece of land he was interested in was the field by the old fort. "Does anyone know who the field belongs to?" asked the *muhtar*. Everybody knew who owned everything in our village, but it took much pondering to remember that Aydın's father owned that piece of land. Ömer Bey hinted that if he could get the land at a reasonable price he had a business venture in mind that would change the village and bring jobs. The city man looked assured and sly. He asked if someone could possibly find Aydın and his father. The card-players nodded approval at this quick-wittedness, while Ahmet made his way to his taxi. Kemal Bey ordered more tea as everybody waited for Ahmet to return with Aydın and his father. The prayer call rang out, but nobody moved. The few ancients who prayed on weekdays would leave it until later.

When Ahmet eventually returned, it took some manoeuvring to get old Ibrahim out of the vehicle. Usually a sprightly soul, he was enjoying his role in the proceedings. How long he'd had the news of the stranger in town was anybody's guess. Ömer Bey tried not to look impatient, but all could hear him cracking his knuckles as the old man was half-dragged to the table by his son. Ibrahim didn't think he wanted to sell the land. No, he didn't use it for anything much, but it had belonged to his father. Kemal Bey excused himself, explaining that he didn't get involved in business deals. A few more chairs were dragged up to the table under the shady tree as the discussion continued.

An hour passed, with Aydın getting quite angry with his father, who, in the end, under an onslaught of advice, shrugged in defeat. Ömer Bey offered a huge sum of money and then, mistaking stunned silence for horror at his meanness, added another 3 million lira to the figure. It was explained to old Ibrahim that Ömer Bey was in a hurry to return to Ankara, so Aydın was sent off to find the title deeds.

Half an hour later the Mercedes and the village taxi made their way up the mountain to the large town, 10 kilometres way, where the land registry office is. The pertinent officials had been warned by Murat at the post office of their impending arrival, and the manager of the local bank had delayed his lunch. The stamping of the documents and paying of the transfer tax was over in minutes, and the bank manager was happy to deposit the cheque in an account newly opened for Ibrahim.

Ömer Bey was smiling, and very pleased with his day's work. He knew he had a bargain. Ahmet, the taxi driver, was smiling at the generous tip the new landowner had pressed on him. Ibrahim and Aydın showed no emotion, but they and the village looked forward to the day when the city man discovered that one can't build a hut, let alone a hotel, on land deemed as a water catchment for the village.

Friends and neighbours

Baba Murat died a few years ago, aged 93. He lived in a house surrounded by his citrus orchard at the top of the lane above our cottage. He spent the years Selim was stuck in Saudi trying to turn me into a good village wife. The fact that I couldn't manage to eat a full loaf of bread, a large lump of cheese, four tomatoes and a huge brown onion for lunch always troubled him. To Baba, a good wife was a goodly shape, and I was a stick which needed a lot more padding. Although I proved an unrewarding student, he never gave up. When Jeremy James visited me on his horseback trek across Turkey, I left the door open at all times to reassure Baba that nothing untoward was going on. That was not good enough for my protector. He put all his usual chores on hold and, after carrying a kitchen chair from his house, sat for three days in a shady position where he could monitor all my activities. Jeremy wrote in his book that Baba was the most ignorant old man he had ever met, but Baba was just doing his duty.

Years later when our neighbour was diagnosed with heart problems, Selim installed a bell on Murat's porch so that he could signal us if he needed help. One afternoon the loud ringing of the bell sent Selim and me racing up the orchard to assist him. There he was, sitting hale and hearty, with a huge smile on his face. "I thought I should test it to see how fast you could get here" was his greeting.

I had first met Jeremy at the post office when I was waiting for Selim's weekly call. There was a long, tall counter over which one's transactions took place. After the business of the visit was completed, the favoured customer would be invited round the back for tea and gossip. Taking up most of the back wall was the telephone switchboard, with its plugs and cables, and, on the desk in front of the panel of numbered sockets, Ekrem Bey's headset. A buzzing sound was the signal for our postmaster to don his earphones. Then, guided by a white disc indicating which number was demanding his attention, with a flourish he would plug a cable into the socket. A conversation could last up to five minutes before a second plug would be connected to the number the caller had requested, followed by vigorous cranking of the handle at the side of the panel. Rarely did anyone request a call beyond the village boundaries; if they did it usually indicated an

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emergency. More often than not the single line to the outside world was out of order – rain, wind, lightning or fallen trees being blamed for these frequent failures.

Our master of communications always listened to conversations between callers. Sometimes he would chip in with an opinion or observation, but mainly he just sat quietly, nodding or shaking his head as he eavesdropped. There was nothing furtive about his behaviour and I never heard anyone complain. Nobody, it seemed, considered phone calls private conversations.

To Ekrem Bey that call from Saudi Arabia was a personal challenge. If someone from the village wanted to call, they were told the line was down, and if a call came through on that line, he would jump to answer it. If it was not for me, he would tell the caller that the party they wanted was not at home and to ring an hour later. When my call did come through, a long conversation would be conducted before I was allowed to speak to Selim. As we spoke in English, our postmaster could not be part of our conversation, so he would get all the news before I managed to get a word in. But I couldn't resent Ekrem Bey's hogging the phone: his triumphant joy was so genuine that it seemed mean-spirited to think of these calls as mine alone. Poor Ekrem Bey's whole purpose in life was destroyed with the arrival of automatic telephones.

Strangers in the night

Julian was home for the school holidays when our cottage was finally finished. Our belongings were delivered by tractor and trailer from my rented rooms in the village. By nightfall everything was in place and we settled down for a relaxing evening. It was not long after dark that we heard intruders, close to the house. The shutters were not closed and we waited for someone to open one of the sash windows. There was obviously a gang, we thought, and although we didn't hear them speak, the noise they made crashing through the reeds was frightening. I was terribly distressed. All the villagers without exception had been kind and welcoming, but now we were seeing how they really felt about us. Eventually they departed and, pretending to each other we were not scared stiff, we eventually got to sleep.

The next day we looked suspiciously at the people we encountered in the village, but they were cunning and showed no sign of knowing about the previous night's activities. We bought torches and Julian strung twine with cans attached between the trees. By nightfall the shutters were all closed, a pile of stones for ammunition sat on the floor and we had a carving knife and a bread knife at the ready.

Within half an hour of sunset our tormenters were back. We sat with the lights out, listening to them. How Julian mustered the courage I will never know. When one of them came very close to the house he slowly slid up a window and flinging the shutters open shone his torch into the darkness. Next thing I knew he was rolling on the floor laughing. Gasping for breath, he shouted between snorts of laughter: "Pigs... pigs... wild boar!" I knew wild boar lived across the river, but the fact that they swam across to graze was something I would never have considered. Teenager and mother spent the evening laughing wildly and toasting the villagers with cooking sherry.

Thanks for the memories

I am sitting here smiling as all these memories bombard me. The dying rat leaping out of the roof and staggering all over the place while I was serving afternoon tea to the governor and his family. The time we all imported friends and relatives to swell the village's numbers in the census, enabling the village to be recognised as a town and receive government funds. The sacks of vegetables and fruit the villagers would leave on my doorstep. Even after pickling them and making jam, I still had enough produce to feed a regiment. Sara hanging over a cliff, holding onto the root of a tree while her mother dozed in the sun. The tourist who thought the minarets were missiles. The otter kits playing in the little river inlet, feet from our conservatory. The first time I saw a pied kingfisher and thought I was hallucinating.

Selim still reminds me of my linseed-oil adventure. The little cottage in Dereköy was built in the traditional style of the province. When it was finished I was aware that I had to do something to protect all the internal and external woodwork. I asked Selim about it during one of our weekly phone calls, and he said: "Boiling linseed oil." I bought gallons of the stuff and, after boiling it on a primus outside, I spent days covering all the woodwork, including the ceilings, with very, very hot oil. It was not easy, balancing on a ladder with a scalding saucepan in one hand and a paintbrush in the other. When I told Selim a week later that it was done he suggested another coat would be a good idea. I must admit I was not so dedicated second time round and didn't reheat the oil as often as I had initially. Only when Selim arrived and admired my work did I find that he had said boiled, rather than boiling, linseed oil.

Looking back over the years I am still humbled by the kindness and tolerance of the people of Dereköy and later of Iznik. Turkey is my home and there is nowhere else I would wish to live. ◆

Beyond the Orchard, a book of Azize Ethem's stories, published by Çitlembik –Nettleberry, is offered to Cornucopia subscribers post-free at £6.50

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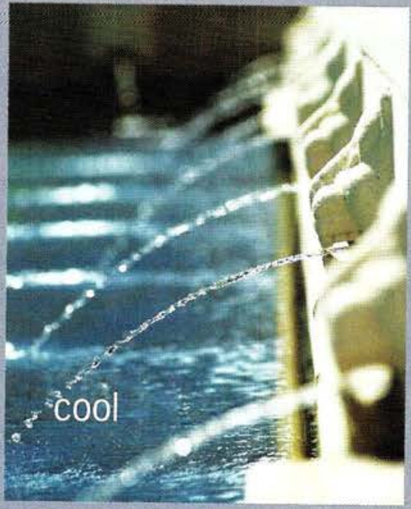

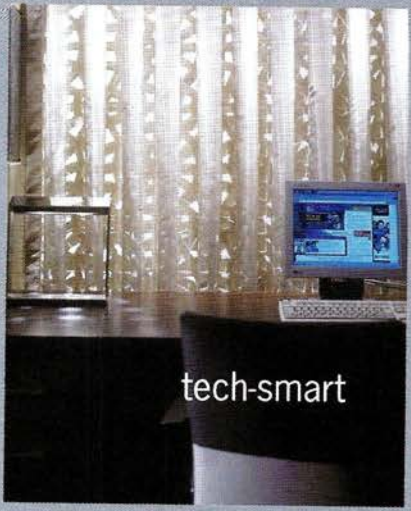

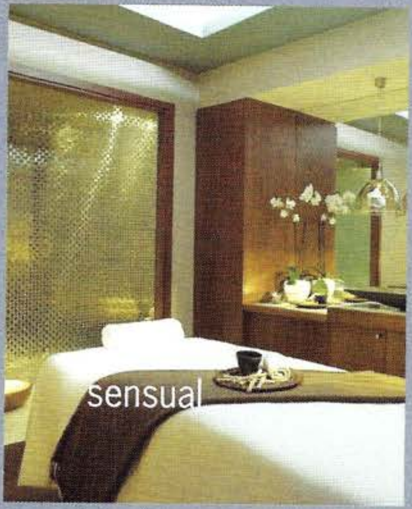

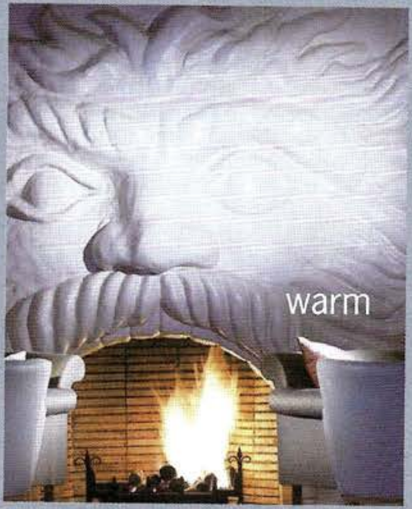

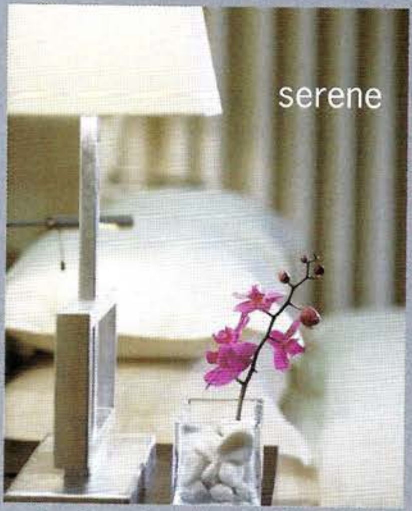

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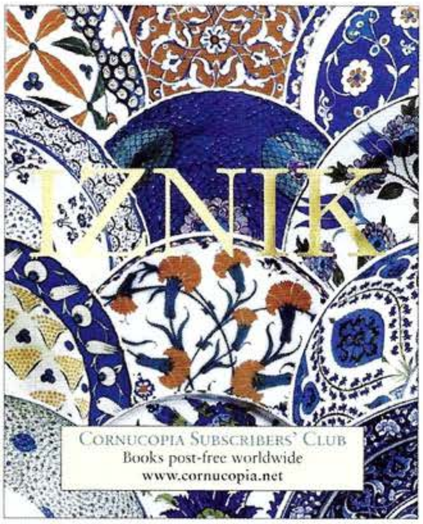

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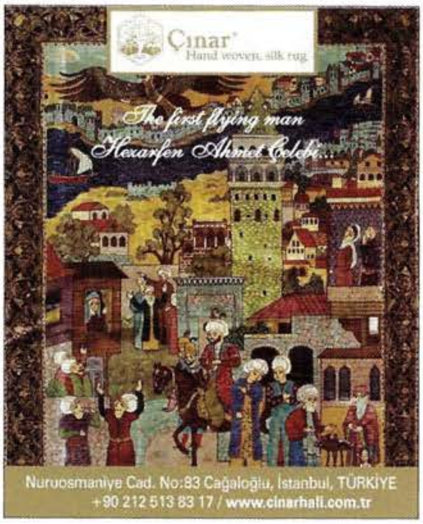

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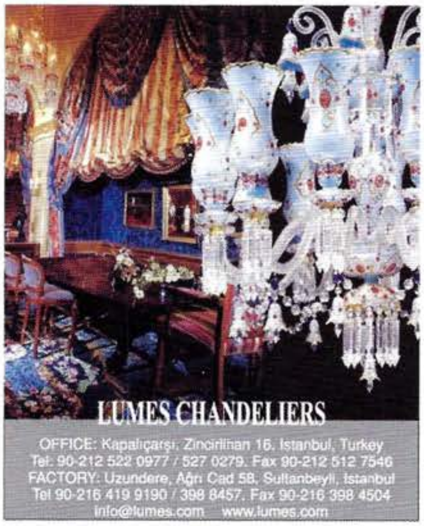

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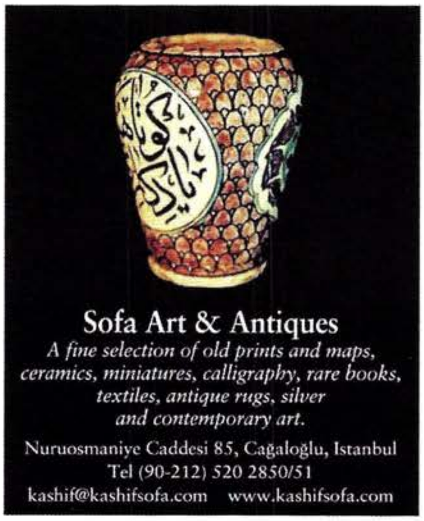

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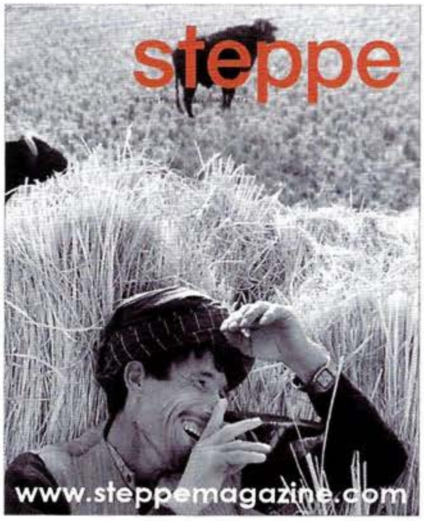

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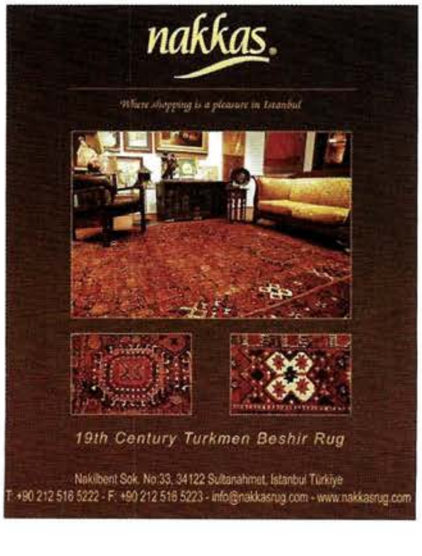

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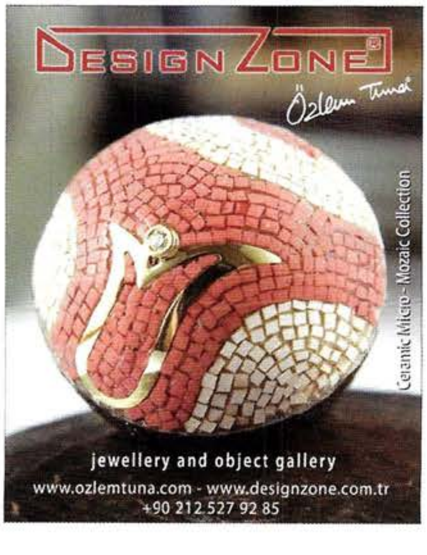

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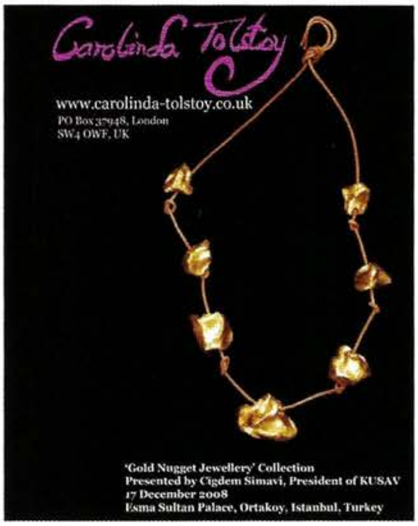

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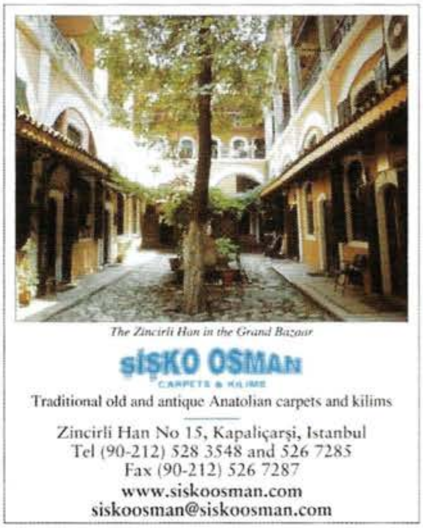
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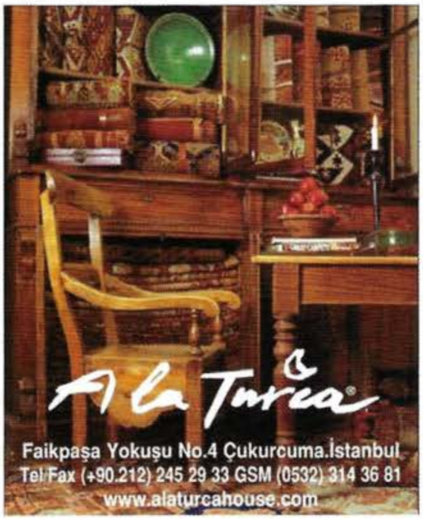

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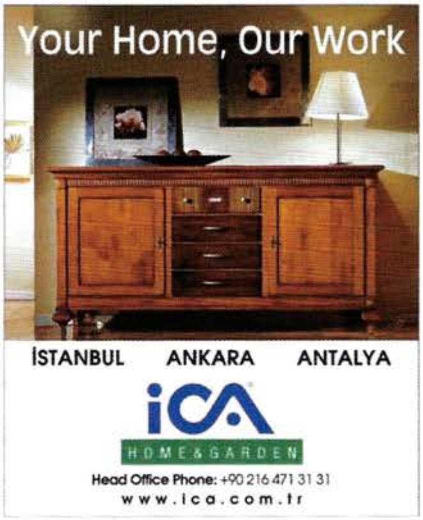

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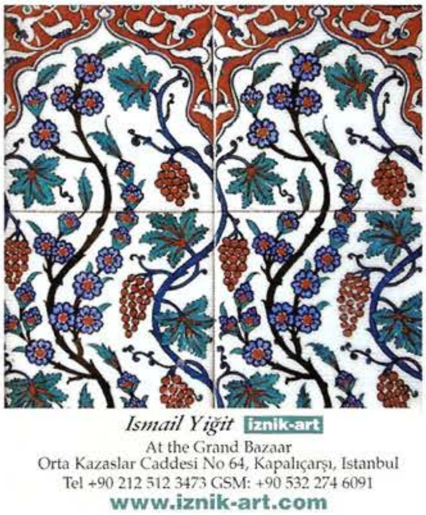
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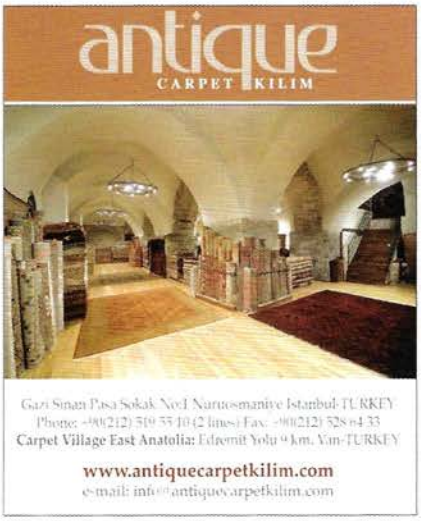

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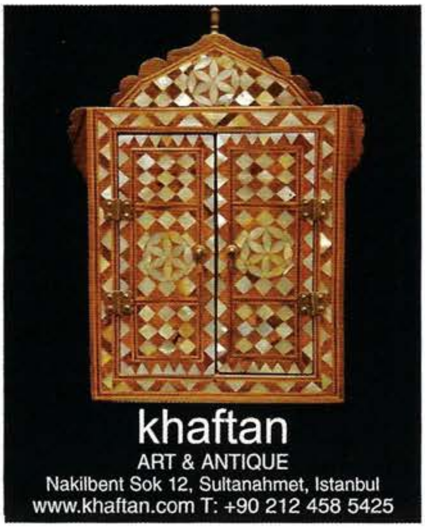
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The gunge and the glory

FROM BUBBLING GOOEYNESS TO LIFE-AFFIRMING SEAFOOD, ANDREW FINKEL HAS EXPERIENCED IT ALL

When this restaurant column began to crank up, all those issues ago, it was obsessed by the shock of the new. Istanbul had weathered the Cold War eating the same piece of fried börek or squeezing lemon on the same fresh piece of fish – and though these are tasty still, we longed then for something different. To be more accurate, we longed for restaurants and foods that ended in vowels – fresh pasta and osso buco at the Spazio (in the Hyatt) or tempura and sushi at Miyako (in the Swissôtel). Then the Berlin Wall came down and a brave, porcini- and wasabi-flavoured world slowly spread out from the grand hotels. Yet while Istanbul's dining habits became increasingly global, the exponentially expanding numbers of visitors to Turkey were not really in search of ethnic food they could get elsewhere. Inevitably, the work of this column settled down to the search for the best in Turkish cuisine and sorting out genuine innovation from fad. Its second project has been to surprise myself with the discovery of strong regional cuisines, with foods and flavours I had not come across before.

This is all by way of preamble to my own method of marking the 40th issue of CORNUCOPIA – not by recounting the specifics of my calorific intake of the past 15 or so years but by describing restaurants which fit into the categories above. My first stop was Spice Market, an Istanbul progeny of Jean-Georges Vongerichten, the Alsatian chef who banished classical sauces and demi-glaces from Manhattan tables. His culinary empire extends from a steakhouse in Las Vegas to a modern French eatery in Shanghai. He has also colonised great swathes of Far Eastern cuisines and the Thai-based Spice Market from New York has now surfaced in Istanbul as the flagship restaurant of the new W Hotel. The hotel itself is worthy of mention. It is the first of its upmarket boutique chain to venture outside the United States, marketed as a sort of dotcom pleasure palace, where the customers' bank balances are a multiple of the holes in their Pink Floyd T-shirts.

The façade of the Istanbul Spice Market is the V where two neatly restored rows of 19th-century terraced houses meet, in the Akatlar neighbourhood of Beşiktaş. But inside, the feel is anything but historical. What at first glance appears to be the sound stage for a Bollywood remake of *Austin Powers* turns out to be a perfectly comfortable set of rooms. Spice Market has lots of brick, dark wood screens and white leather upholstery, all catering to the do-what-I-want rather than the do-what-is-expected hotel ethos. The not overly creamy ice cream, for example, comes in an American-Chinese-restaurant-style square paper carton, which turns out to be the most fun way to eat it.

The rest of the menu is based on the contrasts of strong flavours. Sweet dried pineapple cuts the fire of black peppercorns in a shrimp starter. John Dory, a piscine hero of mine, was nicely fried in what appeared to be a tempura crumb, rather than a batter coating, served with a bright green lime and basil emulsion and covered in a dry-fry of green chilli. This worked a lot better than an even brighter green apple and jalapeño emulsion that seemed to make little sense of a Turkish-style lamb shank braised with soy. A good cut of beef tenderloin with a coriander pesto was tasty, and the red curried duck, apparently a Spice Market New York staple, was a rich blast of coconut cream.

I remember as a child the great thrill of being taken to Trader Vic's, a Polynesian (read Chinese) restaurant in the Hilton chain, and taking a delight in the theme-parkishness of it all. Spice Market is not that, but the menu has the same air of playful indulgence. And indulgence is the key: it is a cruel comment on human nature, but I enjoyed the meal I was treated to far more than the lunch for which I had to foot the bill. Prices are on the hefty side, in the case of some dishes higher than in New York.

The food in Spice Market is served what is called "family style", which means in the centre of the table, but this is second nature in Turkey, where sharing is the norm. The notion of everyone eating the same food is not incidental to the pleasure. I have to say there are few meals I have enjoyed quite so much as the one I had at a restaurant called Yalova, which sadly is not in the city of Yalova but all the way off in Çanakale. It is just beside the entrance to the ferry to the Gallipoli side of the Dardanelles, and therefore a mandatory pit stop on the way to Troy or points further south.

Çanakkale is a great fishing port, and Yalova serves wonderful seafood – not just the normal array of fish, but scallops and even oysters, which rarely appear on Turkish tables. The clams are particularly tasty, served in a simple wine, garlic and tomato broth – *vongole* without the spaghetti. They also serve sepia (*sübye*) and cuttlefish eggs cooked in butter – unhealthily delicious. When our waiters became aware of what an appreciative audience we were, they began to bring unbidden things for us to try – including grilled eel. Good food is part of the exercise, but so, too, is the sense of enthusiasm from the kitchen, urging you on. The main dish – a stew of John Dory – was not the best way to eat the fish, but it could just have been that we were already too sated to appreciate it fully. Yalova is a big barn of a place that has been in the same family for three generations, and there are Çanakkaleans who eat there almost every night. It is easy to understand the addiction. Yalova is no transitory thrill, and you leave the table feeling good to be alive.

After many years of fascination with regional dishes, I am delighted to report that I have discovered a Turkish dish whose existence I find totally incomprehensible. I had to travel all the way to Mersin for the (lack of) pleasure. One of the city's specialities is a sweet called *kerebiç*, which is a hard semolina biscuit with pistachio or walnuts, covered in ladles of a bubbly liquid marshmallow made with gypsophila root. It's horrible, like a fried Mars Bar or peanut-butter cup, something you probably wouldn't consider swallowing unless you'd eaten your first mouthful before the impressionable age of five. The odd thing is that Kerebiçci Oğuz, the shop that sells the gunge in its purist form, also sells a biscuit made with date that is soft and delicious and entirely moreish. It is, ironically, a traditional offering at funerals. The first sweet is deadly, the other to die for. ◆

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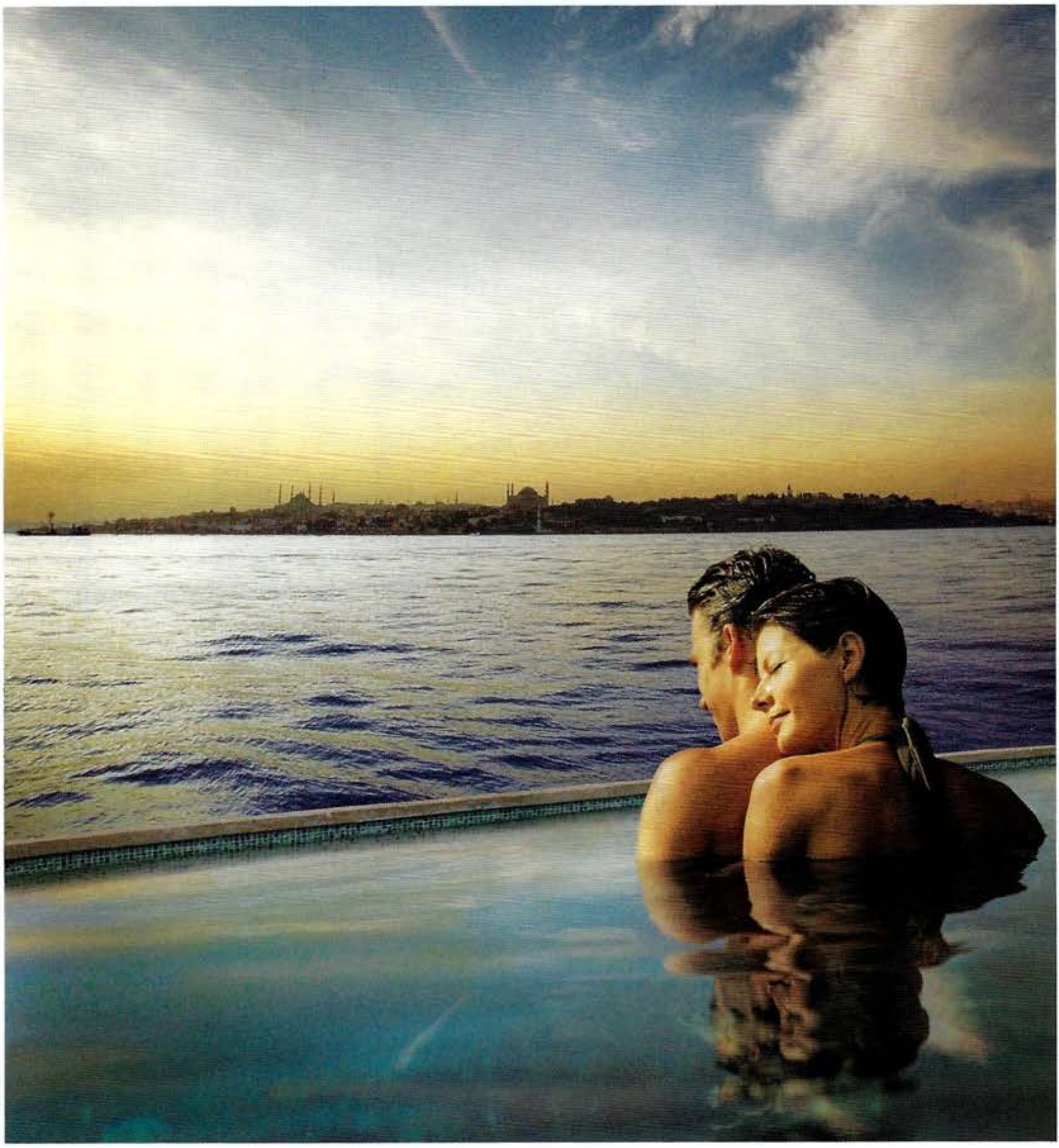

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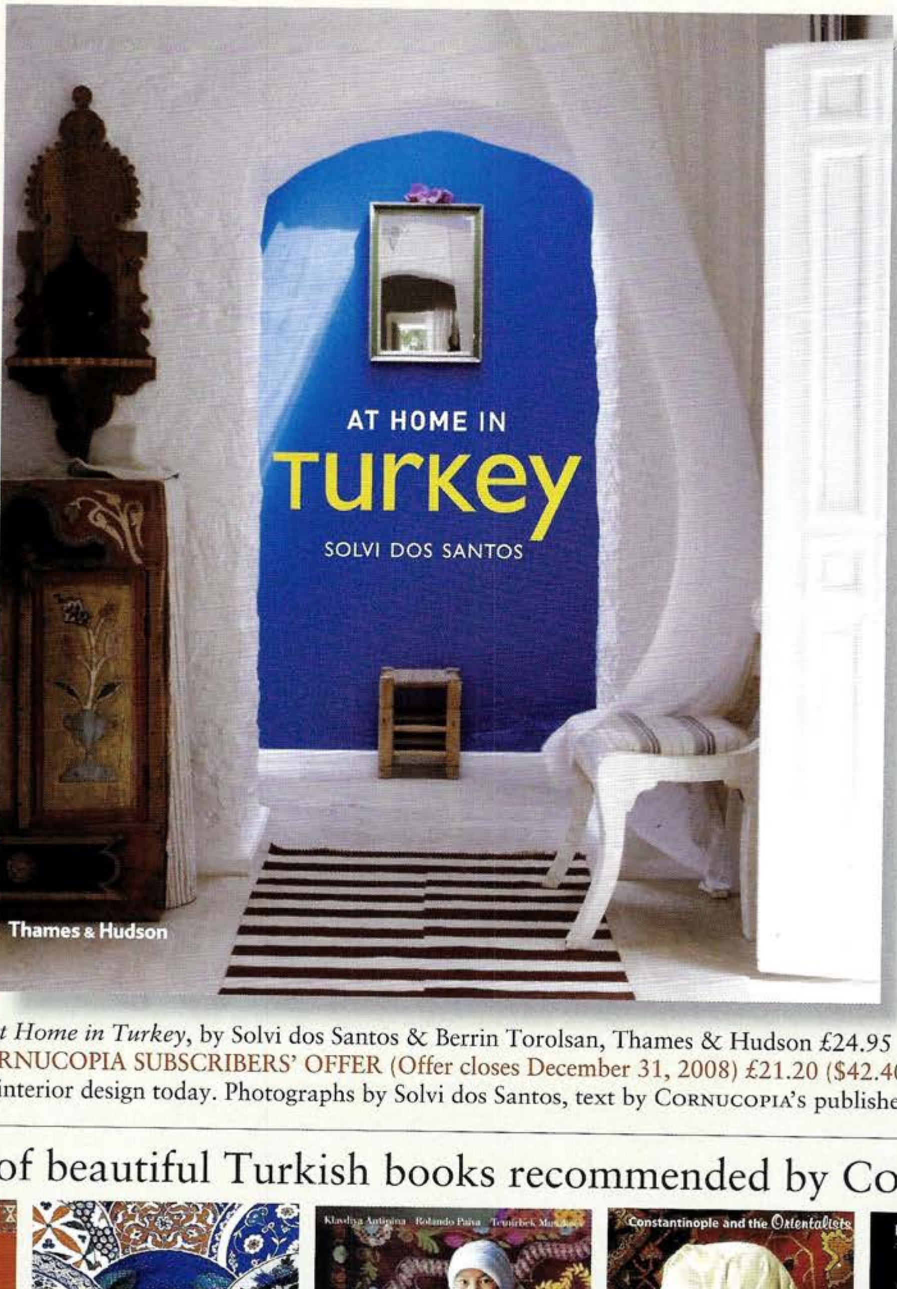
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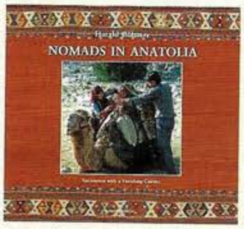
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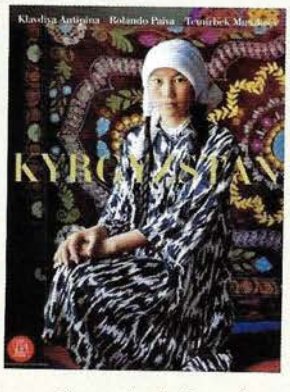
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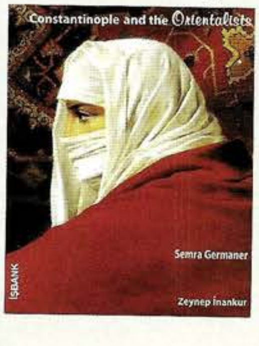
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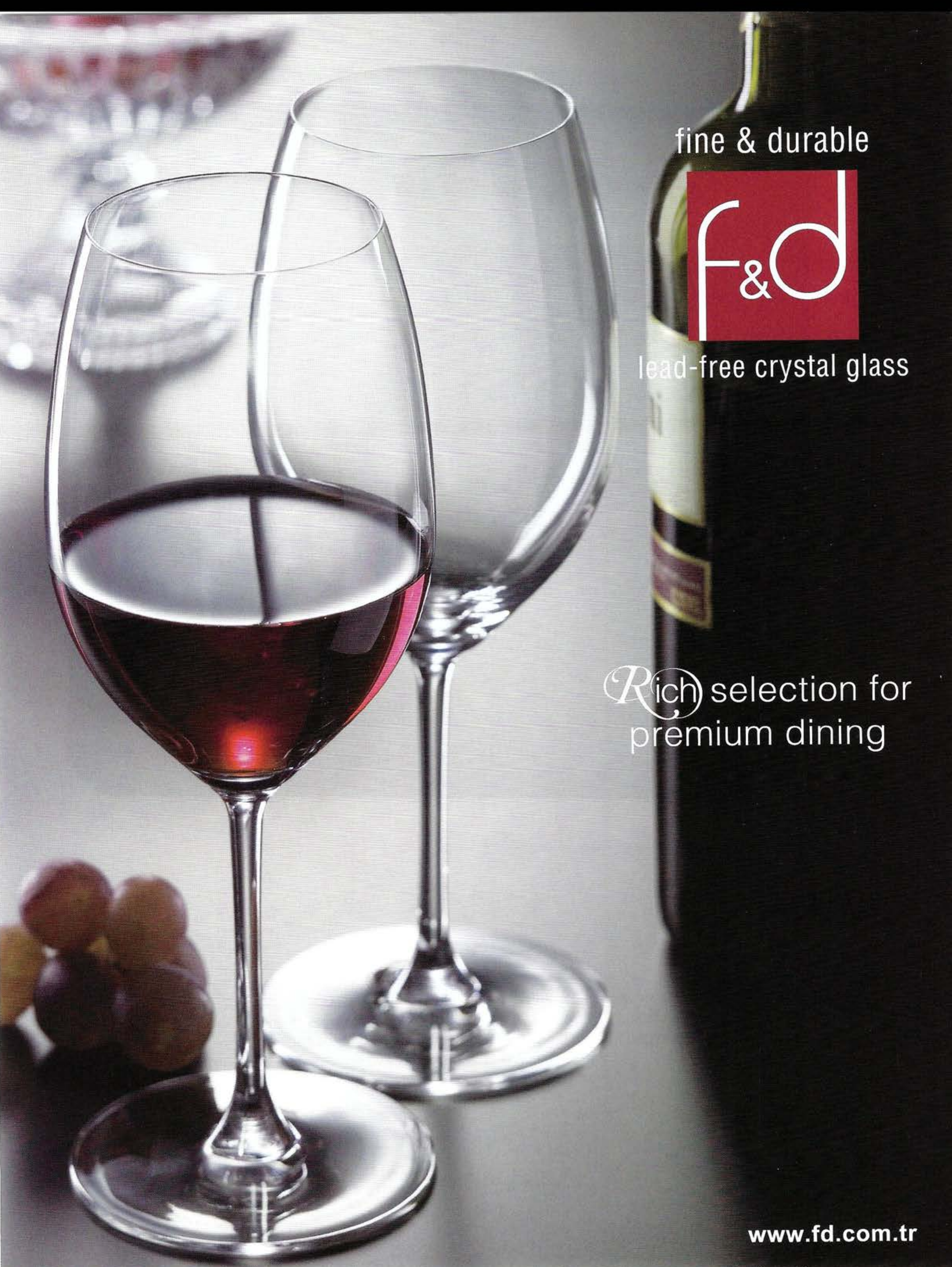
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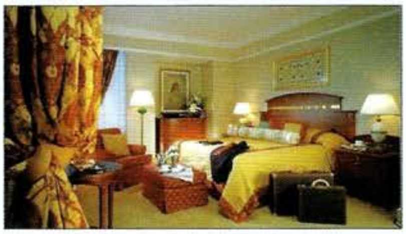

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Elkep Evi is a complex of three 7-room bed & breakfast pensions plus a 2-bedroom suite clustered together and managed jointly to maintain the intimacy of a small hotel. It offers cave rooms with modern facilities and private hamams, ideally located near the top of Esbelli, above the town of Ürgüp. Recommended by *The Little Hotel Book 2007*.

www.elkepevi.com info@elkepevi.com

Tel 90-384 341 6000 Fax 90-384 341 8080

KEMPINSKI RESIDENCES ASTORIA

Contemporary luxury combined with Kempinski style and service in Esentepe, Istanbul's modern business district. Spacious, fully serviced, kitchenette-equipped suites available for daily or long-term stays. Instant elevator access to 20 restaurants, wellness centre & spa and carpark in one of the city's smartest shopping centres.

www.kempinski-astoria.com

Tel 90-212 370 00 00 Fax 90-212 370 00 70

MEHMET ALI AĞA MANSION – DATÇA

Member of Relais et Chateax, this is a unique museum hotel set in the almond, olive and lemon groves on the Datça peninsula. The Ottoman konak was built in 1809, its frescoes lovingly restored. Swimming pool, private beach, 18 rooms in a choice of modern or traditional style. The hotel's Elaki Restautant is famed for its wine cellar and regional cuisine. www.kocaev.com; info@kocaev.com

Tel 90-252 712 9257 Fax 90-252 712 9256

THE MARMARA ANTALYA

First and only revolving hotel in the world, The Marmara Antalya, sits atop the Falez hills of Antalya on the Turquiose Coast. The revolving loft has 24 The Marmara Club rooms, the 15-floor main building 208 guest rooms; dining & leisure activities in the nnovative Marmara Tuti lobby area. info@themarmarahotels.com

www.themarmarahotels.com

Tel 90 242 249 3600 Fax 90 212 292 3318

PORT HOTEL – ALAÇATI ÇEŞME

A service-oriented boutique hotel with swimming pool next to the Alaçatı Marina: 14 rooms and 4 suites decorated in a bright contemporary style, all air-conditioned, with satellite TV, free internet, and balconies and terraces overlooking the Aegean. Superb breakfast using local produce. Docking service for boats in front of hotel.

hotel@portalacati.com.tr www.portalacati.com.tr

Tel 90-232 716 0385 Fax 90-232 716 6240

THE RADISSON SAS BOSPHORUS

Ideal for business and leisure travellers, this new hotel in Ortaköy on the shore of the Bosphorus, is perfect for the city's liveliest dining and night life. 120 rooms blend elegance and comfort in contemporary style. Restaurant, bar, terrace, fitness and beauty centre. Free wireless internet. Meeting rooms for 5 to 120. radissonsas.com info.bosphorus.istanbul@radissonsas.com

Tel 90-212 310 1500 Fax 90-212 310 1540

SUMAHAN ON THE WATER ISTANBUL

Located in an historic setting on the Asian shore of the Bosphorus, a small special hotel tucked into its own waterfront property. All 7 rooms & 13 suites offer spectacular old-city views. Private launch service across the Bosphorus. Intimate, elegant, modern and oh so comfortable! Waterfront Terrace Restaurant serving Turkish & international cuisine. Sumahan Wellness (hamam, massage, fitness). Airport 35kms. sumahan.com; info@sumahan.com

Tel 90-216 422 8000 Fax 90-216 422 8008

PARK HYATT ISTANBUL MAÇKA PALAS

The brand new stylish Park Hyatt Istanbul – Maçka Palas, located in the fashionable Nişantaşı district, houses 90 uniquely designed rooms, including 10 elegant suites, 25 residential spa rooms along with a lounge featuring all-day dining, a grill restaurant and a multi-level terrace with pool and bar

istanbul.park.hyatt.com

Tel 90-212 315 1234 Fax 90-212 315 1235

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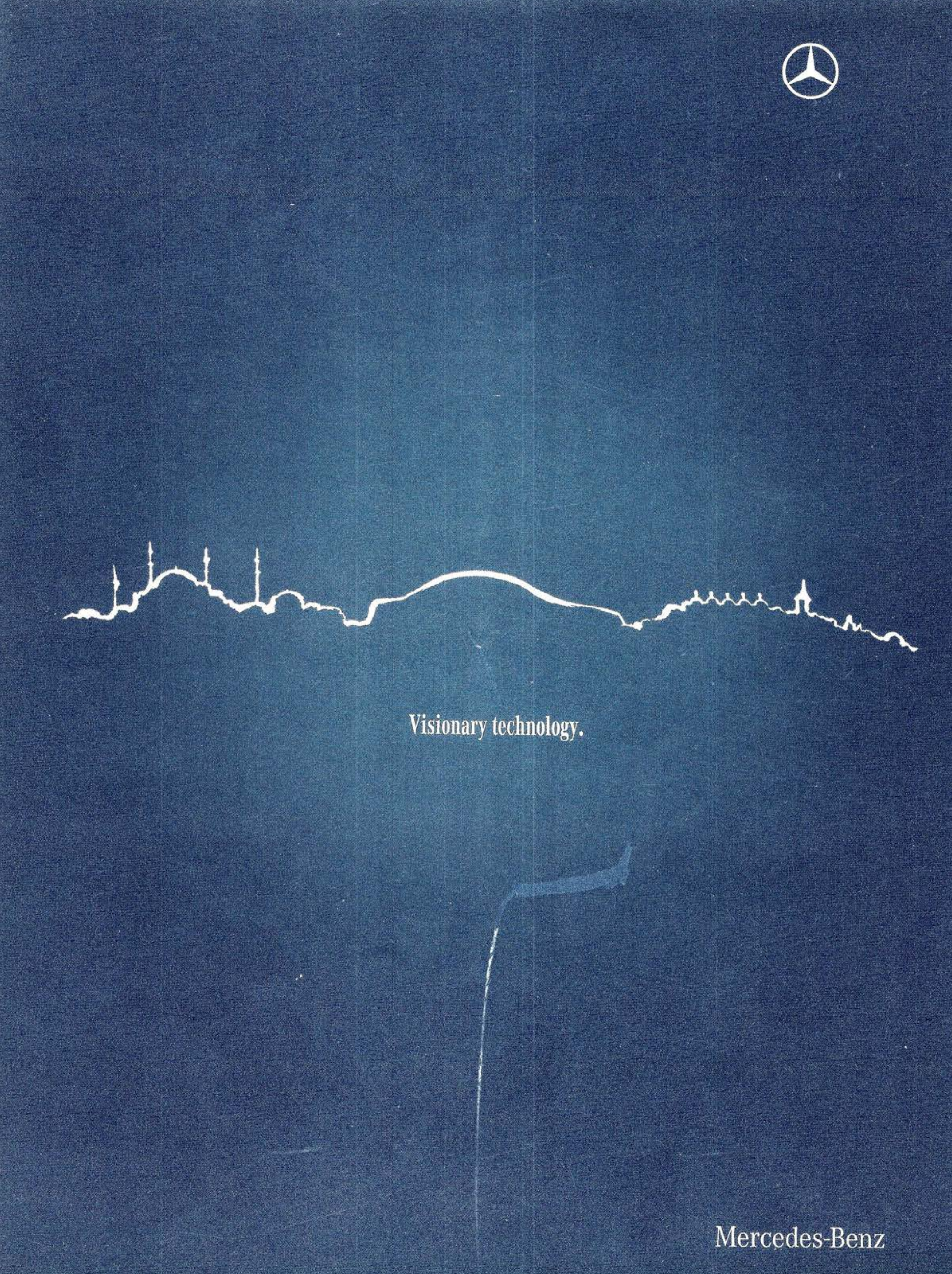
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